

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH
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LORETTA
YOUNG
by
GEORGIA
WARREN

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

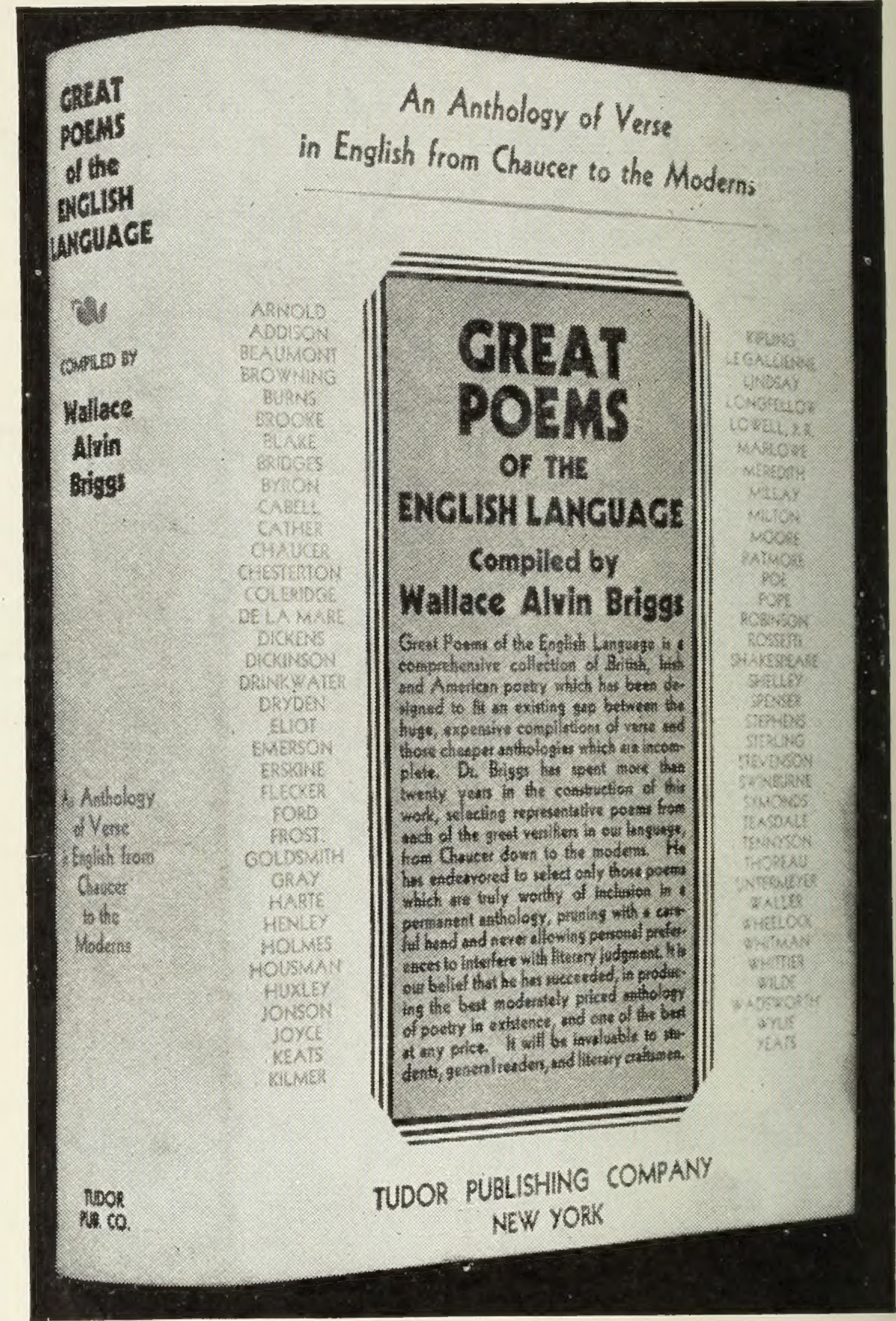
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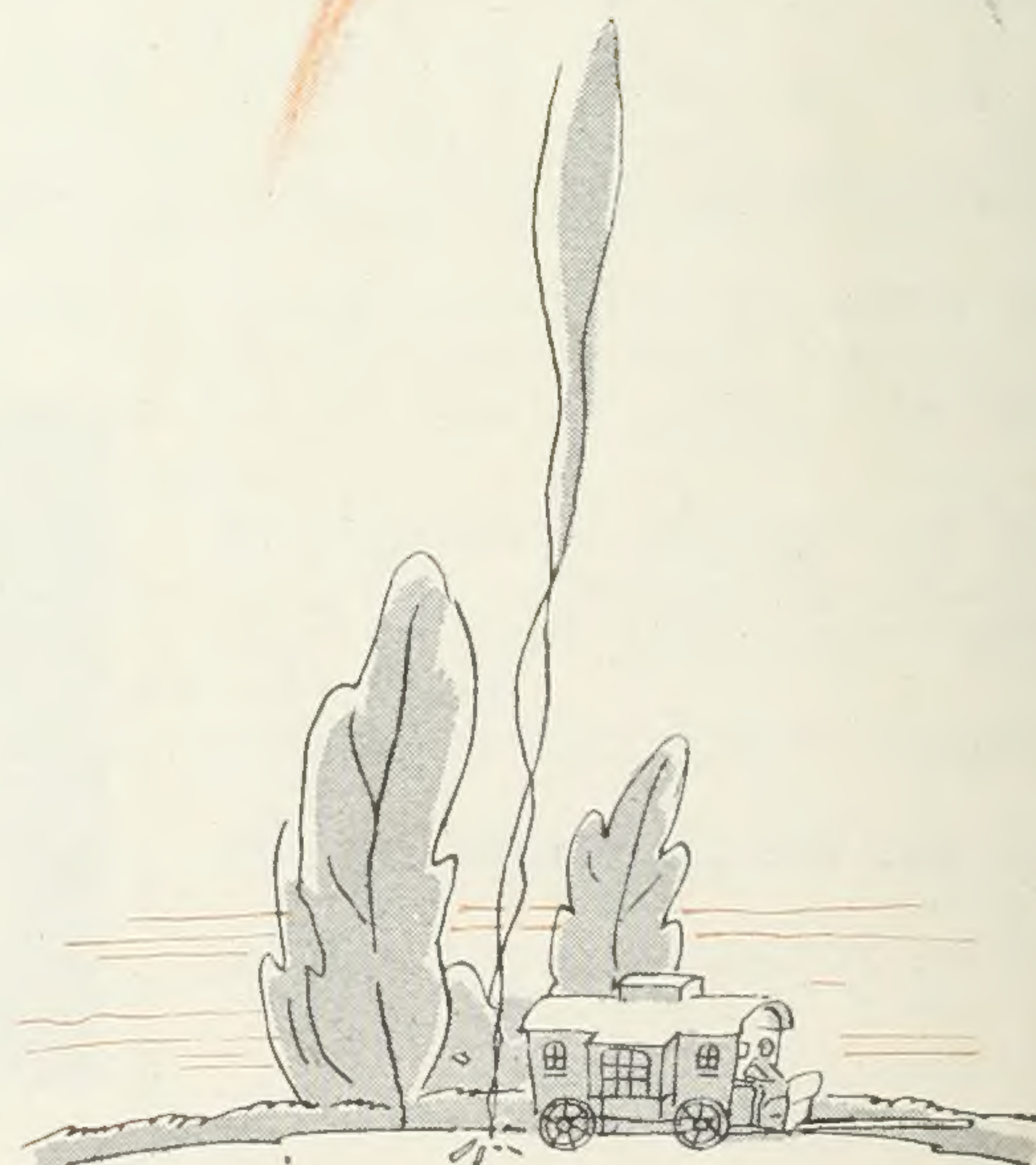
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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, PUBLISHER
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IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVII NO. 4

MARCH, 1935

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Howdy! Step right up and call me Harry Joe—but Junior! You may know my mother—certainly, Sally Eilers, the very charming lady I'm hanging onto—a lot better, at this greeting, than you know me. But watch my speed. I give you just a hint of what I'm up to in two special poses, in costume, just below. Harry Joe—but Senior—Mister Brown, the director, to you, Dad to me—says I'm already right in there, with plenty of stuff on the ball. I'll says he's right! Anyhow, I've had a chance to look things over in my five months here, and I've got a few things up my sleeve. Sally's next? "Carnival"

FRAKER



Sally

AND HER BABY

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS
OF HARRY JOE BROWN, JR.

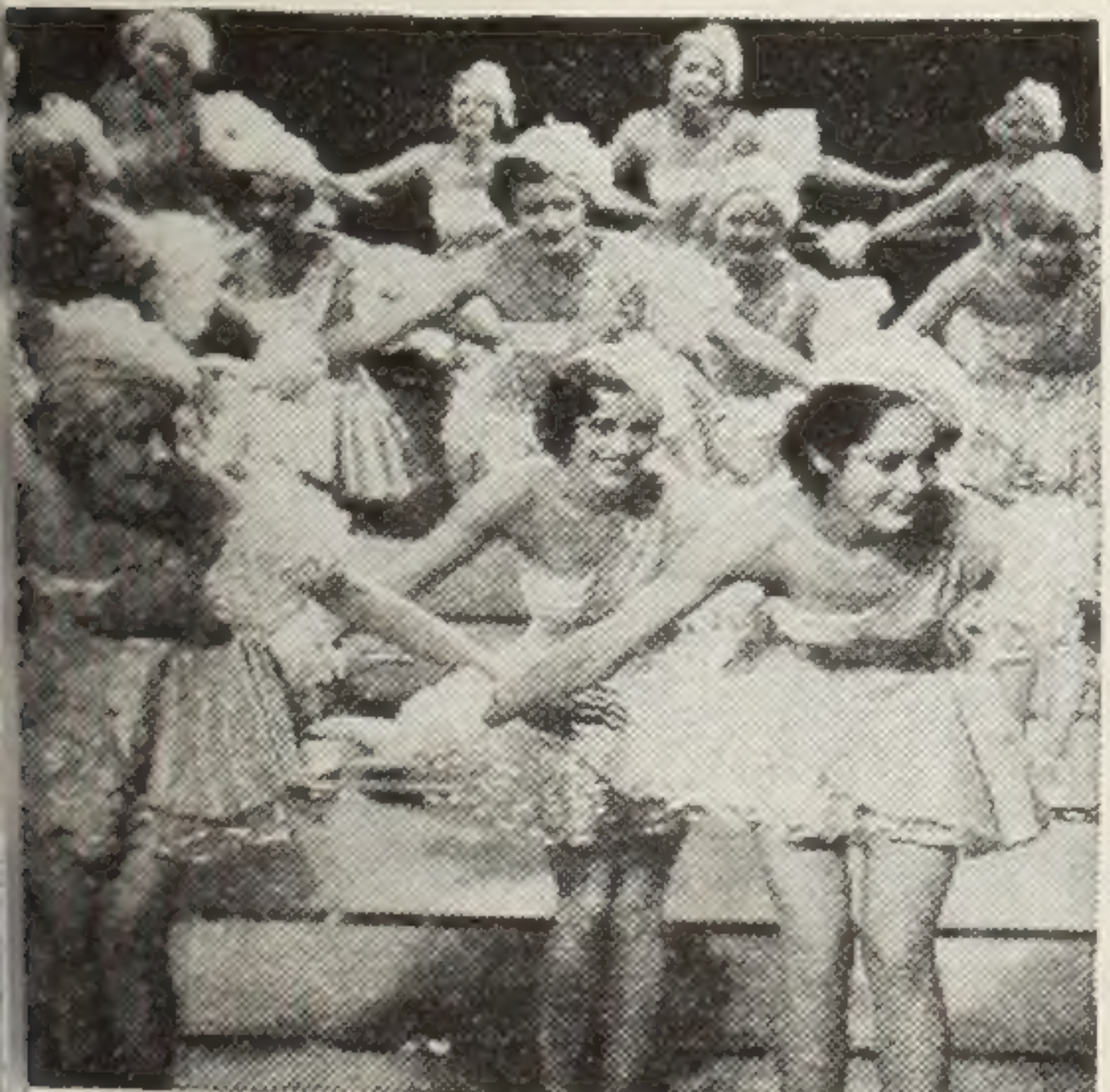
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



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Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!



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—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.



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Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.

BRIEF REVIEWS

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

OF CURRENT PICTURES

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attache. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (Dec.)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solve mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)



Somebody yelled hello. And fortunately for the cameraman, Marian Nixon and Bill (Mr. and Mrs. Seiter) turned around

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Anna May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is Dantes; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Ben Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened and the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually a murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (Dec.)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides. Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland bogged down by it. (Jan.)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Janet **GAYNOR**
Warner **BAXTER**
 in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
 Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
 and **STEPIN FETCHIT**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING

From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a tough sergeant. Take the family (Jan.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

★ **GAY DIVORCÉE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton. Alice Brady pointed foils. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woollcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned Pip, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray. Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer playboy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker (Aug.)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fred Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society gold digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

★ **JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

★ **LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Carole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Here's one quiet scene, at least, between the Weissmullers. Maybe Johnny and Lupe are talking it over. Just maybe

THANK YOU!

WOULD it help a bit to know that your magazine is doing more real good now than ever before? Well, it is. Sez me, and I know. I see weary eyes light up at the sight of it, as I take it about with me. You see, I am a visiting nurse.

MRS. LEE ZACHARY, R.N., Omaha, Neb.

THE FIRST LADY

DO not think Norma Shearer is "The First Lady of the Screen." She comes very close to holding this title, but I think it should go to Joan Crawford for her fine work.

DOROTHY TRULUCK, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET WHAT YOU WANT?

IF a so-called indecent picture has box-office appeal, of course there will be more indecent pictures. People get exactly what they want in this world.

OLIVE DURSLEY, Toronto, Canada

FOREIGN STARS THE THING

FOREIGN ability? What can Hollywood do without it? The American screen may have great entertainment, but a lot of great actors and personalities would be lost—without foreign stars.

CHAN YEE KWAN, Hong Kong, China

Letters

Here is where readers of **Photoplay** have an opportunity to say their say frankly

LIFE FULL OF SEX

WHY all this hue and cry about sex pictures? One does not need to go to a movie to get it, our everyday life is full of it, newspapers, schools, trolleys, busses, parks, autos it's everywhere. It's life. Far worse is the cocktail drinking and smoking of our female players in the picture. Disgusting.

J. M. BIBBINS, Bridgeport, Conn

GARBO A COMIC?

IT seems to me a shame that the usually astute M-G-M fails to try the one thing that would replace Greta Garbo on her pedestal in public favor—a good high-comedy. Something from Molnar or Noel Coward, with Ronald Colman, Tullio Carminati or George Brent.

H. PRATT, Detroit, Michigan

TWO BODY BLOWS

WE think that Dolores Del Rio is terrible as Madame DuBarry. She is too much of an Indian-Mexican type to be a European vampiress. Her bony cheeks, her big mouth, her yellow-green color, etc., is not for the splendorous type of the mistresses of the French king Louis. Besides, why show her feet so much? They are not pretty. They are too big. All the other DuBarrys, with the exception of Pola Negri, are much better.

And, we don't want films in Spanish. They are awful. The stories are all right, but the

With lovely Toluca Lake at her back door step, Mary Brian can merrily row along whenever she wishes. Hi, pup!

Little Dickie Walters doesn't object in the least to Sally Eilers' back seat driving. They're together in "Carnival"

actors and actresses, in general, are vulgarly cheap.

ADORADORA DE LA PANTALLA,
Buenos Aires, S. A.

FAILED TO CLICK

THOSE Broadway folk have failed to click in pictures. One by one they have left Hollywood with remarks of mistreatment and the unfairness of the fans. But the grand old favorites, Dix, Crawford and others, with courage and hope, fought their way and once more are topnotchers.

WILLIAM ALBERT TAIT, Mitlakatla, Alaska

RIGHT TO PRIVACY

OVERHEARING someone criticising Gloria Swanson, deploring her "shocking" succession of off-screen romances set me to thinking—What audacity to criticize a star's private life—the circumstances of which we know nothing, when in their professional capacity they give us so much.

DAISY CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

NO MORE PEEKING

PLEASE! Less revelations of the stars' private lives. Why not a series of sincerely written portraits of the stars as they really are by some well-known writer instead of the endless articles on such subjects of "Why Virginia Bruce Left John Gilbert" and the like. The private lives of the stars are their own business not the public's.

ANNE MCCORMICK, Marietta, Ohio

GOOD MEDICINE

A FRIEND of mine who is a ticket seller in a neighborhood theater told me of a pathetic incident about a man with a black band on his sleeve who came every evening leading two small children.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Letters

More Photoplay readers express their opinions, pro and con, straight, openly

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

As the father bought the tickets the two little forlorn faces would light up. My friend at first thought it was sacrilegious to go to a place of amusement so soon after a mother's death, but changed his mind after talking with the father. Rather than walk the streets or stay in the dreary home, constant reminder of their loss, the father took the children to the movies that they might, for a few hours, forget themselves under the pleasant anaesthesia of the theater.

MARION WERNER, Oakland, Cal.

COLOR RUINS EYES?

IN a few years the black and white pictures we now see will be ghosts of the past. But instead of taking color straight from the paint box, it would be better to experiment still further until softer tones have been found. Why ruin or injure people's eyesight for the cause of a noble experiment?

RAYMOND CARNLEY, Los Angeles, Cal.

NEW OR OLD?

PERHAPS the ambition of the motion picture producers to seek continually for something new should be lauded, but I am of the opinion that the public does not demand new stuff all the time. Scenario writers should not try for new ideas, rather they should handle an old idea better than it was ever handled before. Shakespeare took old ideas and doctored them up, but he was a right smart doctor.

KATHRYN HILGERS, Racine, Wis.

GOOD IN EVERY FILM

I'VE gotten something good out of every picture I've ever seen, and it gives me the jitters to hear some dumb animal say "I think the movies are the ruination of the younger generation." Let me say that if more young folks attended the movies they would profit in many ways.

SUE BARBER, Milan, Georgia.

GARBO MURDERED?

I AM making a plea in behalf of a great artist, Greta Garbo. You know as well as I do that she is being maliciously, gleefully murdered. With the sharp criticism of her work artistically and the unbelievable ridicule of her personally, Garbo is the only actress who could have survived so long. She is truly beautiful, and a really great actress.

EUNICE GIDEON, Anderson, S. C.

LESS ARTIFICIALITY

OVERHEARD a woman ask her husband how he liked the actress they had just seen, and he replied, "Well, she's just another of those blondes." I feel just about as he did. Why not less artificiality, less made-from-the-

same-mold type and more naturalness and individuality?

HARVEY PEAKE, Louisville, Ky.

A PLEA FOR GARBO

IT is time that Garbo's legions of worshippers rose up and demanded that the great actress be given a great story. Her own studio, in an endeavor to revert to former successes, is presenting her in a series of humdrum films. Let us see her as *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice," as *Isolde* in "Tristan and Isolde." It is her pictures that are killing her. Her acting grows steadily finer.

JOHN BOYAN, New York City

GENUINE IDEALIST

AT last a genuine idealist has raised his clarion voice above the bacchanalian boob-bait and fatuous ballyhoo—Walter Wanger's "The President Vanishes" is an inspired masterpiece. Its message and warning to humanity concerning the cause of brotherhood and world peace, and its light turned on the vicious forces of war and hatred, must be regarded as a crowning triumph for both Wanger and Paramount. Of course, the plot of this cinema of the new era has been cribbed from the front page news of tomorrow's paper, but who cares? Its sincerity is so intense I can't conceive of anyone unwilling to admit it as a strikingly superior movie.

LOUISE KENNEDY, Byron, Ill.

SHIRLEY WRONGLY CAST?

WHY is Shirley Temple cast in so many gangster pictures? Most small children simply adore her, and it just breaks their hearts to see her involved in such heart rending situations. It is over-stimulating and their little minds cannot digest the fact that what they see is merely acting.

MRS. GRACE WININGS, Reading, Penn.

CENSORS CUFFED

I AM free, white, and able to vote, and I see no reason why my right to life, liberty and the pursuit of a good picture should be denied me. I, of course, will not allow my children to attend a picture that would leave a morally bad impression on them, and for both them and me there is the guide in PHOTOPLAY. So, why should some sour-faced censor tell me what to see?

R. F. FARMER, San Pedro, Cal.

NO SHAME?

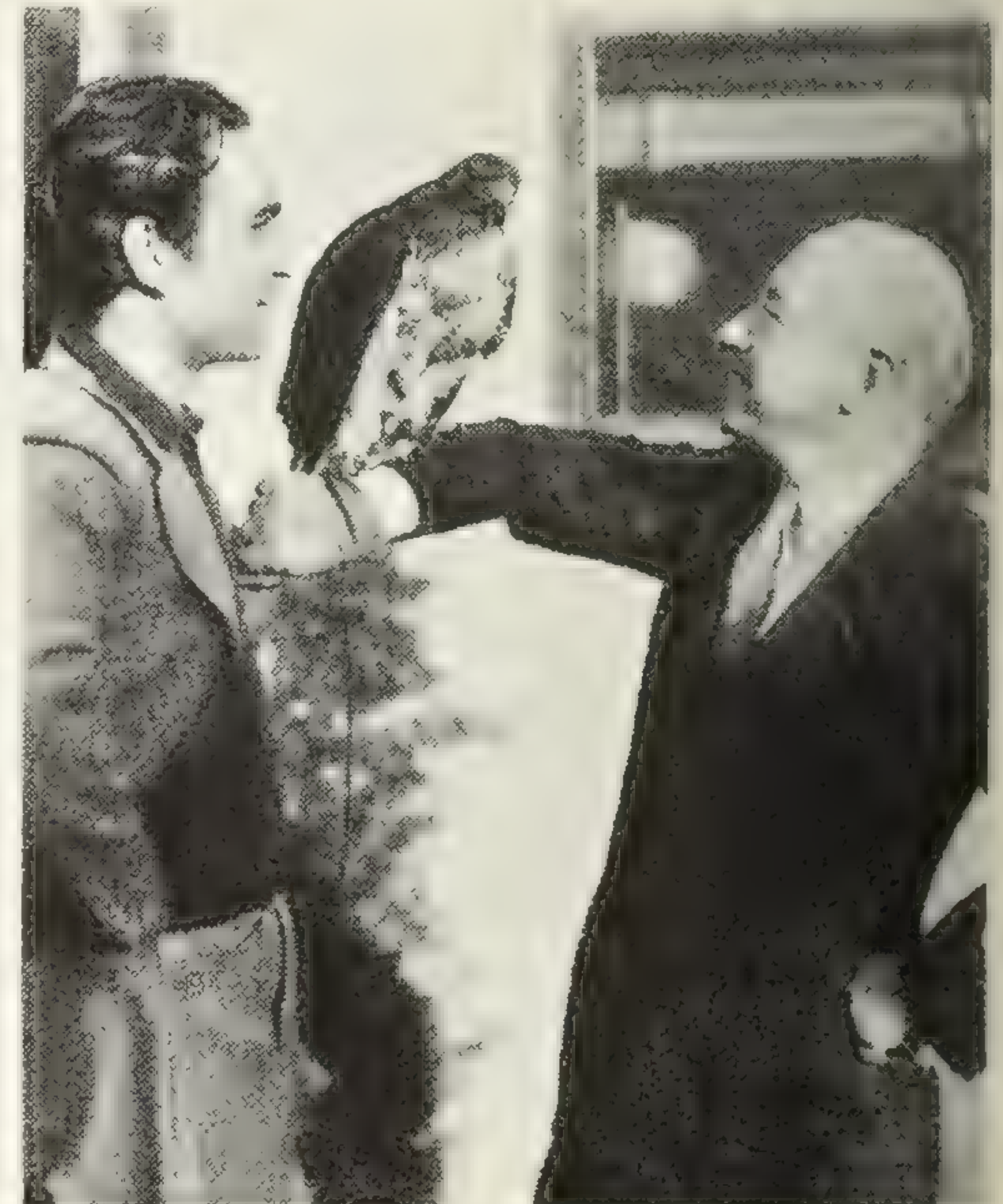
JUST wonder why all actresses wear so little. Don't they have shame? They go so near naked there is nothing left to the imagination. I don't object to love scenes, but let the ladies keep their bodies covered.

MRS. B. I. H., Cheyenne, Wyo.

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Verree Teasdale and her handsome Great Dane walk down to the edge of the lawn to greet Adolphe Menjou



Cecil B. DeMille, the spectacle master, shows Henry Wilcoxon one of the falcons he will use in "The Crusades"



Margo, sensational new Paramount actress and dancer, started her career in Mexico, after long study in Europe

PRINCESS PERSONALITY HERSELF!



THE GIRL WHO CAN DO EVERYTHING
IN THE MUSICAL ROMANCE
THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

Jessie Matthews
in **EVERGREEN**

THE STORY WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR
WORDS... SO THEY SET IT TO MUSIC

By Benn W. Levy
Music by Rodgers & Hart and Harry M. Woods

Directed by
VICTOR SAVILLE

OUTSTANDING SENSATION OF RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

**COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE**

GEORGE ARLISS in
THE IRON DUKE
JACK HULBERT in JACK AHOY
EVELYN LAYE · HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING · ·
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW · POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN · · · · ·



**GAUMONT
BRITISH
PRODUCTIONS**

Letters

Interchange of opinion can be not only entertaining but profitably enlightening

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

WATCH THE FANS!

WHEN Carole Lombard was doing her fan dance in "Lady by Choice," she put both of the fans in front of herself. And in back of her was the orchestra. Please watch these things, and correct me if I am wrong.

VINCENT YARDUM, JR., New York City

SUBLTLE MUSIC

THE subtler use of music is certainly adding to the films' theatric vitality.

SAMELA KAY PARKHURST, Seattle, Wash.

DUCK, PRODUCERS!

IT is evident the Hollywood producers operate on a "slow but sure" policy: slow to recognize ability and sure to regret the procrastination.

WILLIAM A. SHELBY, Arlington, Mass.

VARIETY DEMANDED

TOO much of anything becomes trite and wearisome. Too much Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, John Boles and his inevitable "shady life" backstreets. Too much Jimmy Cagney and his socking feminine cheeks. Patrons crave something new and different, something unexpected, not typed. We want variety. Right?

ANNETTE VICTORINE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MORE BRUNETTES!

IT isn't any wonder that the public tires of going to the movies. All we ever see is a bunch of washed up, faded out blondes for leading ladies. They all look alike, and it gets monotonous and tiresome. Let's have some shiny dark hair and sparkling brown eyes.

MRS. W. DIECKMANN, Cincinnati, Ohio

GRUESOME AND CENSORS

SHORTLY after the death and capture of Dillinger, I saw a newsreel showing his bullet-punctured body in a morgue, with flies crawling over it. It left an impression on me that the perfectly good feature picture did not remove. Isn't it a bit foolish to permit a gruesome sight of that sort and then censor our other movies?

THELMA MILLER, Burlingame, Cal

MORE HAPPY ENDINGS

CRITICS have made no end of fun of the "happy ending" Hollywood invariably tacks on a movie whether it was in the original story. It's time somebody came to the support of "They lived happily ever after," and I'm willing to start the ball rolling. I may be a low-brow, but I don't like "artistic" pictures because they usually try to prove how futile

it is for ordinary mortals like myself to attempt to overcome our obstacles.

ELLYN ALCORN, Hatboro, Penn.

HUMAN NATURE

WHY all the publicity about cleaning up pictures? The way to go about it is to clean them up and not say a word. After all this publicity, we, the public, will yell for the low-down pictures. And if the producers then say "Public, all you're going to get is low-down pictures," why then we'll whoop and howl for some clean ones.

It is human nature to want something we can't have.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Hughes, Arkansas

BOX-OFFICE IDEA

IF the producers will give us public more clean pictures, I think you will find that the box office receipts won't be so bad.

KATHERINE ROGERS, Atlanta, Georgia

ADJECTIVES SLAPPED

IT'S the greatest picture ever produced, most gorgeous, wonderful, spectacular, super super smash hit! It's "The picture coming next week to this theater."

We're used to it by now, and do not expect moderation in adjectives. But wouldn't it be a welcome surprise to see just this flashed on the screen: "The next picture to be seen at this theater is a darned good one?" Less frantic advertising would be greatly appreciated.

HELEN STAPPENBECK, San Francisco, Cal.

Paulette Goddard and her mother, Mrs. Goddard, leave El Mirador for a turn about town. Ah, there, driver!



Once again C. B. DeMille has chosen Henry Wilcoxon for another of his super-spectacles. It's "The Crusades"

ENTERTAINMENT

I AM an Australian, and, of course, a British subject. But all this talk of British films for British people, etc., makes me sick. To my mind, all films should be produced not to enhance the position of the producing country and company, but to enhance the film industry as a whole.

My advice to the movie moguls is to concentrate on one thing—entertainment.

JOHN O'BRIEN, Woollahra, Australia

BEST IN WORLD

I AM sure we would never have been on the road to progress for "Bigger and Better Pictures" if it had not been for Greta Garbo. Ann Harding, Binnie Barnes and Katharine Hepburn also must be included among the "brilliants." It is such actresses who will mark America as the best producer of pictures in the world.

MRS. CHARLES RAU, JR., Columbus, Tex.

KEEPS 'EM COMING

PICTURES like "Little Women" will draw, but ones like "Judge Priest" will keep us coming.

M. K. CALDWELL, Middletown, Ohio

GROUCH REMEDY

THE best remedy for a grouch is—the movies.

PEARL MEADES, Baltimore, Maryland

VIOLETS FOR OLD BOOKS

VIOLETS to the producers of many of the most familiar books of my girlhood. I anticipated the arrival of the films, and my expectations were most certainly fulfilled. Can't we have more of these old books brought to the screen?

LAURA M. LARDNER, North Syracuse, N. Y.

CODE ASKED

MY husband and I go to a movie. Upon arriving, we find two features, and a preview besides. It sounds all right going in, but

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, man threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (Dec.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Operetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman P. T. Barnum, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-ootiful yard. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (Dec.)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to bed you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dubuque's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Thriving for suavity robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Ivanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer E. J. Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—A melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telephoned ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

PAINTED VEIL, THE—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in a love-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is Mr. Peck. (Nov.)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

★ **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE**—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to eke out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing (Dec.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, should please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the innamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (Dec.)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot the man. (Dec.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is Chandu. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (Jan.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty.—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrich Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Monogram.—William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram.—Dull Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Martha Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching (Dec.)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but—Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing power. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the romantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—A moving preachment against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. But that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric March, and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

★ **WICKED WOMAN, A**—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)

coming out, you are so sick of comedies, news reels, novelties and mediocre features that you vow you'll not go again for months. Why don't they make some kind of a code, and select only pictures made by the major studios?

MARY ANGELA KELLY, Los Angeles, Cal.

FREE SHOWS FOR POOR

IF I had a lot of money, I would put up a free picture show for all the poor people.

MRS. R. L. BOYD, York, S. C.

SOUL OR FACE?

THERE are many actresses today who are gifted and beautiful, but the fans who scorn talent portraying soul beauty for facial beauty, take notice—those grand troupers who have created great names and standings, and have given us hours of happiness will live forever.

FANNY KELLY, Chicago, Illinois

WRITE OLD STARS

SELDOM, if ever, have I found a word in glorification of the forgotten ones of the screen. They are the once great stars who have slipped, retired, and are trying to come back. Why not try to help them? You fans of such stars, why not write them, tell them how much you enjoyed them?

ALICE WALKER, Sunfield, Mich.

TO THE OLD TIMERS

YEA verily, when it comes to stalking around in togas and delivering bombastic lines in the grand manner, the old-timers had it over the younger crop of actors like the proverbial tent. They would appear less absurd in a modern wisecracking farce than our modern players in costume plays of a remote period.

MRS. JANE SHAW, Cleveland, Ohio

FOR THE UNSUNG

INSTEAD of raving about the various stars, why not a vote of appreciation for the ones who make them look as they do?

B. EASLEY, Greensburg, Indiana



Cameraman's luck! But Hal Mohr wasn't thinking of camera angles when this picture of himself and bride, Evelyn Venable, was taken

Letters

The two halves of the world of Photoplay readers may learn what each other thinks

ATTENTION, STUDENTS

USED to feel tired and blue whenever I had a test facing me the next day at college, until I finally went to a movie the night before one. The next day, I made the highest mark I have ever made. No more do I dread test days.

NAOMI HOLLAND, Rome, Georgia

PLEASURE TAKEN AWAY

QUITE agree with Mr. George Abbate of Utica in pleading for the return of intelligent short subjects instead of the slapstick comedies now being shown. It is difficult to sit through these comedies. They take away the pleasure of the whole show.

KATHLEEN LAURIE, Ogden, Utah

RUT NECESSARY?

TO me, Norma Shearer with her many characterizations has disproved the theory that one must eventually be "typed." Is it necessary to fall into the old rut of being a "typed" character?

CATHERINE JONES, Tucson, Arizona

FILMS TREMENDOUS POWER

IF the film industry but realized its tremendous power in moulding fashions, manners and even morals, I believe it would give more thought to the great responsibility and influence within its hands, and take more seriously the effects it creates—giving its vast public films which are even better and more worthy of imitation. For we human beings are imitative, especially the young.

MARY MEAN, Evanston, Ill.



Marian Marsh, an expert fisherwoman, goes to San Gabriel Canyon to land her trout. And here she is, caught in the act! Cute, too, eh?

SEE PAGES 54-55

YOUR magazine is replete with fashion hints for ladies, but nothing for men. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY start such a department with tips for the men on what to wear? I think almost as many men as women read PHOTOPLAY.

CECIL W. NORMAN, Enid, Oklahoma

WHO IS RIGHT?

ONE point which everyone seems to disagree on is the relationship between Mr. Barre and his daughter. I believe it was a strong fatherly love, but people who have read the book insist that it was not. Who is right?

ETHEL STEIN, Paterson, New Jersey

SUPPORT COUNTS

STARS may come and stars may go, but oftentimes the line between success or failure (of picture) depends on the support given to stars by the old guard of trained troupers such as Lewis Stone.

JUNE DE SHANE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Revealing the Greta Garbo-George Brent ROMANCE!

What about Greta Garbo and George Brent? For months, the whole movie colony has been wondering whether the unapproachable Garbo has at last succumbed to a man's adoration—the first man since Jack Gilbert. They came to know each other during the filming of their latest picture, "The Painted Veil." No one knows better than George Brent himself what the real relationship between him and Garbo is. If you want to know the real facts, read this story in the March MOVIE MIRROR.

Hidden Chapter in Bing Crosby's Life

Delving into the unknown background of the popular radio singer and movie actor, Walter Ramsey, one of MOVIE MIRROR'S star writers, found an amazing and entertaining history—the history of a Peck's Bad Boy who later became a model citizen and much beloved husband and father. You may have read the story of Bing's life, but you've never known before the inside facts about his boyish escapades, from the age of eight to the age of twenty-four. "Bing Crosby's Record"—revealing this hidden chapter in his life—appears in fascinating detail in the March issue of MOVIE MIRROR.

Is There a Difference Between Friendship and Love?

Joan Crawford, who has experienced both in plenty, tells her vivid, vital opinion on this subject which concerns each and every one of us. There is no more outspoken movie star than Miss Crawford, and her statements not only show us a new Joan Crawford, but also give us valuable advice that we can apply to our own lives.

Why Was Hollywood Jealous of Mae West?

No star in Hollywood has been more miserably treated by the Cinema City than this famous blonde. Usually, Hollywood admires success, but in this case Hollywood resented it. Here is the inside story, never before told in a movie magazine.

All of the absorbingly interesting feature articles described above and many, many more appear in the big March issue of MOVIE MIRROR, the great movie magazine edited direct from Hollywood. If you have not already done so, by all means get your copy today and see for yourself why MOVIE MIRROR is fast becoming America's most popular movie magazine regardless of price.

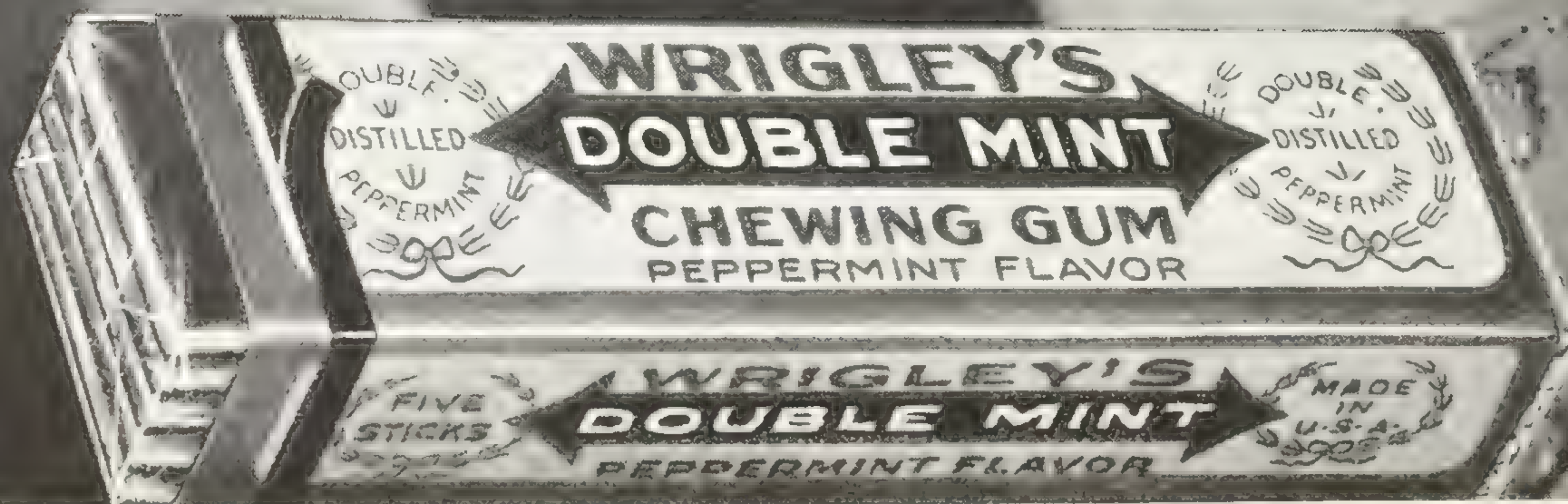
MARCH ISSUE OUT NOW

Greta Garbo and George Brent in the Painted Veil.
M. G. M.



movie 10¢
M I R R O R

Beauty of lips and neck-line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do — Enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.





CLARENCE BULL

● Jeanette MacDonald put on her Adrian creation of white organza, with turquoise taffeta trimmings, that you may see how she will look in her forthcoming screen version of Victor Herbert's operetta, "Naughty Marietta." The immortal musical is to have an extravagant setting, by the way. But, back to Jeanette—that bodice is quilted taffeta; and the hat, turquoise ostrich plume



● The result of an international search—Freddie Bartholomew, as the boy *David Copperfield* in Dickens' masterpiece of that name brought to the screen. It was only after months of arduous seeking and elimination that Freddie, like sight to a blindman, came to M-G-M's attention. He's a manly lad, isn't he? Frank Lawton will be *Copperfield* as a man. You'd better watch for this one



OTTO DYAR

● The gay, petite Alice Faye goes soulful, stunningly so—and no wonder, with that very, very ultra dinner gown of black cellophane. Incidentally, the belt is studded with Silver Nail Heads! Maybe Alice will wear it for the premiere of the picture she's now hard at work in, "George White's Scandals." The blonde tidbit is in great demand, with a year's work already scheduled for her



RAY JONES

● Everybody and his brother and sister are clamoring for information on Tullio Carminati's next picture, "Once a Gentleman." Here's a peek. Lilian Harvey, the gorgeous British actress, is the object of the Italian star's fervid love in it. Incidentally, raves over Tullio's great performance in "One Night of Love," with Grace Moore, are still echoing about. Maybe they'll do another one

P H O T O P L A Y

C l o s e - U p s a n d L o n g - S h o t s



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

WE'RE all going to be agog soon over a certain little German actress who is coming to our shores. She's arriving by way of England, where she played a superb rôle as *Catherine the Great* in the picture of that name. In New York she will pause for a run in the stage play "Escape Me Never," then on to Hollywood.

Elisabeth Bergner is as shy as a doe and as elusive as a mountain goat. From Maine to California the cry will arise, "She's only doing a Garbo," when she grows reticent—as she is more than likely to do—in the face of strong-arm American publicity methods. English journalists have so far failed to gain an interview with her. Maybe our more aggressive members of the press will have better luck.

TO guard Miss Bergner is the ever-protecting arm of her husband. Always he is on the set, guiding her, encouraging her. Without him she is said to appear helpless.

Whatever her success may be, we may be certain she will never succumb to Hollywood's heady wine. It won't be a case of a sadder and disillusioned husband returning to the homeland alone.

TIME was when any actor, producer, director, cameraman, office boy—no, not office boys; any one of those bright youngsters waited until he got to be supervisor—felt that to maintain his dignity and convince one and all that he was a big shot he must travel about Hollywood in an imported car. You could toss a stone in any direction and hit a Rolls, a Hispano, a Fiat, even, occasionally, a Daimler. Not so today.

ABOUT the only really spectacular cars in Hollywood belong to Carl Brisson and Lilian Harvey, both of foreign origin—cars and actors. Brisson uses a sensational importation, which boasts a swinging bar, a built in make-up kit, and other fixtures.

Lilian Harvey rides in a car of French manufacture, which caused a sensation when she first came over. It is cream-colored, nickel-bedecked. But she's getting tired of it. Recently, she and Helen Ferguson set out from Helen's office for Hollywood. "Is there any place around here where I can leave the car?" inquired Miss Harvey; "it attracts too much attention."

All of which is a healthful sign. Gone are the days of phony ostentation. Those who make motion pictures for you these days realize that it's a serious business with much real money involved. Real money; not poker chips.

COMING back to Lilian Harvey—you will remember she was brought to Hollywood after her success in the foreign-made film "Congress Dances." Falling short of expectations in another studio, she is now Columbia's protégé. And on the Columbia lot they seem to possess the secret of knowing what it takes to make a player click again.

Under the direction of Victor Schertzinger, who guided Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati so triumphantly through "One Night of Love," she again has her big chance.

Miss Harvey has drawn Carminati to play opposite her, too! Looks like good fortune all around.

THE Far East—China, Siam, Indo-China—takes to action, comedy, beauty (feminine) in a big way in its motion pictures. Wild "Tarzan" box receipts proved to be an all-time top. Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy are prime comic favorites and Jeanette MacDonald's films delight that discerning judge of pulchritude, the Sultan of Johore.

All this on the word of Edward F. O'Connor, manager of M-G-M's Far Eastern film exchanges for the past six years.

WHAT picture will win PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal award for 1934, when the balloting starts next month? You will recall that it has always been PHOTOPLAY's custom to postpone voting for the best picture of the year previous until films released as late as December have had several months' circulation in picture houses.

THIS time there will be a lively list to pick from. Critics' lists of the "Best Ten" have been printed, but I'll not influence your choice next month when PHOTOPLAY's first ballots begin to appear. All I ask is that you then cast your vote. PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal award has become a national classic because it represents the choice of all of you—the picture-goers of America.

IT was a quick curtain for Lowell Sherman and as one who had made the stage and screen his life, he would have appreciated that. Only twenty-four hours on a sick bed, he passed on.

On both stage and screen there was a devil-may-care nonchalance in his acting that befitted the rôles he essayed. Theater-goers will remember him best in "The Tavern" and "High Stakes." He repeated this last success on the screen.

When he laid aside paint for the megaphone, he directed as he acted—dramatically. In all his relations in life he never quite seemed to forget—and this fact gave color and liveliness to his winning personality—his theatrical instinct.

Lowell Sherman will be remembered as one of Hollywood's immortals.

THE bubble, reputation, never seems to burst anywhere in the world with more ominous finality than in Hollywood. Three consecutive successes and you *may* be a star; one failure may deflate your splendor.

I am inclined to believe, however, that producers are more impatient than the public. The dethroned of one studio have been picked up, on occasion, by some rising film company and made a hit.

And stars who had begun to worry about their future on their home lot have been loaned to a rival company for a picture which has doubled their box-office prestige.

A player who seems "down" may be only so in his employers' minds. A recount may show he is a winner.

The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS



She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in

And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town

Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933

terizations, gets his first big comedy chance in

Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on

role on the stage. But screen producers continued

of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of

VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As

Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of

the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played

by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens

to the prim English valet in the

plots ever concocted. • Just to

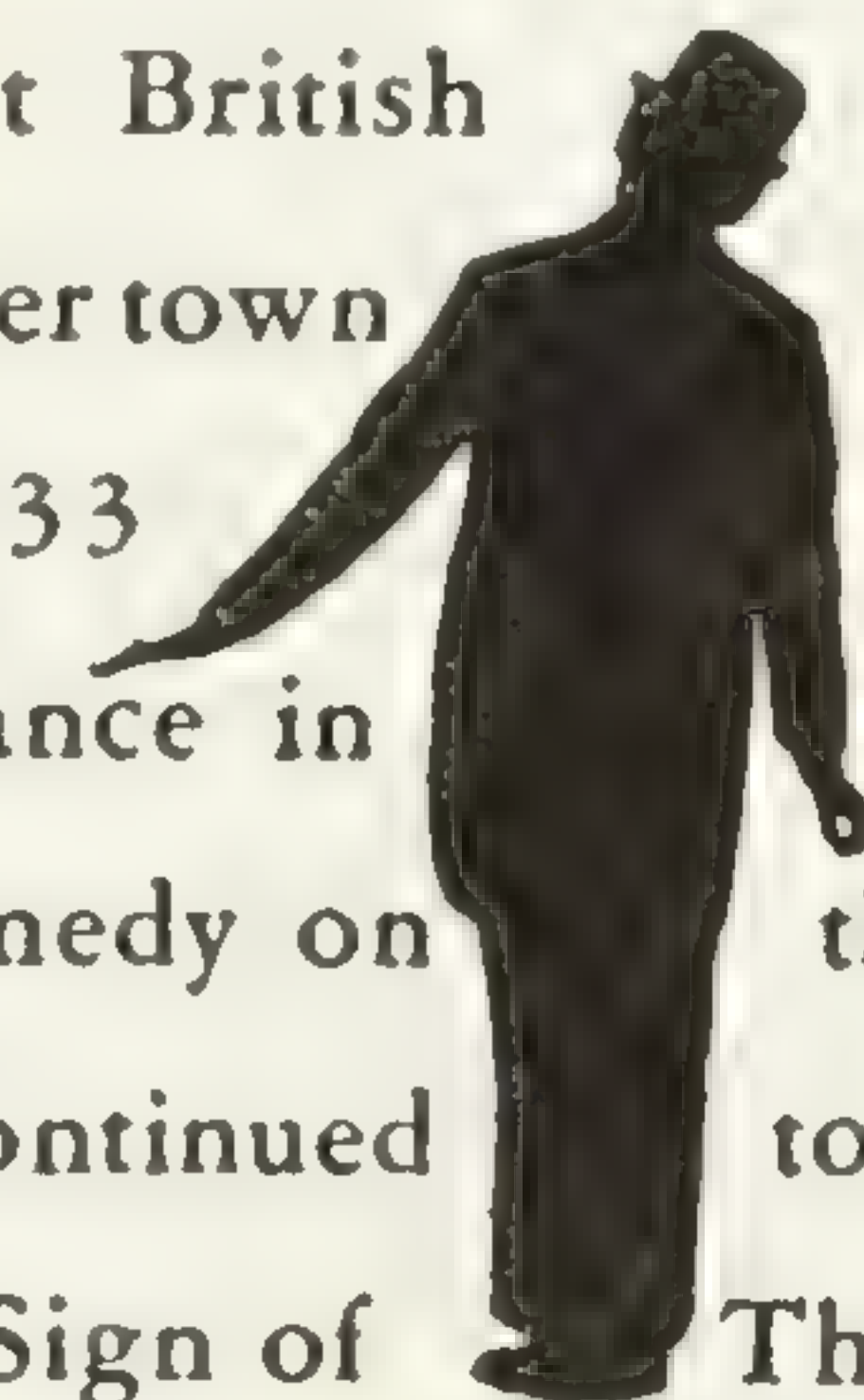
Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien

the manner in which

a gesture of the

his walk is funny!

who makes his bow



valet, found himself pitch-forked

of Red Gap. • All of which also

the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap".

the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of

to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island

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land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy

add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland

Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch

he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows,

hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even

That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton

as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



anything else in Europe to get a poker game!

which explains

into the rough-

explains how

screen charac-

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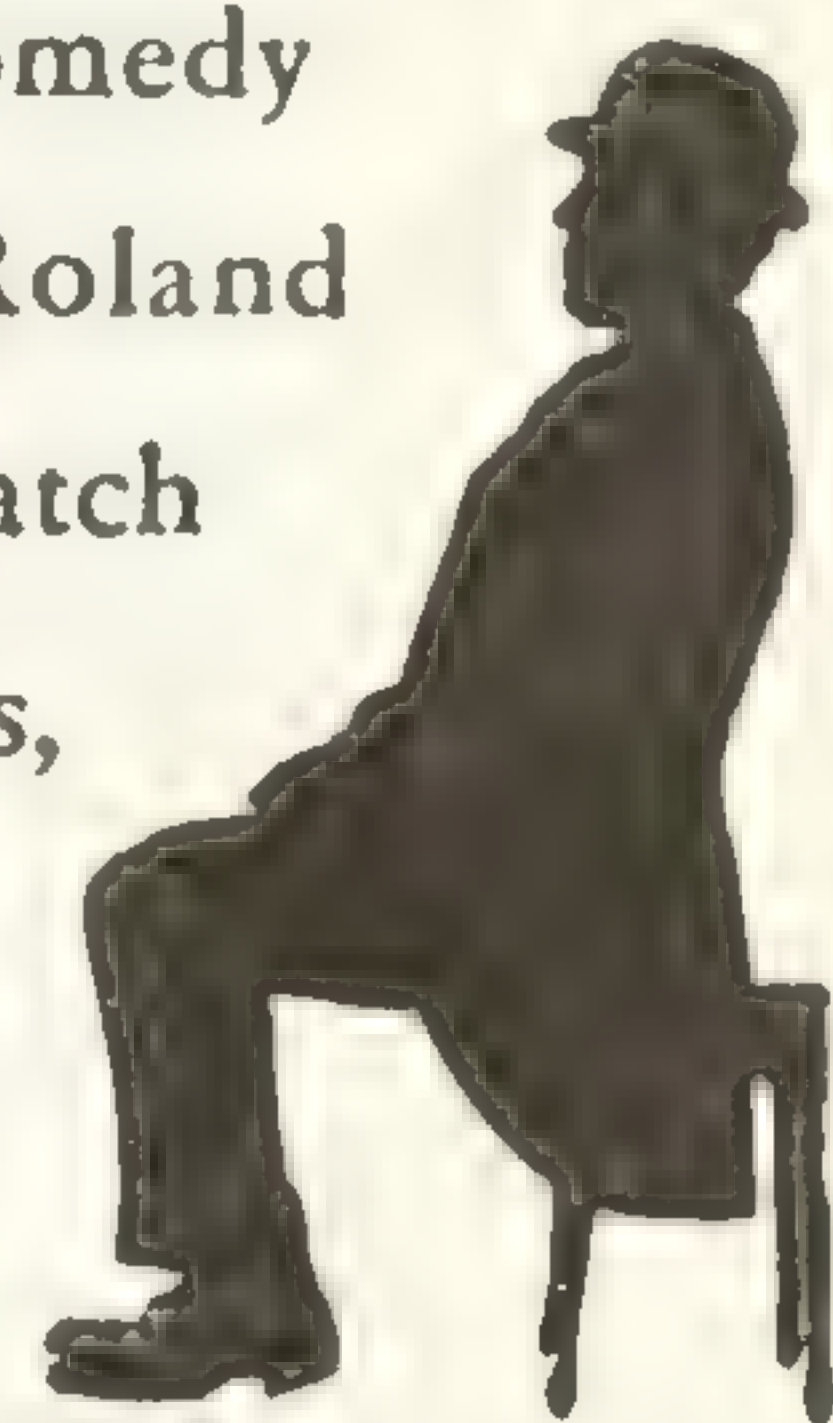
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The Chap

**A study—so to speak—
of Leland Hayward,
who will have the
distinction of making
more money than
his highly-paid film-
star wife receives**

by

**B O G A R T
R O G E R S**

There's no desk in Hayward's penthouse office. He lounges while he works, and telephones instead of writing. He likes tables—for his feet!



PHOTOPLAY PHOTOS

WHEN, as and if Miss Katharine Hepburn makes that long, long trek to the altar—which a great many folks “in the know” insist she has already done—it’s almost a cinch that her trekking partner will be a tall, slender and slightly loose-jointed young man named Leland Hayward.

It may be of help in attempting to present a brief picture of the fascinating Katharine’s future—or present—husband to explain that his cable code address is the single word HAYWIRE. His staff selected it for him, and while it doesn’t tell the whole story, it conveys the general idea. Lest unpleasant conclusions be drawn, I hasten to define HAYWIRE as meaning colorful, entertaining, not like every other guy you meet, and never a dull moment when Leland’s around.

Mr. Hayward is a motion picture agent, in which occupation he is just about tops. He represents a truly glittering galaxy of brilliant writers and scintillating stars. As for instance—Miss Hepburn herself, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan, Miriam Hopkins, Charles Laughton, Ben Hecht, Gene Fowler, Ina Claire, Herbert Marshall, Donald Ogden Stewart, Edna Best, Vincent Lawrence, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers—to name but a few. And does he represent ’em; does he get ’em dough!



who will never be MR. HEPBURN



yourself—and for a time thereafter, Leland was quite the lad in the social swirl—Pall Mall Supper Club and such like. He had a fling at Europe with his step-brother, Phil Plant, who subsequently became Constance Bennett's second husband, but not her last. While Leland never mentions it, his social heritage and connections are strictly top flight. He is probably the only bona fide Park Avenue agent in a business where Park Avenooers of any description are hard to catch. Right now he can walk into social strongholds where many of his most illustrious clients couldn't get past the man who stands out in front and greets the taxicabs.

For three or four years after leaving college our hero was merely a young man trying, and not very hard, to discover his forte. He did this and that and his fortunes rose and fell—chiefly the latter. As an example of his ventures—in 1926 or thereabouts Malibu Beach was just becoming the popular retreat of the film elect. Young Mr. Hayward, in Hollywood and doing badly, conceived the bright idea of organizing the Malibu Messengers, who would deliver messages from the only then existing telephone to any house on the beach, or vice versa, for fifteen cents. On paper the potential profits were enormous, but there was a catch to it. He quickly discovered, to his chagrin, that folks came to Malibu to escape telephones and messages and simply didn't want any, not even at the bargain price of fifteen cents. All of which shows that he achieved success only after a struggle.

One thing led to another and finally back to New York, where he went to work for the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

To simplify matters, let us assume Katharine and Leland are married and then say that Leland probably makes more money than his wife, a rare and unusual characteristic of the gents who marry film queens. In fact, it's practically unheard of. I haven't examined his books, but it takes no certified public accountant to realize that ten per cent of the earnings—the usual agent's commission—of his imposing list of clients adds up to a staggering number of cocoanuts.

He is not, however, so his Boswells declare, without personal financial woes. A sensible fellow who frowns on flagrant extravagance, he has placed himself on a strict weekly allowance for personal expenses. An admirable plan—except that he frequently overspends his pittance—almost every week. When this occurs he artfully averts financial disaster by borrowing money from himself which, of course, he intends to pay back to himself out of his next week's allowance—and never does. One of his friends has advised him to sue himself and see if he can collect.

To thumbnail his career chronologically for a moment:

His father is the popular and influential Colonel Bill Hayward, erstwhile district attorney of New York. In his Princeton days—class of '23 so you can approximate his age for



ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD
COULD YOU FIND A
COMPLEX MODERN MA-
CHINE AND A SPINNING
WHEEL WORKING SIDE
BY SIDE! "VANESSA,"
SCREEN VERSION OF
HUGH WALPOLE'S
NOVEL, IS BEING FILMED.
AT THE CAMERA IS CINE-
MATOGRAPHER RAY
JUNE. ON THE LOW
STOOL IS WILLIAM K.
HOWARD, DIRECTOR





HELEN HAYES IS SEATED AT THE SPINNING WHEEL. BEHIND HER STANDS ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN A LONG INVERNESS CAPE. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SCENES IN M-G-M'S ADAPTION OF THE FAMOUS STORY, AND ABOVE THE LOVERS IS THE MICROPHONE, SENSITIVE TO EVERY SIGH OR WHISPERED PROMISE

DON'T LOVE ME!

ILLUSTRATED BY

James Montgomery Flagg

Out in the hall I fainted!
It had been such a horrible
experience, my tired
nerves had given way
under the great strain

**The tense life story of one of the
most famous women in Hollywood**

WHO IS SHE?

"LET me see your hand, please."

I hesitated.

"Yes, I know I am not supposed to be a palm reader. You didn't come to me for that. But what I see in the crystal is so strange that I would like to know if it is confirmed by your heart line."

What difference did it make? I laid my hand, palm up, on his desk.

This was no ordinary fortune teller. He *did* have a desk in his severely efficient office, a desk and all the appurtenances of a business executive. None of the clap-trap of the conventional Oriental mystic surrounded Dr. Khanandi. There were no black velvet curtains embroidered in hieroglyphs on the walls, no highly polished skull mounted on an Ionic column, no trick picture of a Hindu saint to follow you with luminous eyes.

There was nothing of the east about Dr. Khanandi himself either except a spotless turban which enhanced a little the olive shade of his smooth, clear complexion. Otherwise he was dressed in beautifully tailored dinner clothes. In the afternoon, I understand, he wears unobtrusive sports garments—although no one has ever seen him on a golf course, a polo field or a tennis court. He merely conforms to the costume of the country—every man in Hollywood and Beverly Hills dresses as if he were a guest at an informal house-party.

He was looking at my palm but stopped long enough to flash me a disarming smile.

"Of course, Miss Adair, it would be silly of me to pretend not to know who you are. There is no magic in naming a woman whose face may be seen on a billboard at the next corner. In that filing cabinet over there is a complete clipping record of your public life which I could consult if I cared to astound you with my knowledge of your motion picture activities. I could even tell you many things which have not been printed because the press agent at your studio who is paid to suppress information not suitable for public consumption, has—let us say—a working arrangement with me.

"But there are some things which are not in that file, nor in anyone's file. One of them is that your real name is not Rochelle Adair but Rachel O'Hare and that you changed it not entirely for business reasons."

I wanted to withdraw my palm from his too searching gaze but, for the moment, I couldn't. He held my hand, not tightly but firmly, while he bent over it with a magnifying glass.

As he studied it he continued speaking. "Your hair, we both know, is its present unusual shade merely for photographic purposes. You would be more beautiful, I think, if it were much darker, as nature originally planned. However, you have set a style which is of great profit to the hair-dressing

parlors throughout the world, so who am I to spoil the graft of my fellow racketeers? You are thinking, I know, that I am intolerably impudent but I would prefer that you would regard my candor as a tribute to your intelligence. We are both in the show business. I have laid aside the mask for you—is it too much that I point out that your own whiskers are also false?”

People had told me that he put on a different act for each customer. I couldn't resent him. But I was impatient of his preliminaries. Something of my restlessness communicated itself to him for now he began to talk more seriously—the banter disappeared from his voice.

“You wish to know about a man, Miss Adair. I say this not only because women almost invariably seek me for advice in matters of the heart, just as men are chiefly interested in the outcome of a business deal, but also because, according to your hand, you have no other disquieting factor in your life. Everything else is made smooth for you, but your relations with persons of the other sex are highly complicated and, may I say, disastrous.”

I laughed. He could have read that in the papers.

He answered my thought. “Certainly I could—all but this: “Three, or perhaps four, years ago you were in a hospital—as a nurse. There were two men in a room. It was your duty to take care of them. One of them died. You were suspected of having killed him. I can't find here whether that suspicion was true or not. Did you?”

I jerked my hand away. “No—or I don't know. I didn't come here to answer questions.”

He looked at me a little dazed. Apparently he had been talking almost subconsciously.

“Have I said something to offend, Miss Adair?”

I had risen. I wanted to get out of there.

“It doesn't matter. I've remembered an engagement.” The feeling oppressed me that it was no use to lie to him, but how could I tell him that I couldn't stand any more just then? I had lived another life so continuously that, except in nightmares, that earlier one was almost forgotten.

He was standing, too. “As you wish. You will return?”

“I'm afraid not.”

I started to go.

“You will wait, Miss Adair.” It wasn't exactly a command, yet I felt myself turning once more to face him.

He spoke slowly. “Since you will not return I must tell you something important—warn you so that you may guide your steps carefully. For you walk with death. It is written in the stars, in your hand, everywhere, that men who gain your favor surely perish. That you may judge that this is not idle talk let me say that I am glad I shall never see you again. I, like the others, could go mad about you and, even knowing that the only prize is death, I should doubtless try to win.”

He stood at the door, holding it wide for me.

“We are, I think,” he murmured, “saying good-bye forever.” Outside I fervently echoed his melodramatic wish, never



put the back of my other hand against my face to stiffl a scream and broke his clammy grip, and ran

realizing how soon and how desperately I should want to see him again.

II.

It was the Saturday night before Christmas. I had let my chauffeur go for the evening. There was some kind of a celebration on at his church over in Central Avenue. Anyway, I had expected that Scott Deering, my fiancé, would take me home, never dreaming that we would quarrel. So I had taken a taxi when I left his place, up in the hills back of Hollywood.

Dr. Khanandi's house was on LaBrea Avenue, only two or three blocks from Hollywood Boulevard, and I decided to walk in that direction and pick up a cab. It was not very late and I wanted to do some thinking.

Of course, I don't believe the pan-jan-drum of fortune-tellers—well, not any more than you do anyway—but the discourse of the assertedly Hindu crystal gazer had upset me terribly. He was probably nothing but a well-educated negro who had discovered that he looked mysterious with a towel wrapped around his head and who cashed in on the easy credulity of the picture colony. But in some uncanny way he had hit on the one thing which has worried me all my life—all my life, that is, since I first entered high school back in Muskegon, Michigan.

What happened to me then, and has been happening to me ever since, was that I never had any friends of either sex. That sounds a little as if I was an unpopular hunchback with a club-foot and pink toothbrush. So I'll modify and explain. I never had any friends among the boys because they all insisted on making an amorous occasion out of every social contact. And girls found they could not trust me with their sweethearts. It wasn't my fault. I used to pray every night that just once I would meet somebody who would want to play tennis with me or teach me to skate or call some evening with the innocuous idea of beating up a batch of fudge in the kitchen and eating as much of it as the human stomach would hold. But I never received an answer to my prayer. I'd meet a boy at a dance, he'd take me out on the floor for a couple of turns and then propose a ride out to Lake Michigan Park or up the Scenic Highway to Sylvan Beach. If I didn't go, he'd be angry; if I did every girl who knew him would be sorry for him and angry with me. That was how all the tales of my wildness got into circulation.

I HATE alibis so I won't go into this except just that much because it is the only way I can explain, even to myself, the star-spangled loneliness of my girlhood and, for that matter, the isolation in which I have spent most of my life. I early found out that the only way I could avoid trouble was to keep away from all but casual friendships.

I also hate people who talk about their own magnetism—somehow misnamed "sex-appeal" by a recent generation. But there is no way to get around it if I am to tell what happened to me. Because all my life has been spent trying to get away from the consequences of some ill-advised infatuation on the part of somebody who had no business to be attracted by me at all or who, by paying attention to me, stepped on the toes of somebody else who thought he had prior rights. I don't think love entered into these affairs. To my notion, love should be something that makes you feel light and clean and free, and I've never had an experience that hasn't left me leaden and laden with dirty chains.

From my own encounters with life I do not know that love, according to my idea of it, really exists. Neither do I know of it from what any one has ever told me. That isn't what men talk about when they're with me and women don't talk to me at all—not in confidence anyway.

But I've read things—don't laugh, some of them poetry—which make me know that men and women do meet sometimes with an understanding which includes laughter and tears as well as kisses.

In one of my pictures I played the mistress of a king who loved him that way and who, in return, was privileged to be the one against whose breast he rested while he told his inmost

wearinesses and exaltations. I was sorry when that picture was finished. No man had ever talked to me, even on a set, as if I were capable of more than one emotion.

And it's a funny thing but that one emotion, usually called passion, is something I know nothing about from personal experience.

That, my father once told me, is what made me so uncomfortably popular.

"If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,"

he quoted, and then finished with his own words, "then, bedad, ye're top dog in any kennel. Ye'll have power whether ye want it or not. I'm a little that way meself and it accounts fer the way I have with the women."

HE was an old philanderer, Terence O'Hare, never true to anybody but my mother, and maybe he deserves no credit for that because she died while they were yet so young that the madness was still on them.

"The Arabs, now," he went on, "have invented themselves strange concoctions of nasty drugs to drink that they think will keep them cool when they're with their women. It makes them the masters, they believe. I dunno if it works, but it's an idea at that and if ye're naturally that way, like you and me, it gives you a commether on the other fella that's darn useful if ye're makin' a bargain."

He was probably right about the power of the weapon, but it never brought down the game that I wanted—a really good time. Sure, I laughed—no girl born of an Irish father could wear a sour face all the time—but mostly I had to laugh at myself. When you'd like to go down to the corner of an evening for a hot dog or a chocolate soda, there's not so much fun finding yourself in the arms of a lad you only met day before yesterday, and him breathing questions in your ear between kisses that might even startle a bride during the first year or so of her married life.

I don't really blame anybody. Perhaps I looked that way even when I was a kid. I know I do now, but that might be because of the kind of parts that I play. Actors and actresses all know that their private lives take on the hue of characters they depict on the stage or screen. Lionel Barrymore, after he had been playing the country physician in "One Man's Journey" for several weeks, once attended a performance at the El Capitan Theater in Hollywood. There was a minor accident back stage and the manager of the company came before the curtain and asked, "Is there a doctor in the house?" Barrymore was the first man to get to his feet. He only remembered just in time before he amputated the injured man's leg.

I have said somewhere above that my mother died when I was just a baby. She probably wore herself out laughing at the amusing antics of my father. I don't know but that he was one of the funniest men in the world. He could have been a clown with Barnum and Bailey but, instead, he was just a foreman at the billiard table factory of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company across the tracks of the G. R. & I. in Muskegon. He'd probably sobered down a lot before I was old enough to remember him, but even then he was as funny as W. C. Fields on one of his best days, with just a touch of wistful sadness in his fooling that reminded you of Charlie Chaplin.

IF mother had lived on during the formative period of my girlhood I suppose I might have been spared the terrors of learning about life by the laboratory method. Father didn't know how to talk to a little girl. Instead, he talked to me as if I were another man. That's a priceless memory, but at the time it failed to give me the elementary facts about things I needed to know.

So I muddled through the Muskegon High School, apparently popular but having, if you must know, a very thin time. I wanted to have just one girl friend, but I couldn't find one unattractive enough so that she didn't have hopes that I might blast.



He held my hand, not tightly but firmly, while he bent over it with a magnifying glass. As he studied it, he talked

My father died that summer. That did not matter much financially because I was expecting to work anyway, but it did leave a fearful hole in my existence. He was the only person I could talk to without being constantly on the defensive.

I was entered as a student nurse at the Mercy Hospital and went into training that fall. I guess I hoped that by devoting myself to the service of suffering humanity I might escape the

curse which had dogged my youthful footsteps and no longer lead the life of the hunted. There was something in the Florence Nightingale oath that looked like sanctuary. My mistake. The nurse's uniform turned out to be the most becoming costume I had ever worn, and internes are only high school boys grown up.

The Sisters were marvelous, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

IRVIN COBB PRESENTS ANOTHER WILL ROGERS

He tells you some of the faults, frailties and

THERE is the Will Rogers that the habitable globe—or a good part of it knows. This is the Will Rogers of the screen, at this writing rated as the most popular actor, judged by box-office drawing powers, in the whole cinema business. And it's Will Rogers the distinguished syndicate writer, and Will Rogers, the gifted after-dinner speaker, and Will Rogers the radio star and Will Rogers who at intervals goes skyhooting about the world in a plane, acting as a sort of unofficial but highly useful goodwill ambassador for the United States to foreign parts. It is the Will Rogers who through his own individual efforts, mental and physical, is said to earn more money than anybody in this country earns purely by the exercise of personal endeavor. That is the Will Rogers who bulks so big in the popular imagination—the showman, the advertiser, the ballyhoo artist supreme.

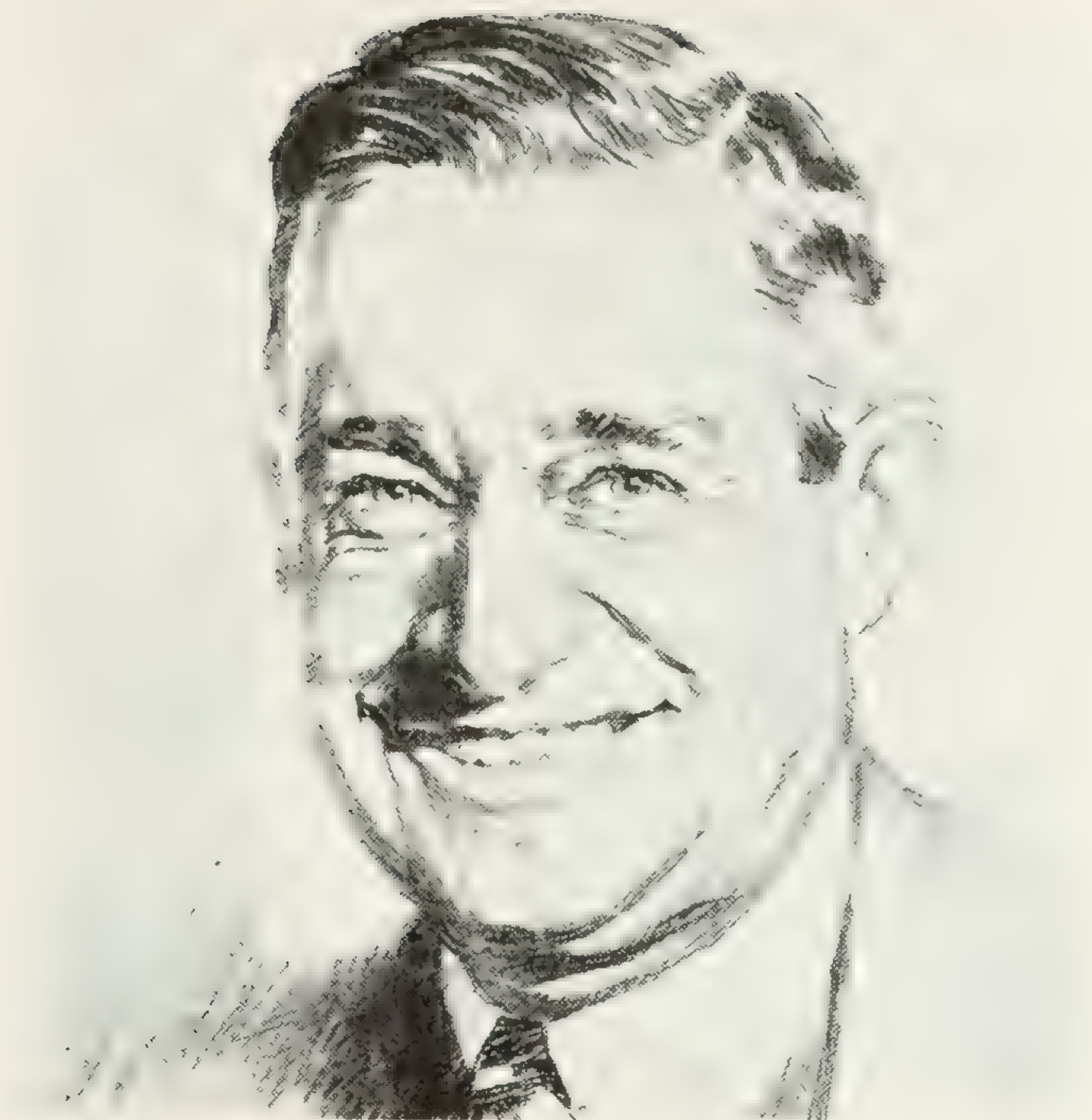
The other Will Rogers—the one I mean to write these few lines about—is the Will Rogers who reveals himself to a limited audience. It is a shrewd, kindly,

Will Rogers is aptly cast in his latest picture, "The County Chairman." As Irvin Cobb tells you, he is tops on the shifting tides of the times and men



witty, natural, fairly modest, simple man of simple habits and simple tastes who loves his family and his friends, his polo ponies and his ranch, his privacy and his hours of seclusion. It is the Will Rogers who never went Broadway when he was a hit in Ziegfeld's Follies, who never went Hollywood, after he began to mop up out here in the movies. It is the Will Rogers who fights like a tiger for as much money in wages as the traffic will stand, but drops everything else to give of his time, which is immensely valuable, his cash, which is precious to him, and his talents, which are plentiful, on behalf of some worthy cause or some out-of-luck man or woman that he knew in the old days before glory came to him and misfortune came to that other.

It is the Will Rogers who dashes away from Yes-Man's Land, with its tinsel grandeurs and its make-believe pageantry, its barb-wire entanglements of studio intrigue and its front line trenches full of conniving executives, to climb into a pair of two-dollar overalls and hunker on a corral fence and contemplate the beauties of beef critters for hours on a stretch. It is the Will Rogers who still at heart is an Oklahoma cowhand, a man generous in his appraisals of human beings, tolerant in his judgments and not too bitterly satirical about the things and movements which he dislikes.



SKETCHED FOR PHOTOPLAY
BY STEPHEN GROUT

...tues of your favorite comedian

On the lot, he is all for the work to which he is assigned. Off the lot, he is an earnest student of men and measures throughout the cosmic scope.

I doubt whether there are a half dozen men active in national and international affairs—diplomats, publicists, politicians or what-have-you—who keep a keener eye upon the currents of opinion and the shifting tides of the times than he does. Moreover, he brings to his study of issues what the average so-called statesman most woefully lacks—a certain rational philosophy plus a certain salty homely humor which makes him one of the most quotable and widely-quoted creatures at present inhabiting this distracted planet.

His wit has punctured many a balloon, has deflated quite a few over-extended shirt fronts, but rarely has it hurt any individual's feelings. Here's a comedian who can make fun of a chimerical dream and yet not so severely damage the self-esteem of the false prophet responsible for launching it.

With him, I'm sure, a laugh is not worth a bruise to some sensitive spirits. And if ever he thought up a dirty wheeze or a suggestive wise-crack or a mutty simile, it clabored somewhere down in his system because he never uttered it into the sound-recorder, never spoke before an audience, great or small, never wrote it for print.



But, look here, I'm getting away from my topic—mixing up the Rogers who looms so large before the camera and behind the microphone, with the Rogers that likes breeding heifers and blooded calves and rope-throwing and broncho busters—and plain vittles and plain folks.

I remember once, and that was years and years ago, before I came to know the real, the very real Will Rogers very well, that there was a dinner in New York. He was to be the guest of honor and I was to be, next to him, the principal speaker. So I said to myself:

"This gabby young Lochinvar out of the West is probably getting the big-head. The other speakers will deluge him with praise until he drowns happily in the surging sea of flattery. How about taking the opposite tack and putting this Rogers person in his proper place?"

Having that wicked intent in mind, I took counsel with a smart woman who knew the beginnings of practically every vaudeville celebrity in America. Moreover, she kept scrap books of press

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Will Rogers' wit has punctured many a balloon, has deflated a lot of over-extended shirt fronts, but very rarely has it hurt any individual's feelings

TWO Personalities in

QUESTION: When is an actress not an actress?
Answer: When you say, "Boo."

That really doesn't make sense, does it? But if it's a riddle then so is Evelyn (and you'd better pronounce it Eevlyn) Laye. Because when Evelyn Laye is Evelyn Laye, she's an actress, in every sense and nonsense of the word—and when she's "Boo"—she's herself, which is something different.

One of those dual personalities—you know. They seem always to come from England, as indeed did Evelyn—just a few months ago—to Hollywood where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has already made her a star.

You've never heard of Evelyn? That's not too strange.

In fact you haven't a thing on a certain immigration inspector at New York. Evelyn tangled with him on a purely pleasure trip to America a while before she came over for the screen. He looked at her passport—

"An actress—eh?" he pondered. "Going to work in this country?"

"No," said Evelyn, "just visit."

"Going to talk business?" he pressed.

Evelyn said she didn't know and anyway was it a crime?

"N-n-o," said the law, "I guess not—but you'll promise not to work, won't you? You won't go into a *chorus* or anything?"

"I promise," said Evelyn, with a sigh, wondering wistfully if she really looked like a chorus girl.

Because, you see, over on the Continent and in London, Evelyn Laye is, has been for years, something of a star. Musical operettas, stage revues, plays and more recently pictures. She has been on Broadway, too, in "Bitter Sweet." As a matter of fact, a few years ago she came to Hollywood, with much pomp and circumstance, made one picture—and not a very good picture—and ran right home with none too fond memories of a short but hardly sweet screen career.

In fact, so disillusioned was Evelyn about Hollywood and her chances in pictures that when Irving Thalberg sent for her almost three years ago in Europe and offered her a contract at M-G-M, Evelyn politely said in her very best English,

"Thank you so much—but I don't think I can—really."

"All right," said Thalberg, "but if you ever change your mind—let me know."

Well—two and a half years passed, during which Evelyn Laye again waded gingerly into [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



ONE

One is known as "Boo."

She's a hard-hearted
business woman, but a
charming tea-pourer.

The other is an actress.

by KIRTLY
BASKETT

McNULTY





CLARENCE BULL

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

by the woman whose words
are golden to Hollywood

as told to

JOANNA ROGERS

GENE DENNIS is a corn-fed young woman from Kansas, but she carries tremendous weight in Hollywood. Producers and actors believe she is psychic. Whether she is or not she has called the turn so many times that princes, producers and picture stars pause and consider when she speaks. She has told them which horse would win, where that lost money was, and whom to marry. And she has predicted contracts for actors ready to give up, who didn't even know they were being considered.

In England she told the Prince of Wales and other titled gentlemen that the Derby winner would be "a horse with a white spot on his face, belonging to a man with a very long name." The favorite didn't come within a mile of this description, so some quick investigation took place. The white spot was located on Windsor Lad owned by the Maharajah of Rajpipla, a name long enough to cause many thousands of sovereigns, pounds and shillings to be laid on the nose of Windsor Lad. He won the Derby—and many a good Britisher can thank Gene for his ample supply of fish and chips.

After this demonstration, Gene was hired by the snooty Savoy Hotel to predict for their guests. She "called" twenty-one horses out of twenty-one for them. The Prince of Wales invited her over to dinner.

This is merely the build-up in case you are the forgotten man who never heard of Gene Dennis. When she makes predictions about Hollywood, a lot of celebrations or headaches result. Gene calls her shots, big or little, just as she sees them. Things have "come to her" since she was two years old, but to be certain she must have immediate identification with things. Something belonging to the person, preferably.

These things will happen in 1935, according to the seeress:

Garbo faces the perils of pernicious anemia and will be dangerously ill. Her contract matters will suffer.

Joseph Schenck will be married, but not to Merle Oberon. He doesn't know the woman he will marry, but he is destined to be a family-man with several children.

Janet Gaynor will marry soon. The greatest mistake of her life was in not marrying her first love, so she will have to marry a man who looks like him, to be happy. She will make three more good pictures.

A good career change is in store for Mary Brian, and she will marry.

David Jack Holt will take Jackie Cooper's place as the next boy-star.

Lupe and Johnny will finally divorce and Lupe will be married two more times in the course of her life.

Gary Cooper and his wife will

separate. This will be more than a surprise.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon will be divorced.

Edward G. Robinson will stage a terrific come-back and be a great star again, in spectacular character parts.

Watch George Brent. This will be his best year.

Loretta Young had a great opportunity to marry one of the richest men in Europe, but she threw it away for a hopeless love. Now she will be a great actress and not marry anyone. Her career will be first.

Joan Crawford will continue in success, but must watch her health. She gives too much to others, who have used her for their own advancement. She tries everything. When she starts receiving she will be happy, but her career will go downhill.

Mae West will flop if she doesn't change her type. If she would step out of her rôle and be a Marie Dressler, she could go on for years. She is playing an artificial character, and if her next picture does not have an Alaskan setting, it will be unsuccessful.

Constance Collier will be the nearest successor to Marie Dressler. When Gene first saw Constance Collier in a London hotel, she did not even know who she was, but predicted that before the day was over, she would sign an important contract. Five hours later, Miss Collier was signed by M-G-M. Miss Collier had no idea she was being considered for a contract.

Marion Davies will be greater than ever. Everything is before her. Whatever she has wanted she has gotten by concentrating on it. It is like, says Gene, holding a mirror in one spot, instead of flashing it all over the room. Too many women do not actually picture what they want, and so do not get it.

President Roosevelt will be re-elected.

We will not have a war in 1935 in this country.

Kidnapping is over. All the wealthy persons who have gone to Europe will run right into the kidnapping den, because they will move over there.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

A flood of praise for Myrna Loy as "the ideal wife" and "the reviver of marriages gone stale" is sweeping the country. It's the result of Myrna's and William Powell's screen "marriage." But, in her next picture, "Wings in the Dark," Cary Grant is her man



HURRE

Charles Farrell is still settling down and absorbing the good sunlight of California after his trip to foggy London where he starred in a British picture. But soon, the driving urge that is part of Charlie will assert itself, and you will be seeing him



Judith Allen, in a most striking study, depicting some of the feel for the dramatic this young actress possesses. You undoubtedly remember her work in the very recent "Bright Eyes." Judith has been in the movies less than two years, but, 'tis said, she's a comer!



CLARENCE HEWITT

It's a bet that your first guess is "A new *Monte Cristo*." *Mais non*, as the personality it is would say. It is the incomparable Maurice Chevalier in the widely-noted theatrical institution, "Folies Bergere de Paris," on the screen for the very first time



DON ENGLISH

Marlene Dietrich, sultry, yet mysterious. She's striving for a new screen personality. Notice those tantalizing curls—in her latest, "Caprice Espagnol." It's the last picture in her stormy association of five years with Director Josef Von Sternberg



PHILLIPS

Flush is a contradiction of the worn theory that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. He was a bird dog, and three years old, when he went into the movies

This DOG EARN\$ \$50 A WEEK!

FLUSH was called an amateur dog by all the professionals. After his performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," he was admitted to their exclusive professional ranks.

Flush is a red and white Cocker Spaniel, born October seventh, 1931. At the age of six weeks, Charles Gilbert bought him to be trained as a shooting-dog, and hunting was Flush's career until recently. He is pedigreed, but Mr. Gilbert who judges at dog shows, says his skull is too wide between the ears for a show dog . . . "Too much brain."

Flush is extraordinarily sensitive to his master's deficient hearing. He will sit in a blind and indicate where to shoot by looking in the direction of the ducks. He will never leave the blind to retrieve, not wishing his master to be alone. He was not a trained dog in the moving picture sense, but was tractable and knew "drop," "come," "sit," etc.

Flush was selected by the studio from seventy-five red and white Cockers, for his long silky ears and expressive eyes. He was placed with Fritz Bache, an experienced dog-trainer, for a month before his picture work. Bache says Flush is the only dog in his wide experience who realized right away what he wanted done. This contradicts the theory that you can't teach an old dog new tricks, since Flush was three years old. A year in a dog's life is estimated to be the same as seven years in the life of a man.

Flush slept with his trainer and was fed by him until complete confidence was established. He liked to do things, and responded best to a mouth organ, siren, ball, mouse, and food. Everything else had to be quiet, as he was timid when things moved. He does not like excitement. He was taught to work by signs. When he had to trot down the street, he was first placed on a 60-foot cord. The trainer beckoned and gave the cord

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

b y R U T H

and This One \$150 A WEEK!!

THERE are two actors with whom every star hates to play a scene—a baby and a dog. They are the most dangerous scene-stealers in the business. Until recently, many a picture has been sent to the shears after the preview to “cut back” to the actor and forget the dog. He was too good.

Skippy has fared better, since the picture-going world has become dog-conscious. You know Skippy. In “The Thin Man” he was *Asta*, in “Lottery Lover” *Pom-Pom* was the name. (Imagine calling a respectable wire haired terrier *PomPom*!)

Skippy was born in Hollywood three years ago and was selected from the litter for personality rather than type. He is a trifle on the big side and leggier than is customary. He is pedigreed but would never place in a show, now that Wires are being bred down to toy-size. Skippy is a real man’s dog.

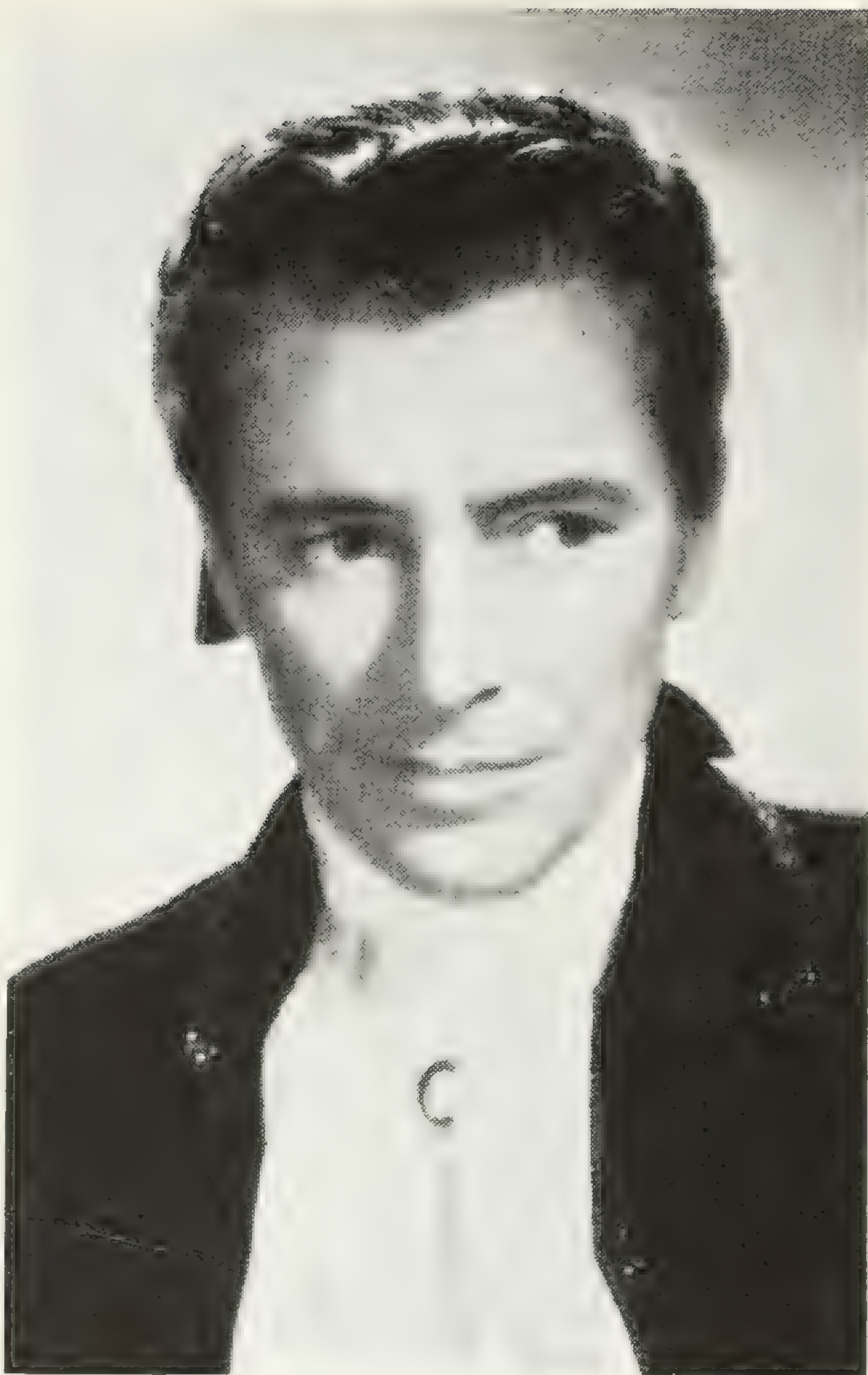
The man is Henry East, who has been training dogs for twenty years. He resembles a Saint Bernard himself, and never raises his slow, soft voice to man or beast. He and his wife, Gail Henry, have probably trained more dogs than anyone except the “Seeing Eye” organization. Gail was a star comedienne with her own company in the old days and was the second person in pictures to use a dog actor. Fatty Arbuckle was the first. The Easts have four master-trainers in their service, any number of dogs working all the time, and have published a book, “How to Train Dogs.”

There were a lot of mutterings among the dog-gentry that Wires were impossible to train, but Gail and Henry blew up the theory. The most difficult characteristic to train out of Skippy—or any Wire—is this: his attention is easily attracted and cannot be diverted without heroic patience. A butterfly, a scrap of paper, a noise—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Skippy (you remember him as *Asta* in “The Thin Man” or as *PomPom* in “Lottery Lover”) is just another theory dissolver—that Wires were impossible to train



Ronald Colman flopped once in films without a moustache. Today in "Clive of India," he appears *sans* moustache. How do you like him? A studio is gambling a million dollars that your answer is going to be "Yes"

Clive (Colman) an empire builder at twenty-six, leads the British Men to victory in the decisive battle of Plassey



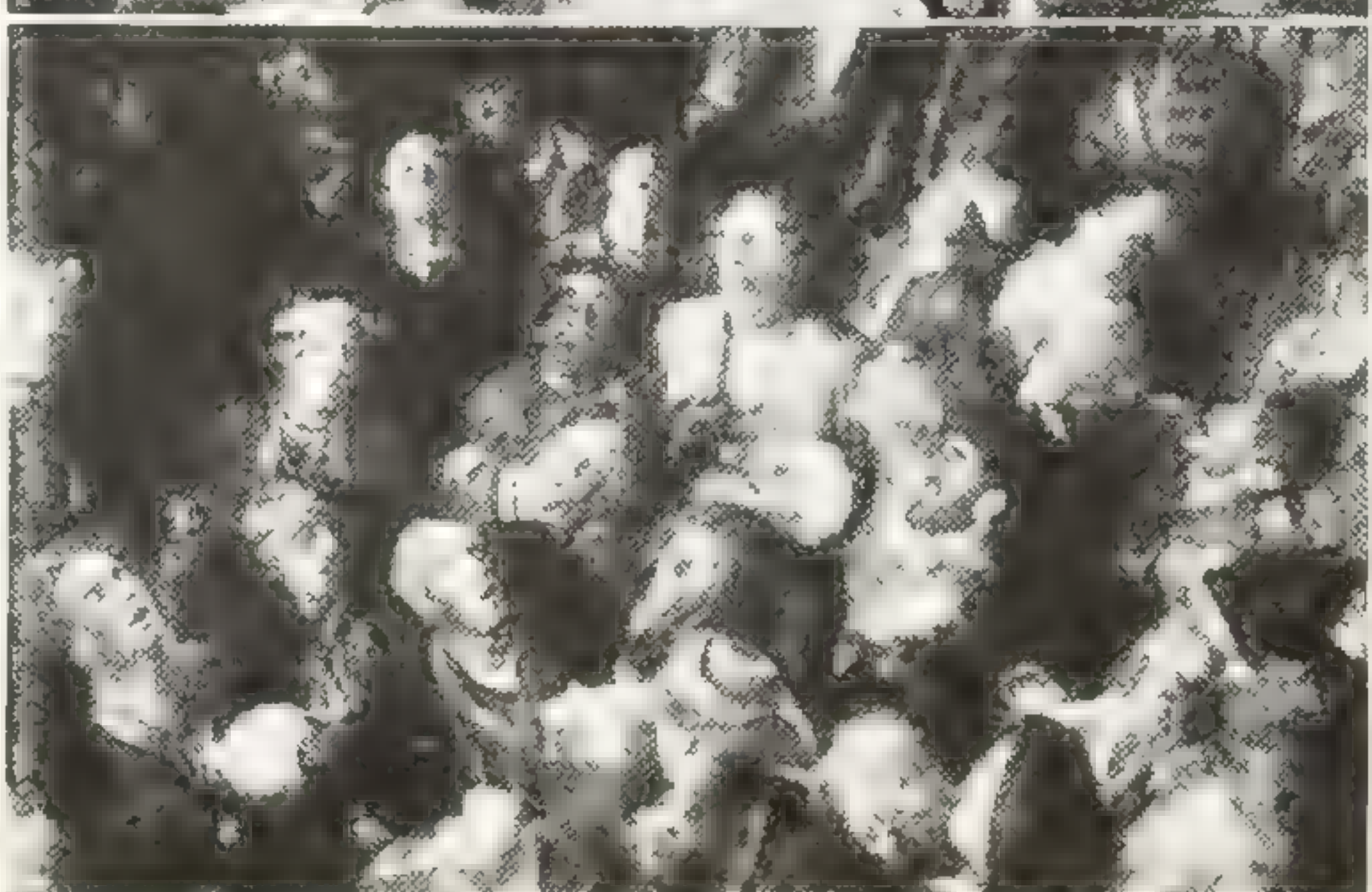
Loretta Young, as **Margaret**, the bride whom **Clive** left in England. When he returned he brought her India as a gift



No work or expense was spared in making the lavish sets. It is Twentieth Century's most pretentious screen offering



"The Black Hole of Calcutta," where many Englishmen smothered to death, is exactly reproduced in this great film



THE SHADOW STAGE

Reg U S Pat Off.

CLIVE of INDIA

20th CENTURY—UNITED ARTISTS

TWELVE years ago a young British actor named Ronald Colman packed his bags, checked out of his Hollywood hotel and boarded a train for New York.

Gallantly, perhaps a bit ironically he waved a formal adieu to the town which had bitterly disappointed him—without telling him why.

Hollywood hadn't been interested in his face, his personality, or his ability. It had used him in a few scenes as a well dressed extra. He had sold only his neat wardrobe to the screen. His farewell salute said, in effect, "Goodbye. You don't need me, Ronald Colman—only my suits. And I need those more than you."

He went to Broadway, found a dashing romantic rôle in "La Tendresse" and went to work. One night Henry King, who was preparing to take Lillian Gish and a company to Rome to film "The White Sister," sat in the audience of Empire Theatre. Mr. King was looking for an actress for a minor rôle. He was also hunting a leading man. When he saw Ronald Colman make love in his persuasive manner, he wondered if he could be the man for "The White Sister."

Backstage Mr. Colman thanked Mr. King very much for his offer of a screen test. He was extremely polite, but he was also definitely opinionated.

Margaret Sullavan in her new film, "The Good Fairy," as an usherette, and Reginald Owen as her guardian angel. To others he is a waiter in a cafe. In this film, Margaret bought the director, Bill Wyler—then married him



THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

CLIVE OF INDIA	RUGGLES OF RED GAP
THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN	THE GOOD FAIRY
DAVID COPPERFIELD	THE LITTLE MINISTER

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ronald Colman in "Clive of India"
 Margaret Sullavan in "The Good Fairy"
 Charles Laughton in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
 W. C. Fields in "David Copperfield"
 Will Rogers in "The County Chairman"
 Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120

"It's very nice and all that," he said, "but you're wasting your time. I've been all through that in Hollywood I don't screen well."

But King was equally opinionated. "I'd like to take a camera test," he persisted

Colman shrugged. "It's no use."

"Just for my own satisfaction."

Colman smiled enigmatically. "Righto."

They ran off the test, taken by a news-reel camera. There was something about Colman that the lense didn't like. King was puzzled.

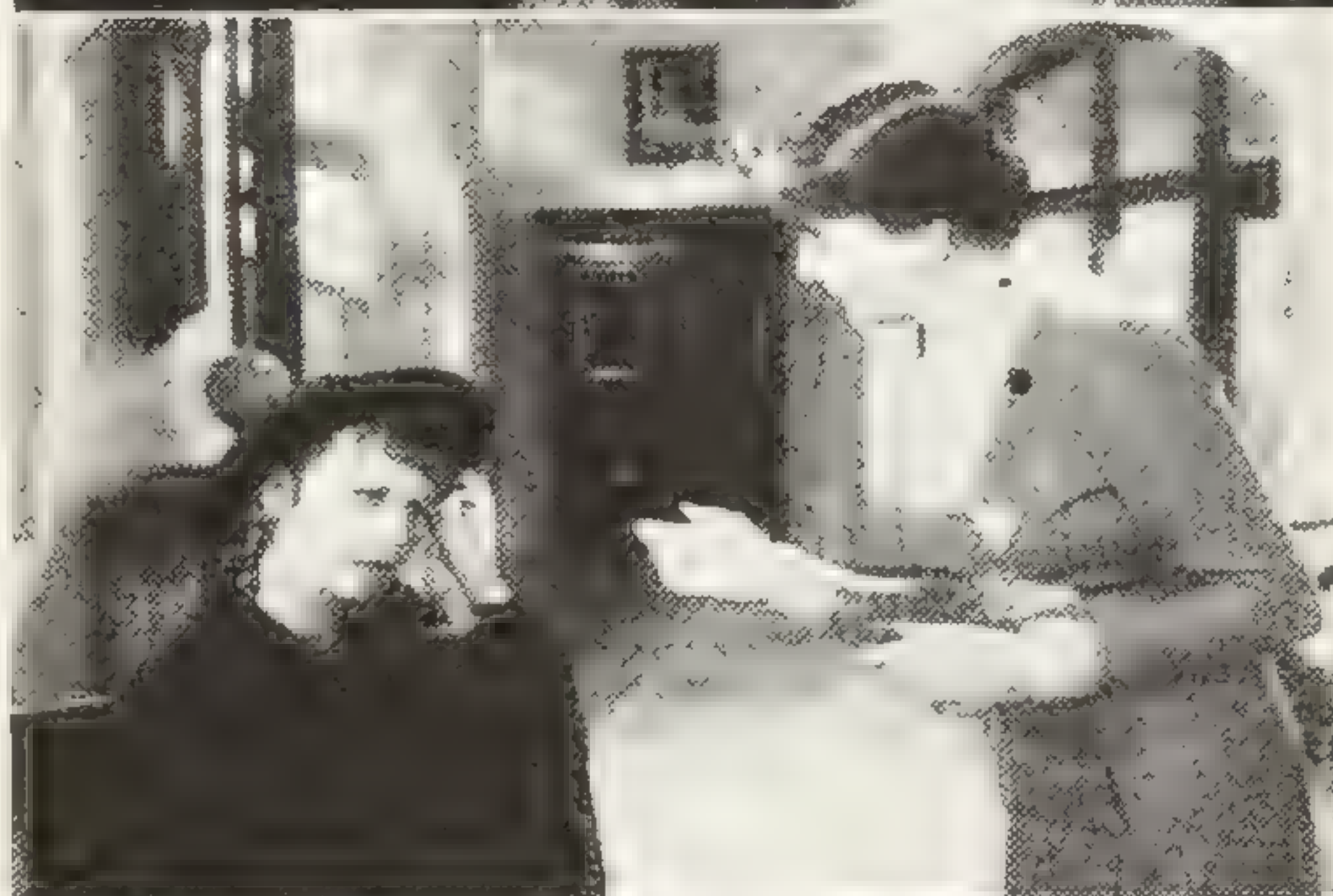
"I told you," said Ronald Colman with a short laugh, "I'm afraid you simply can't make a screen actor out of me."

King didn't hear him. He was still groping for what it was this personality lacked. "Wait," he said, and snatching up an eyebrow pencil he sketched a thin black moustache on the surprised actor's upper lip. "A real one will be even better," he said, "but let's take another test now."

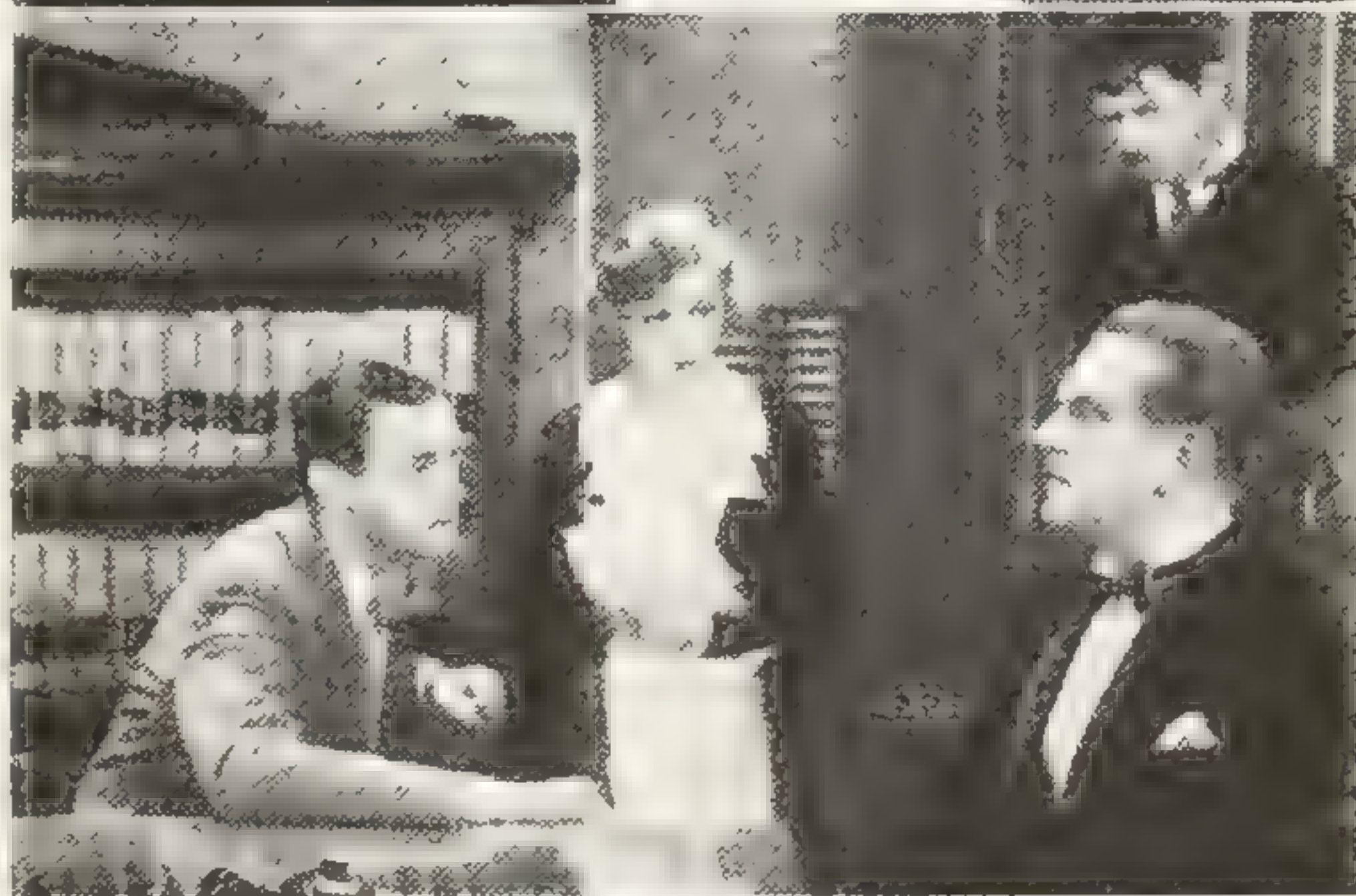
It made all the difference in the world. The next test got Ronald Colman the lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister"; "The White Sister" got Ronald Colman a



As *Luisa*, in "The Good Fairy," Miss Sullavan plays a rôle in comedy for the first time in her film career. She's good



When work on the picture started, Margaret displayed pig-tails on the screen, and bursts of temperament on the set



Before the picture was finished, she found sophistication in Budapest, and off the screen a sudden docility for her work



Everybody learns the truth about everyone else—in the picture. This did not apply to the leading lady's private life, however



RICHEE

A valet in England, a Colonel in Red Gap—Charles Laughton as the hero of "Ruggles of Red Gap"

triumphant return ticket to Hollywood—and very secure stardom.

For ten years that line of black whiskers above Ronald Colman's sensitive mouth has been the symbol of his success. Colman without his moustache would be Chaplin minus walk, Crawford with her great eyes closed. Or would he?

You will have a chance to find out. So has Ronald Colman, and so will Twentieth Century Pictures, headed by Darryl Zanuck, who is gambling a cool million dollars on the outcome of "Clive of India"—wherein for the first time in a dozen years, the first time since his first film contract, Ronald Colman is braving the camera lense bereft of his moustache.

What does the public think? Does it accept Ronald Colman with a naked lip? They didn't before. Twelve years before.

And all because *Robert Clive*, England's empire builder who conquered India at the age of twenty-six, affected no hirsute adornment. Colman plays *Clive*. With the moustache he is Colman—but he can't be *Clive*. Without them he can be *Clive*—but will he be Colman?

A million dollars or more is saying he can be both.

No one has counted the hairs on Mr. Colman's lip, but that's a pretty high risk per whisker.

"Clive Of India" is Twentieth Century's most ambitious and expensive effort to date. Among the items which ran up the production budget were seventy speaking part salaries to pay; the cost of building fifty-one pretentious sets, including exact reproductions of "The Black Hole Of Calcutta" and the British House of Commons; and the assembling of the greatest elephant herd ever known to Hollywood to use in the screen reproduction of the battle of Plassey where *Clive* annihilated the hosts of Suraj Ud Dowlah.

And in spite of Ronald Colman's sacrificial effort for realism even to soap and a razor blade, another actor in the cast is one up on him. Colin Clive, who plays a heavy rôle, claims direct descent on his mother's side, from the hero. His real name is Colin Clive Grieg.

THE GOOD FAIRY

UNIVERSAL

PRESTON STURGES, one of the finest playwrights in Hollywood, turned in to his boss, Carl Laemmle, Jr., a somewhat spicy scenario of Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Good Fairy," while Hollywood was quaking before threats of bans and boycotts.

"This," said "Junior," "will have to be re-written and toned down."

But "The Good Fairy" as a Universal picture had been sold in advance to exhibitors and given a definite release date. There was no time to prepare a new script.

"Start shooting, any way," ordered Mr. Laemmle, "The script will be along after while."

Director William Wyler assembled his cast, headed by Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. Preston Sturges retired to his literary sanctum only to be interrupted daily by a worried liaison man from Mr. Wyler asking just what lines his actors should study for the morrow.

For thirteen weeks Sturges sweated over the next day's "sides." A short jump ahead of the microphone's hungry jaws. Three times it caught up with him. Calls were cancelled and the whole company had an enforced holiday.

Suddenly one day, Director Wyler signalled the final "cut"—and the picture was finished. The script was still lacking. All of it had been shot "on the cuff."

The only other major producer who dares to make pictures thus in these modern times is Charlie Chaplin.

"The Good Fairy" is Margaret Sullavan's third motion picture, but it is the first that comes under the heading of comedy. In "Only Yesterday" she was seduced, left with a child, forgotten by her lover, and finally killed by heart disease. In "Little Man, What Now?" she was burdened with hopeless poverty, a weakling husband, and pregnancy.

While Molnar starts her out in the drab surroundings of an



Laughton, as you will see from these silhouettes, did *Ruggles* just as if he were playing in pantomime

orphan asylum in Budapest, he quickly takes her out into a world of amusing people. Ignorant of the facts of life, she has in a very brief time varied, exciting and complicated experiences with several types of men, including cheap, romantic adventurer Cesar Romero, officious, protective waiter Reginald Owen, kindly and wealthy but amorous Frank Morgan, and the right man, poor but ambitious attorney Herbert Marshall.

Scenes are played for high comedy throughout.

"The Good Fairy" cost \$500,000, so it will be called "a million-dollar picture." Naturally, also since it has a Hungarian setting, it was natural that Universal's famous "German Street," built for "All Quiet On The Western Front" and subsequently used in "Frankenstein," "The Doomed Battalion," "Little Man, What Now?" should figure prominently.

Throughout the entire early weeks of production on "The Good Fairy," during which Margaret Sullavan wore pigtailed and Herbert Marshall sported a short spade beard, the unruly Miss Sullavan more than lived up to her reputation for temperament. She fought with Director William Wyler continually.

One evening at six o'clock he told her she would work that night.

"I have a date for the wrestling matches," she informed him, and after a furious argument stamped off the set. He followed to her dressing room.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I should have told you earlier. We won't work."

"Now you've made it worse," she flared, "I've just called and broken the date!"

A week later William Wyler took Margaret Sullavan home from work, but they didn't go home. Instead they drove down to Venice, Hollywood's Coney Island, to throw rings at prizes and crunch cracker-jack. Wyler bought all the tickets on a roller-coaster ride and used two. In the purchased privacy of the giddy, careening car he kissed her.

During the next two weeks, Margaret Sullavan abandoned her pigtailed and also her belligerent attitude. Her strangely

docile mien left the rest of the company amazed but unsuspecting.

Then she flew to Yuma, Arizona, and married her director.

Leaving "The Good Fairy" still without benefit of script but not without benefit of clergy.

RUGGLES of RED GAP

PARAMOUNT

SILENT pictures "made" pantomime in the U.S.—and pantomime "made" silent pictures. With the coming of talking pictures, pantomime almost became a lost art. And that is one thing that was the matter with many talking pictures.

Gradually, picture makers have realized pantomime's importance and ceased to depend on dialogue alone; the best of the recent pictures are a happy combination of pantomime and dialogue.

In *Ruggles of Red Gap*, the Harry Leon Wilson story, Charles Laughton plays *Ruggles*, the valet, who comes to Red Gap and has many adventures.

It is Laughton's first straight comedy rôle. He has amusing dialogue, but he depends more on pantomime, as you will see from the silhouettes. Isn't he the perfect valet? For the first time, ZaSu Pitts wears beautiful clothes in this picture. With Laughton, she is the romantic interest.

Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are typical Westerners visiting Paris in 1908. Charlie (*Egbert Froude*) engages in a poker game with Roland Young, a Britisher, who loses his valet, *Ruggles*, to the American. *Egbert* thinks it a good joke on his society-conscious wife to introduce the valet to the local editor as a celebrated British Colonel.

Ma Pettingill, Mary Boland's mother, played by Maude Eburne, and the others accept *Ruggles* in his new status, but *Belknap Jackson* (Lucien Littlefield) who has been the social arbiter, is antagonized by the newcomer and tries to get rid of him. But *Ruggles* has new ideas about the equality of man—he has read Lincoln's Address, and he has fallen in love with ZaSu Pitts. So he remains and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

JUST A BUNCH OF BABIES

But, boy, what a lot of money they are making these days!

MONEY talks in Hollywood, and each week it pipes to the tune of \$5,410 for the pay checks of its favorite dozen child stars.

And while the \$1,350 wage of Jackie Cooper, the most richly rewarded short-pants hero of today, is pin money beside the fabulous earnings of the Jackie Coogan of a decade ago, the figures still proclaim a golden age of youthful endeavor on the screen.

When Charlie Chaplin sat in the audience of a Los Angeles theater and laughed at the antics of a black-haired, black-eyed tot as he mimicked Chaplin's teetering walk, there had been only one strictly juvenile star to scramble up to the big money bags.

His name was Wesley (Freckles) Barry, a lean-necked son of a Hollywood storekeeper with a smile that wrinkled everything from his long speckled nose to his cowlicked sandy hair. Marshall Neilan had enough faith in his potential box-office value to offer him a three-year contract starting at seventy-five dollars a week and doubling each year. Warners grabbed him from Neilan at \$750 a week, and paid him \$1,250 a week at the peak of his child-starring career.

But Wesley Barry's star was setting to the accompaniment of growing pains when Chaplin called Sid Grauman and offered his three-year-old impersonator, Jackie Coogan, one hundred and fifty dollars a week to play in "The Kid."

AND from then on the golden reign of Jackie the First was absolute. After "The Kid," the canny Coogans, professional vaudevillians, shrewdly steered Jackie clear of piker contracts to the heavy percentage profits of Principal Pictures and then to the safe iron-clad M-G-M guarantee of \$125,000 a picture, taking an advance payment of \$500,000 cash against four pictures, and making ten films at that eighth-of-a-million rate.

There wasn't much money left in Hollywood then for any other "kid" star. Outside of Roach's perennial "Our Gang" rascals, whose stars—Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman and fat Joe Cobb—drew from \$300 to \$500 a week, the aggregate of weekly pay checks didn't reach a thousand dollars.

How different is the present child-conscious era, ushered in by pout-lipped Jackie Cooper with "Skippy," long after Jackie Coogan's million-dollar wealth had been established and his bobbed bangs shorn for military school.

Today, the sum of the weekly salaries of the two top-money makers—Jackie Cooper and the sensational Shirley Temple—is more than equalled by the sum of those claimed every Saturday by the ten other leading young hopefuls of Hollywood. There is no longer any monopoly.

Today Jackie Cooper leads the precocious parade with his



\$1,350 a week—topping Shirley by a bare hundred, although if Shirley's mother's \$250 weekly wage—for "looking after Shirley at the studio"—is counted, Jackie is shaded by \$150.

Jackie Cooper might be much farther down in the current money list, certainly well below Shirley Temple, but for the singular short-sightedness of a Paramount executive. On the other hand, Shirley Temple might now be amassing wealth to rival Jackie Coogan's record but for the equally singular far-sightedness of Fox studios' head.

When Jackie Cooper's uncle, Director Norman Taurog, picked him out of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" for the title role in Paramount's "Skippy," Jackie was drawing down \$100 a week. Roach loaned him at that figure, and that was his salary for the picture, which did more to make the public child-star conscious than any since "The Kid."

"SKIPPY" was Jackie Cooper, and Jackie Cooper was Percy Crosby's beloved tad, right out of the newspaper comic strip. Taurog sensed that he would be a sensation. But he waited until he could run the picture in the studio projection room for the head man of Paramount to see it for himself.

"If you want this boy on a term contract at \$750 a week, I can get him for you," he told him, "I'm his uncle, and I believe I can swing it for Paramount."

The myopic executive shook his head. "We don't want Jackie Cooper," he said, "Bobby Coogan runs away with this picture; he'll be the sensation." The magic name of Coogan had made him blind to the greatest child performance ever delivered.

M-G-M lost no time buying up Jackie Cooper's Roach contract. They paid the new star \$1,250 a week.

The case of Shirley Temple presents a bewildering welter of missed opportunities and clumsy moves on the part of almost everyone concerned in cashing in on this prize of the century.

Paramount was the first major studio to have a chance at Shirley. She had been working for Educational pictures for ten dollars a day, making two-reel shorts, when Paramount decided that the combined salaries of established Cora Sue Collins and Buster Phelps would be too much for the production budget of Zane Grey's "To The Last Man." A call was sent out for children, ordinary, inexpensive children.

Shirley tripped in at the head of a long line. She was chosen immediately and signed for the picture at \$100 a week.

When the picture was finished (she was very good in it, everyone agreed), Shirley returned to the shorts, with no opposition from anyone at Paramount. It wasn't long before Fox engaged her for "Stand Up And Cheer" at \$150 a week, and in the middle of the picture signed her up on a seven-year contract at the same salary.

BUT Fox can take no bows for rocketing of Shirley Temple to stardom. Paramount, the studio that was so busy with Baby LeRoy's mewlings that it couldn't see her possibilities during "To The Last Man," did it with "Little Miss Marker."

Fox loaned Shirley to Paramount for the Damon Runyon picture which "made" her—and made Paramount millions. She cost Paramount \$1,050—seven weeks at \$150 a week.

During the filming of "Little Miss Marker," Adolphe Menjou—a member of the cast and one of Hollywood's shrewdest business men—astutely offered to give up his \$40,000 salary and take a small percentage of the picture's net profits. He was that sold on the sure-fire hit Shirley would make.

Of course, he was not wrong. "Little Miss Marker" cleaned up. "Stand Up And Cheer," as soon as exhibitors pulled down Warner Baxter and John Boles and put up Shirley's name in lights, stood them in line. Shirley went back to Fox to make "Baby Take A Bow." It broke records.



by CECIL

MORRISON

Shirley still drew \$150 a week.—But, you haven't heard half!

And then for some unconceivable reason—when *any* picture produced would have meant certain huge profits in the bank—Winfield Sheehan, executive producer at Fox, loaned the greatest box-office bonanza he had ever stumbled across back to Paramount for "Now And Forever," taking for her services \$3,500! Shirley got her usual \$150 a week

BUT Mr. and Mrs. Temple were slowly realizing that they were chumps indeed if they did not howl to high heaven for what was coming to them. Shirley was earning many, many times what she was receiving. They asked for a new contract at \$2,500 a week.

Shirley had had two agents. Neither had had his contract approved by the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. Judge Marshall McComb, who approves or rejects all contracts with minors, thought the ten per cent commission which the second agent asked was too much. He lowered it to five. The agent argued.

In the brief interim every agent-manager in Hollywood deluged Mr. Temple with offers to handle Shirley for nothing. One of the most prominent offered to pay a \$20,000 bonus for the privilege of handling her affairs, without commission. Why? Shirley was the most effective weapon any seller of talent could have—that's why. With her as bait, an agency practically could force a studio to use its other, less popular clients. This particular agency was engaged in a feud with Winfield Sheehan at the time. He would buy none of their clients for Fox pictures. With Shirley Temple under their control they could *make* him come to terms.

BUT Mr. Sheehan moved swiftly. He called in the Temples, told them it was entirely unnecessary to bother with agents. He realized Shirley's worth and wanted to do the right thing. Would \$1,250 a week for Shirley, with option raises, and \$250 for Mrs. Temple be satisfactory? It would. Mr. Sheehan tore up the old \$150 contract and dictated the new one.

But Shirley could have held out for much more—conditions being as they were—and very probably could have got it.

Paramount must confess to two severe headaches when the names Jackie Cooper and Shirley Temple are mentioned, but in the case of Baby LeRoy Weinbrenner, they may glow with pardonable pride. They muffed no opportunities there.

Baby LeRoy, who rose to screen glory as *M'sieu Babee* with Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," was plucked from a Salvation Army home by Miss Rachel Smith, state superintendent of minor actors at Paramount studios. For six months they had cared for him and his young, indigent mother.

LeRoy happily gagged at the right time before the test-camera and won a part. He was engaged for \$50 a week and transportation.

During the picture, a newly hired studio press agent was assigned to glorify the picture. He was not only enterprising, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

It took little Jane Withers two years to get her break in pictures, but now she has a seven year contract at Fox, with a bright future ahead for her



DAVID COPPERFIELD



One of Dickens' most famous serio-comic characters is Mr. Micawber, always poor, always pompous, and expectant. W. C. Fields (upper left) plays the rôle

David's short romance with his "child wife," Dora, is one of the sweetest love stories ever written. Frank Lawton is Copperfield, and Maureen O'Sullivan, Dora



More "David Copperfield"—Barkis (Herbert Mandin) tells Peggotty (Jessie Ralph) that "Barkis is willin'." And David and Agnes (Madge Evans) discover their enduring love

The child, David (Freddie Bartholomew) finds a true friend in Mr. Micawber. David doesn't quite know whether to believe Micawber's tall stories of future prosperity, but maybe—



This is the way Dickens' classic looks on the screen



FRAKER



• A tux is a tux and tails are tails—but there are all kinds of both. The smartest of the current ones is of midnight blue, with that coarse-grained lapel facing

• Homburg hats come and go, but the snap brim goes on forever. The latest model is the Tyrolean peak snap brim, in rough wool felt with a sizeable feather

The Well-Dressed Young Man

And by that is meant well-dressed, and not freakishly dressed! No!

ABE STERN, a pioneer comedy producer, once made a remark which has lived in Hollywood. "A tree is a tree," said Mr. Stern, "and a rock is a rock—shoot it in Griffith Park."

Most of us regard evening clothes as Mr. Stern regarded scenic settings. A tux is a tux and tails are tails—and any one is as smart as another.

But when you get right down to cases,

there are all kinds of both. In my opinion the smartest of the current strait-jackets are made from material of midnight blue—almost a black, with coarse-grained facing on the lapels. Double breasted models are still preferred, if it's a dinner jacket. That goes for the waistcoat too, but be sure it's black—not white—and that two very noticeable peaks reach down from the bottom button.

Right now a dress shirt, waistcoat and tie, all fashioned from the same honey-comb design fabric will put you out in front of the rest—especially if you slip a set of star-sapphire studs in the shirt front and remember to tread the straight and narrow in the matter of ties. No ribbon over an inch and a quarter wide, and no butterfly wings. They're obsolete.

Wrap a white silk scarf with scattered black dots over the bow creation. Ascot

fashion with a loop and the scarf hanging straight down the middle will look best. Slip on a plain midnight blue topcoat. Double breasted and form fitting. Pick a pair of perforated gray suede or mocha gloves, and if you must twirl a stick make it a light finished, straight wood with a silver knob.

For a topper I don't think you can go wrong on an opera hat. Tux or tails. That is, if you can resist the temptation of popping it in and out. I can't, but I wear one anyway.

With this ensemble you can then proceed to go out for no good—in the proper style. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

**by EDMUND
LOWE**



• How's about a new tan plaid coat, for instance, right fresh from London. They are in a soft Shetland tweed, loose and easy, inverted back pleat, patch pockets



• For a topper, you can't go wrong on an opera hat—tux or tails. That is, if you can resist the temptation of popping it in and out. Note the scarf, Ascot fashion



• Eddie admits this was a risk, but he got by with it on an unsuspecting host—a new tan, blue, white plaid, with a neck-draft stopper

• If you're planning a new suit, don't be afraid to have it snug about the middle—that is, unless it's for sports, that outdoor appeal

• Something veddy smart in suits. Sharkskin's the thing—wears like iron, and makes up best in double breasters. And, get the tab collars



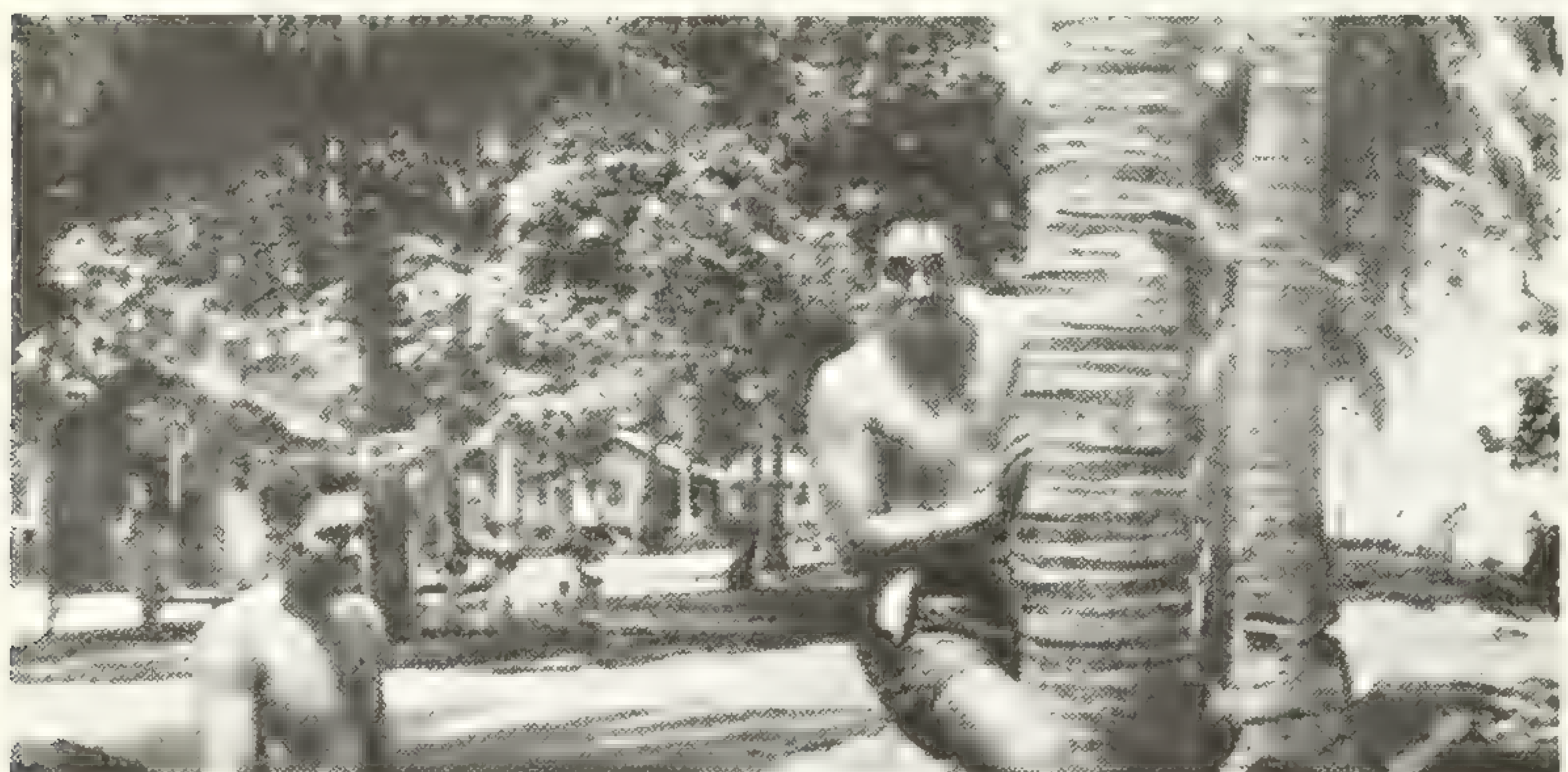
LEAVES of ABSENCE

**Excerpts from my diary on
my trip to glamorous
Tahiti, land of phantasy**

**by FREDRIC
MARCH**



We see a native women's dance (called otea) at Moorea



The author tries to climb a coconut tree, but no fun



Off in a native pirogue for a big day of bonita fishing



BEING pages from the diary kept by FREDRIC MARCH on his recent vacation trip to the South Seas. Mr. March was accompanied by Mrs. March, the Florence of the record, and by Mr. and Mrs. John Ainsworth Morgan. Jack and Phil (for Phyllis).

Wednesday, August 29—

We sailed from San Francisco, today at 4:00 P. M.

Ten more days, then Tahiti.

When Jack and I were on the dock checking our luggage the baggage master assured us that we'd like the islands.

"The cream of the riff-raff's there, gempmum," he beamed.

There was the usual gayety at sailing time and we'd had telegrams, flowers, and books sent us, but the fact that we'd be two months away from Tony and Penny sort of took the edge

The Marches take a ride in the jog cart. But not much "jogl"





March gets an eight pound barracuda. It looks like a minnow after that ten ton of sea-monster, a rhinodon

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

things. They're swell kids and it'll be the first time we've left them for so long. Florence insists that they won't remember us when we get home. Of course Tony won't, Penny's two, now, and she should. When I saw the loot collected for going away, I wanted to take up leaving-for-hiti as a profession. How gratifying it is to have friends. August 30—

The *Maunganui*—a New Zealand ship—is small and the passenger list is light, so everything points towards an intimate voyage. There's one person aboard whom I'm particularly anxious to meet, James Norman Hall. Mr. Hall co-authored, with Charles Nordhoff, on "Mutiny on the Bounty." He and Nordhoff flew together in the Lafayette Escadrille and have been living in Tahiti since the end of the War. They're both married to Polynesian women.

Phil and Florence and I read and wrote letters most of the day. Jack is about half way through his next novel, and he worked on it until about four. Then we all hurled a game of deck tennis. After tennis came cocktails, dinner, bridge, and, now, bed.

August 31—

Today was my birthday and at dinner I was presented with a hideous pink and blue cake. After I'd taken a couple of polite whacks at it and found it too stale to cut, Phil and Jack couldn't keep from laughing any longer and confessed that it was a cardboard phony. It opened up to disgorge some simply elegant presents: from Phil and Jack, a pipe, pouch, and braided belt; from Florence, a picnic kit; and from Tony and Penny, a raincoat to protect their old man agin' tropical showers. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Fiddie and Florence, sea-going



Wading on the reef is a great deal riskier than it looks



A \$35,000 Investment in Chic



PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

A S S E M B L E D B Y
R I T A K A U F M A N

WHEN Merle Oberon stepped from the train which had borne her on the last stage of her journey from England to Hollywood for the featured lead in "Folies Bergere de Paris," she was maintaining to perfection the doubtful dress distinction of British women. Her clothes were not too becoming, nor—from an American viewpoint—in the best of taste; her coiffure was straight and simple; her make-up was bad.

From the station she rode to the gates of Twentieth Century studios, walked within to where a sign said "Wardrobe" and close by another announced, "Make-up."

The Merle Oberon who emerged from those two mysterious workshops one day four weeks later was not the same actress who had walked in. Instead, as you can see, she was a striking photographic personality.

No wand waving, however, accompanied the transformation. Instead, Producer Darryl Zanuck waved some thirty-five thousand dollars before the necessary merchants and artisans, and the make-up and wardrobe departments of Twentieth Century studios concentrated on the creation of a new star's distinctive beauty.

Mr. Omar Kiam, who makes not tents but extremely original and *chic* gown creations for the stars, was ready with a stack of bright new sketches and bolts and bolts of materials which not even the great couturiers of Paris had yet glimpsed. To get them he had flown to New York to meet envoys from the mills of Lyons.

New transparent lace organdies, satins of ribbon texture, cloth of silver and cloth of gold under Mr. Kiam's artistic eye grew into twenty gowns and negligees, with the aid of an imported French fitter and a corps of thirty expert sewers.

Mr. Ernest Westmore, premier wig and locksmith of Hollywood, stood by with an assortment of coiffure models. One circled the crown of her head in a tiara of vertical curls. It's the "Oberon poppiette" (notice how the diamond curls, especially made to match, set it off) and it may be the next rage. Copy it if you like, but not commercially. It's copyrighted.

Mr. Guy Pierce, Twentieth Century's make-up man, studied her face carefully.

Only one feature of her foreign make-up was retained. It was Miss Oberon's personal idea to mix finely powdered gold dust with greasepaint. Lights pick it up and allow the camera to model the face expertly.

Everything else Hollywood has radically changed. Above is the result, which you can inspect in "Folies Bergere de Paris."

The bill is thirty-five thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand for wardrobe, ten thousand for make-up and tests—a lot of money for a transformation even in Hollywood.

It is. But it won't be a drop in the bucket to what Merle Oberon will be worth if she proves to be a sensation.

And that is what Zanuck is gambling on.

When Merle Oberon arrived in Hollywood from England, she was maintaining to perfection the doubtful dress distinction of British women. And she went directly to the wardrobe and make-up departments, and emerged not the same actress, but, as you can see, a very, very striking photographic personality





RICHEE

The 1935 silhouette also emphasizes drapery. This side view shows to good effect the surplice treatment of the bodice and the lines resulting from the added fulness. The effect is startling in its originality. Also can be seen the balanced and intriguing ensemble created when the crepe shoulder wrap, with wide cuffs of silver fox, is worn. No end stunning, it may well be added

CAROLE LOMBARD'S ENSEMBL



Carole Lombard wears this new silhouette in black crepe. The surplice treatment of the bodice, the added fulness supplied by a floating bias godet attached to the waistline in back are new. The hat is black crepe with paradise feathers, a perfect complement



Miss Lombard now shows you a uniting of satin and sable in an eloquent expression of the new evening mode. This blush-colored gown, like the silhouette, has a new touch of fulness, achieved through rows of shirring just under the brief tunic. The crossed treatment of the bodice is repeated at the base of the decolletage. The wrap blouses into the waistline. And the band is of sable

OR DINNER AND LATER



RICHEE

Utterly new is the line of this shimmering evening gown, a contrast to the one on the left. Miss Lombard again illustrates its effectiveness. The bodice stresses the surplice treatment, which is important in Travis Banton's current style philosophy. Treatment is repeated or reflected at the base of the decolletage. The color is that of the other gown, blush—the ultra latest in new colors



for **TOWN**
A FLOWER POT HAT
for **CRUISE**
SMART PAJAMAS

RICHEE



Miss Lombard here shows you something new and different in pajamas. Flesh colored satin trousers, long and wide, are contrasted by a blue satin blouse with inserted bands of the flesh color. Miss Lombard wears a separate handkerchief of blue, enhancing the neckline

The chic suit consists of a black skirt with a pin line of white, deep red blouse of crepe de chine and a jacket of black wool. The hat is a John Frederics "flower pot model," in black felt with a cluster of carnations in the crushed crown, very smart

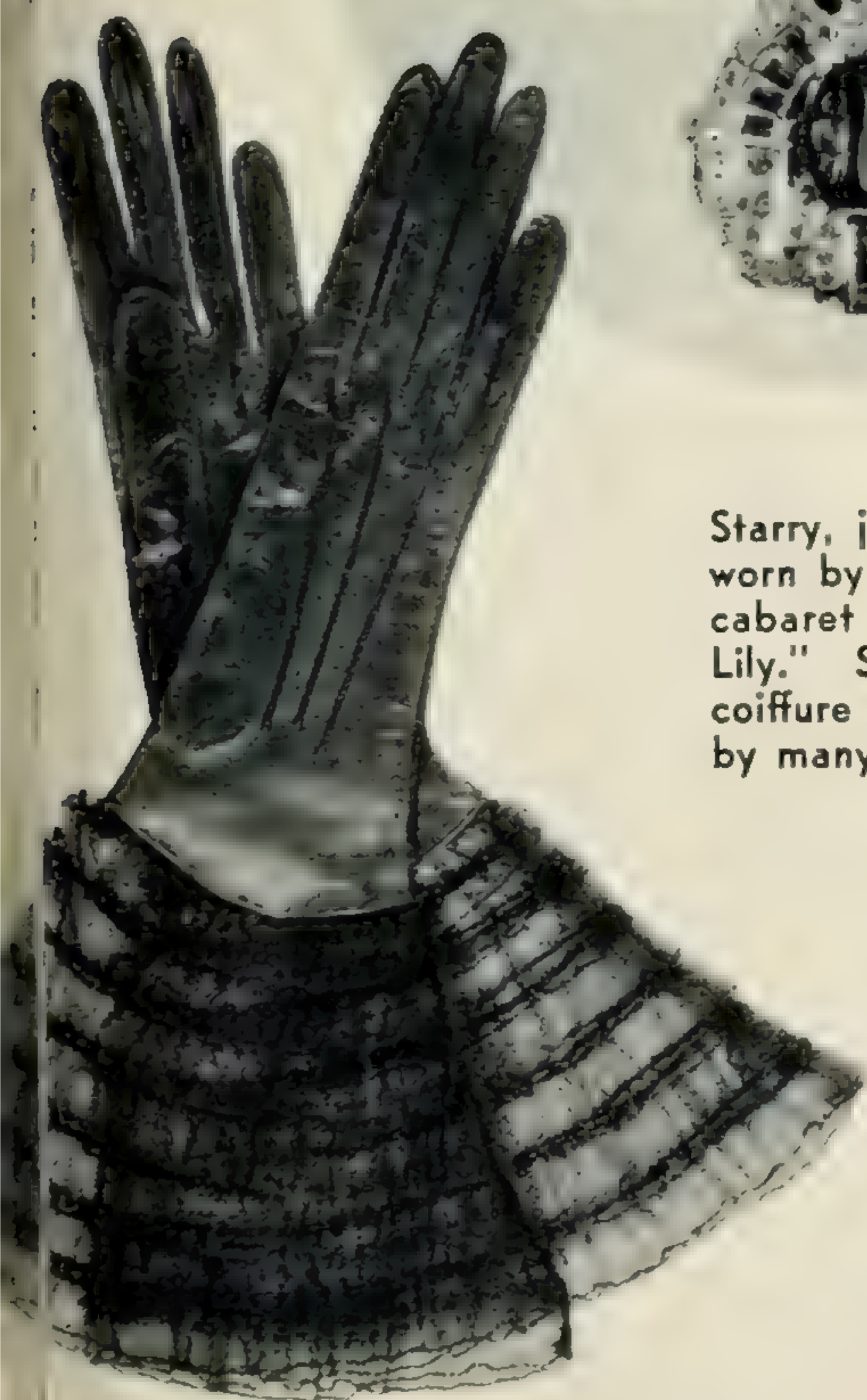


In accents like these may depend the success of a costume. Silver inner ring and matching bracelet with huge, clouded crystal globes

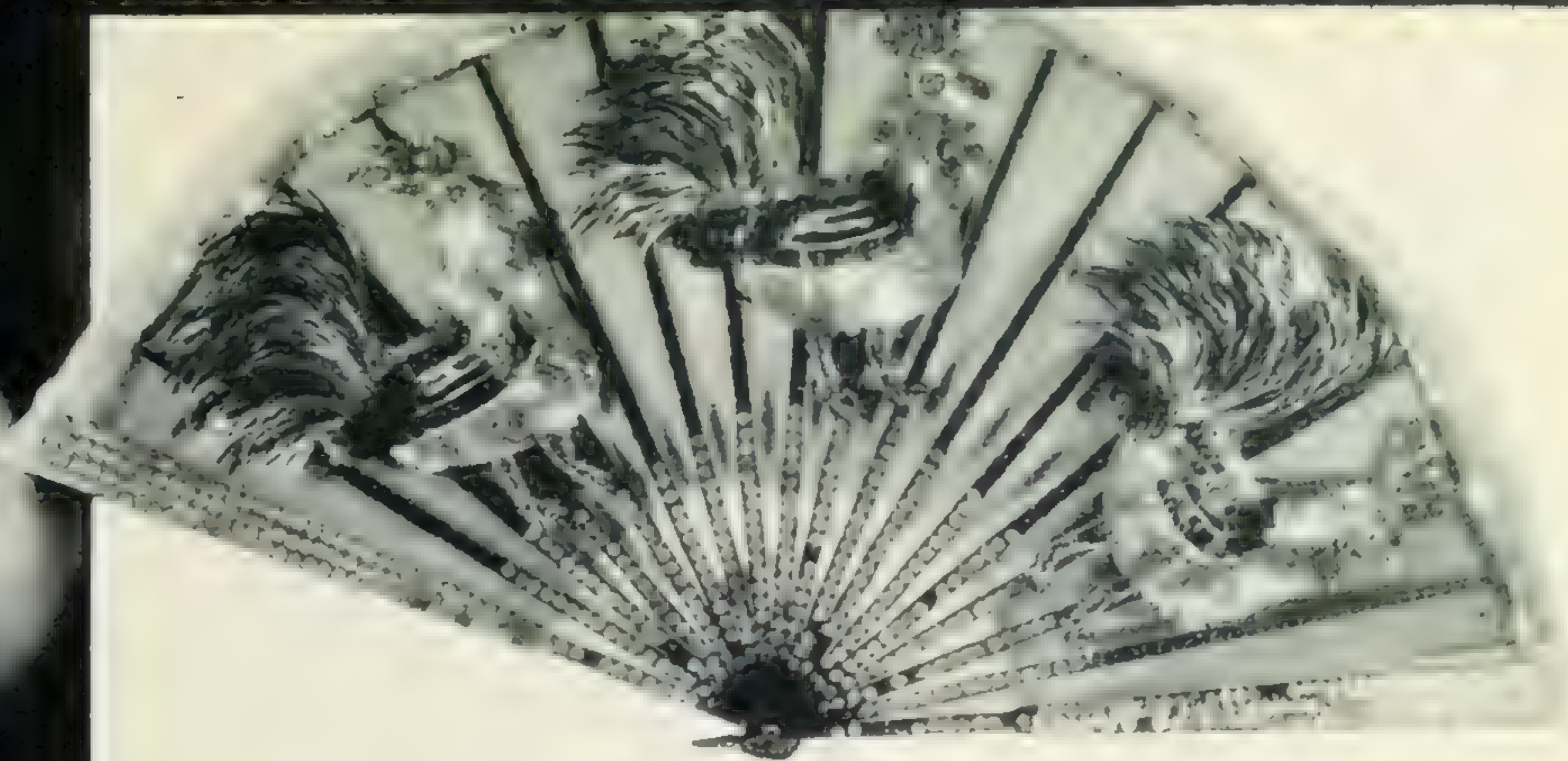
Below, gold and pearl charm bracelet that will attract much attention and comment. Notice bouquet, telephone, hearts, ring and pram



Starry, jeweled combs and clip worn by Claudette Colbert with cabaret costume in "The Gilded Lily." Smart ideas for evening coiffure and gown, and favored by many of the Hollywood stars



Queenie Smith's black glacé kid dinner gloves boast tiers of frivolous net ruffles. A modish costume aperitif, for after-hours



Marlene Dietrich's fan from "Caprice Espagnole," black net with brilliant red, green and gold fighting cocks in sequins as the Spanish motif



Black velvet hat, unusual fabrics and jewel-studded leather bracelet, from Paris by Rene Hubert, Fox stylist. These to be used in new productions



Janet Gaynor accessories. A white painted lead necklace; red painted lead nameplate on a white kid belt designates owner, and no mistake!

Evening trio, belt, bracelet, bag, in mirror appliqué chosen in Paris by Rene Hubert, and which will be worn by a Fox star in a future film





LEMAN-MARSHALL

FOUR DISTINCTIVE
HAT MOODS FROM
SYLVIA SIDNEY'S
SPRING WARDROBE

• Sylvia Sidney prefers brimmed hats. Upper left, "Pied Piper," in black pebble crepe straw, topped with yellow fan feather, tips far forward over one eye. Upper right, "Gingham Girl," for afternoon and restaurant dining, in cloudy blue. New squared crown and coquettish brim that permits wearer to see without being seen. Lower left, "Puritan Girl," for suits and tailored street costumes. Royal blue

felt, with new high-low squared crown. Lower right, provocative "Devil's Peak," correct for spectator sports clothes and daytime price. In white Toya straw. Four smart hats will complete this phase of your outfits, one for every definite occasion. If you must double up on sports, choose a many-purpose straw, like Sylvia's, instead of a felt, and choose a modified afternoon creation of individual design.



**MADGE
EVANS**

in

HOMESPUN

For Tailored Wear

VELVET

For Leisure



For hours of leisure, Madge Evans likes this hostess gown of turquoise chiffon velvet with popular cape trend developed in swirly, curled ostrich. The belt buckle is jewel studded. A hostess gown adds luxury to your wardrobe. You'll find many occasions for its use

Left, Madge's hardy homespun is a Spring suit favorite. Buff with red stripe, buff sweater, brown accessories

Right, buff antelope felt hat, which Madge also wears with her homespun. Fashion point, modified envelope crown





The elaborate era is eloquently expressed in this evening gown worn by Paramount's star Claudette Colbert, in "The Gilded Lily." Of cream net, lavishly trimmed in bouffant rows of vulture feathers, this gown is accented by a priceless set of diamond and ruby jewels. The gown was designed by Travis Banton, and the jewelry is a William Howard Hoefler creation. Claudette's dark beauty and slimness sets off and enhances the gorgeous, rich effect of the jewelry, which brings out the cameo delicacy of her face

SABLES and JEWELS

RICHEE

Beige kasha and sable form this charming daytime ensemble, another smartly attractive costume worn by Miss Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." The unpressed pleats in the tunic are important, and the jabot of sable tails amusing. Miss Colbert wears brown antelope gloves cuffed in sable. Her hat, purse and shoes are dark brown, and her wrap is a long coat, also sable. The Alpine effect hat lends a dash of pertness which points up the cameo quality of Miss Colbert's face. Her picture title may be "The Gilded Lily," but here is one flower that just doesn't need the slightest brush stroke of gilt. Pure gold needs no tinting, you'll agree



Cal York's

GOSSIP

PERSONALLY, I attach as much value to the rumors that Garbo and Brent, her current innamorata, love each other even unto marriage, as I do to the theory that the moon is made of green Roquefort.

However, there is no doubt that Greta and George have gone about wooing one another in their romantic interlude in a much more picturesque fashion than that which heretofore attended the Garbo love lapses.

My operatives report that the swans of Toluca Lake, about the only accessible bit of placid water near Hollywood, have been startled more than once of late by a canoe's gliding stealthily among the water lilies, Garbo, reclining and George, very masterful, paddling.

I myself almost ran into the outdoor lovers one Sunday afternoon on the beach highway as Mr. Brent very daringly turned around in the middle of extensive traffic. I shudder to think what might have happened if that big truck which swerved out of the way had tagged George's frail Ford roadster. But he made it, and followed my car slowly for miles while Greta, beneath a huge turned down hat, communed with the waves and sniffed the salt air. Finally, they drew up at the side of the road and parked.

Most of Garbo's former swains have called at her house to pay court, but Garbo has reversed the process in this instance. She visits George at his home in Toluca Lake.

There is only one side of the affair which parallels the other discovered Garbo romances—the desert rendezvous. La Quinta, the fashionable but safely private desert resort beyond Palm Springs, has been the destination of most of their trips together.

Garbo always seemed to like the desert. When she and Rouben Mamoulian hit it off for a while, most of their slip-aways headed towards the greasewood belt. In fact, it was around the sandy California-Arizona state line that an alert customs man tossed an official monkey wrench into their famous Grand Canyon trip.

Despite some few evidences of a change in her personality and technique which the charm of Mr. Brent seemingly has worked, those who are in a position even distantly to observe her agree that a marriage license is the last thing in either's mind.

In fact, there are scattered signs that both are looking about. Garbo's new mystery man is said to be a big tall blond, which spies swear cannot possibly be George Brent with a wig.

EVIDENTLY Norma Talmadge has a house complex. She has two houses in southern California, a home in Palm Beach, and a luxurious apartment in New York. However, she is very seldom at either one, as she is traveling with her husband, George Jessel, most of the time.

William Dieterle, Max Reinhardt, and Anton Grot, Warner art director, designer of sets, examine a working model of a "Midsummer Night's Dream" set

Imagine Lee Tracy playing with dolls? It isn't as bad as it sounds. Lee takes the rôle of a puppeteer in the Columbia picture, "Carnival," with Sally Eilers

TO Anton Grot, head of Warner Brothers Art Department, was delegated the task of designing the sets for "Midsummer Night's Dream" in accordance with Max Reinhardt's ideas.

Lighting these huge sets presents problems. In order to avoid needless delay in lighting and shooting, and in order to avoid having to re-build expensive sets, a working model was made by Anton Grot of the large set which will represent the throne room of Theseus, Duke of Athens.

The finished set will be 135 feet wide, but the model is scaled to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to the foot.

The general style of its architecture is Italian Baroc, which lends itself to grandeur.

The columns that rim the room are spiral, carved with angels bearing laurels, that wind about the columns.

At one end of the room a series of semi-circular stairs surround a platform on which the mummers perform.

In the center of the room are the tables for the guests, with the little stools of the period in lieu of chairs.

At the far end, the throne and canopy of silver.



All of this is as perfect in detail as will be the finished setting—even to the small carvings.

Figurines, representing the characters, are costumed authentically.

Hand painted drapes mask the hallways behind the throne.

To build this miniature, nine artists worked steadily for four weeks.

All of the work was done by hand. Each column was sculptured and carved separately.

The silver above the throne was engraved in detail.

The decorations of the throne were first rough-milled and then handcarved.

This miniature set is lighted with baby spot lights in order to get the same effects that will be sought when the cameras start grinding.

Reinhardt's first use of his model is to establish the best angles for the camera. This he does in two ways.

Small black boxes with holes of a size to match the range of a camera lens are held to the eye. These boxes, being portable, can be used to test the view from any position.



Just about the latest pal of the natty Marlene Dietrich is Felix Rolo. That active old dame, Rumor, has it he is a very wealthy Egyptian. Marlene is looking very smart!

Ella Wickersham, the belle of all Hollywood. No party starts until Ella arrives. It's brother Bill with her. Ella was injured in a roller skating act, when she was fifteen

When the angles are established, a circular wall is built around the miniature model. Into this wall, peep-holes are cut to match the spots established by the little black boxes.

With the placement of his cameras established, Reinhardt then places the figurines or dolls, tests their entrances and exits and ascertains the best position for furniture and props.

William Dieterle, Warner Bros. director, who will be associated with Reinhardt in the dramatic direction, and who worked with him for many years in Europe, and Anton Grot lends the benefit of their broad knowledge of screen technique.

THE belle of Hollywood is a girl in a wheel chair named Ella Wickersham. Hollywood eligibles crowd around her at every party, because Ella is grand company and has the sweetest smile known to men. She has been in the wheel-chair for eighteen years. At fifteen she did a dancing act with her brother, Bill, which finished on roller skates. Ella slipped and hit her spine, resulting in paralysis. She has had nineteen operations, most of them at the Mayo Clinic. Yet Ella is one of the gayest persons alive. Her brother found another partner for the dancing act and Ella made their costumes from her bed. She makes all her own clothes now, by hand, and they are beautiful. No party in Hollywood really starts until Ella arrives, wheeled in by her always devoted brother. Ella is Reine Davies' valued assistant. Reine, as you know, does a society column for the Hearst papers.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has gone in to the peacock business, which proves he is not superstitious. The old-school actors always believed peacock feathers to be unlucky. Doug has them around for the æsthetic pleasure of watching the gorgeous plumage strut around the lawn. But that isn't all. Being a practical guy, they are used for commercial display, also, by advertising companies.

A LARGE chiffon handkerchief to match your evening gown is all the go. Of course, it must have your monogram, the shade with which your gown is accented, in the corners opposite each other.

BLACK is always stunning, so Paris designers say to wear printed gloves and shoes with your black dinner gown this Spring.



Richard Dix has two Scotch jokes, and they're pretty cute ones, too. Dix is trying to teach one of them a trick. But the Scotty thinks it's a waste of good energy. He'll get the meat anyhow

"Beginner's luck!" says Doug. But all the same, Fairbanks is astonished at Chevalier's success. It was Maurice's first crap game, and Doug was supposed to teach him how. Doug lost!



—HOLLYWOOD has given the world some thing worth while besides Mickey Mouse. Dark glasses.

Some time ago some ingenious star hit upon the happy idea that a pair of shady glims provided a simple and efficient disguise. Garbo wore them and everybody read about it. Now stars, extras, shop girls and bootblacks walk up and down Hollywood boulevard completely

concealed behind enormous circles of smoked glass.

In a way it's a boon to everyone. For gaping tourists it provides a fortunate solution to the star-gazing problem. They can tingle with excitement merely by watching a housemaid on her day off and speculating as to whether she is Kay Francis or Norma Shearer.

And for the natives it does away with a lot

of cheap conversation about the weather. Peering perennially through cloudy lenses they never know whether the California sun is shining or whether a high fog has rolled in from Santa Monica, thereby dispensing with that disturbing word "unusual."

ONE of the real characters of Hollywood—when one says Hollywood one means any one or any place connected with pictures—is a postman. His name is Wurtzel, he's a brother of Sol Wurtzel, Fox producer.

Postman Wurtzel knows everybody in Beverly Hills, knows what they're doing—and why. If a new family moves in across the street, he can tell you who they are, where they came from, the car they drive, the children they have, or haven't or expect.

He's a genial soul, and all of us like him. But because he's so genial, imagine my surprise when he burst in on me the other day, his face purple with rage and indignation.

"Mr. York," he demanded, "don't you think it's a damn outrage for them to call that dirty book 'The Postman Always Rings Twice,' when there isn't a postman in it from cover to cover?"

That's real literary criticism, my friends.

No other word but exotic describes the beauty of that remarkable girl (left). She is Margo, and now featured with George Raft and Carole Lombard in Paramount's "Rumba"

Postman Wurtzel is the man who knows everybody in Beverly Hills, where many of the stars have their palatial homes. Postman Wurtzel is the town's walking encyclopedia



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST almost always has a crowd of leading motion picture people for the weekend at his ranch at San Simeon. Recently the guests learned of a side of Mr. Hearst about which few people know.

About ten o'clock Saturday evening Mr. Hearst disappeared; he was not seen again until six in the morning. Then, rather haggard, tired and worn, he made his way to his apartment in the main building at the ranch. It was so unusual for him to be up until such an hour that some of the guests made enquiries.

They found that he and a veterinary surgeon had spent the night trying to save the life of a Dachshund puppy, and that when the little fellow died it was in Mr. Hearst's lap. He was as broken up as if he had lost a friend.

That's W. R.

MRS. GENE TOWNE, wife of the more exuberant member of the writing team of Towne and Baker, is one of the keenest wits in Hollywood. As Betty Brown she was one of the most popular young women in New York. (Many's the party at the old Delmonico that she saved when it was dying on its feet, and I, for one, can testify.)

Recently she volunteered to act as model at a charity affair. She was showing a coat of some very peculiar fur—very peculiar indeed.

A friend admired it.

"Yes," said Betty, "it's made of unborn bath-mat."

ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR., producer at Paramount, was worrying over the script of "Wings in the Dark," which is one of the pictures you will see soon. The climax in the picture comes when two aviators begin an attempt to fly the Atlantic.

In the story, as it was written, all was excitement. One aviator appeared with hair tousled, clothes disheveled; the other on the verge of nervous collapse. Mr. Hornblow kept saying to himself, "There's something wrong with this story. I don't know what it is, but I know there's something wrong."

Just about that time the newspapers became filled with the exploit of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Captain P. G. Taylor, in flying the Pacific from Australia to California. Hornblow read of the nonchalance with which they said as they landed, "Sorry we got here a couple of hours early." Mr. Hornblow knew then what was wrong with his story.

AN annual event of George Hearst's is hiring a bus and taking oodles of stars and other well-known people of Hollywood to the final football game of the season. This year's final game he had sixty guests and did their thumbs get plenty of exercise. The bus broke down and everyone had to hitch-hike home.

Some of the hitch-hikers were: Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Netcher (Rosie Dolly), Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Eilers), Mr. and Mrs. Al Hall (Lola Lane), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson (Carmelita Geraghty), Mr. and Mrs. Wes Ruggles (Arline Judge), Mr. and Mrs. Dick Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gargan, Mr. and Mrs. Considine, Rosy Rosenberg, Mervyn LeRoy, John Monk Saunders, Lloyd Pantages, Jack Warner, Ralph Bellamy, Howard Hughes, and many others.

If names attached to domiciles amuse you, here are a few. Douglass Montgomery calls his new little house Cottage Cheese. Ramon Novarro's house, which Montgomery rented for some time, he called The Vicarage. June Knight's place is Juno Rancho. Joel McCrea's ranch is the Circle M—and registered in Sacramento. But the best one I have heard yet goes to Dorothy Parker. She called her house simply Rising Gorge.

CORA SUE COLLINS hovered over the remnant counter of a downtown department store, her face serious with grave concern. After searching diligently among the materials, her deep despair was conveyed to the saleswomen hovering about. . . . "She has blue eyes and yellow hair and I want just a *little* piece of red flannel to make her a jacket," Cora Sue said. "But don't you think pink is just as nice for a girl doll?" she was asked. "She's not a doll," sighed the tired shopper. "She's a cat, and she doesn't like pink this time of year."

If you've been wondering what Doug Jr. is doing in London, take a look at this. But no gossip, please. It's a scene with Gertrude Lawrence in "Moonlight is Silver," which closed, due to Miss Lawrence's illness



OF course, there was much to-do about the moving of Marion Davies' old-Spanish bungalow from the M-G-M lot to the Warners' at Burbank when Mr. Hearst split with the former and joined the latter. The bungalow was sliced up into nine sections, like those houses you see advertised in the Sears-Roebuck catalogues. All the moving had to be done at night, because traffic had to be diverted, electric wires cut, and all that sort of thing.

Which, of course, in a place like Hollywood, provided the basis for many a quip and many a story. But the best of them all was published by Helen Gwynn in her column in The Hollywood Reporter. As follows:

"So it was finally moved on the Warner lot. Wherefore, Jack Warner, in a sudden burst of generous gestures, called up Miss Davies' unit and said that he would paint the bungalow to match the studio at his own expense.

"The next day, Mr. Warner got a telephone call thanking him for his kind offer, but it wouldn't be necessary for him to do that. They had decided to repaint the Warner studio to match the Davies bungalow—at their expense."





PHILLIPS

Mary Pickford is "The Sweetheart of the Air" now. One of her most popular over-the-mike rôles was that of the spitfiery mountain girl in "Trigger." Mary's maid, Edell Olsen, watches while she arranges her hair to fit under Trigger's plaid cap. Overhearing you see Sara Haden, Louis Mason, Director Calvin Kuhl, Miss Pickford, Kenneth Thompson, Carlton Cadell

THE other day Marian Nixon called on her ex-husband, Eddie Hillman, with her new husband, Bill Seiter. That's 1935. Why let a little thing like a divorce spoil a friendship?

AL SANTELL went to England to direct a picture. He walked out when he found that sort of picture Toeplitz wanted him to direct.

But while he was there he thought he'd buy himself some new shirts. He had heard that in England, that English shirt-makers were the best. (I could have told him that the only worth-while English shirts are made in Paris.) At any rate, Al went in for a fitting. Being a true Californian, Al never wears an undershirt.

He disrobed. The austere English "clark" looked at his nakedness and observed in horror: "Ah, too bad, Mr. Santell; trouble with the laundryman, no doubt. Thanku."

ADD fashion notes: Tennis costume of Nat Pendleton (Believe it or Not!)

One pair gray flannel shorts—

One sleeveless shirt—

One pair long woolen stockings secured by rubber bands above knees leaving an intriguing vista of hairy legs between stockings and shorts!

Here is proof, by Jack Holt, that even a movie actor can read. His dog, however, is concentrating on the cameraman who has invaded the privacy of the Holt living room

When a gentleman presents a lady with a train and a carnation, it seems as if he should make headway. But Miss Buckwheat Thomas is dubious of Mr. Stymie Beard's intentions

JUNE KNIGHT gets lots of fun out of mixing odd shades of nail polish. In summer, when she acquires a luscious, rich mahogany hue she paints toe and finger nails a dead, opaque white. The contrast is stunning.

A FEW crisp California mornings ago, the good troopers of a Citizens' Conservation Camp located in Griffith Park, Los Angeles' expansive recreation reserve, were startled out of their barracks by a foreign clatter of hooves. A few of the more agile and inquisitive members emerged in time to behold Clark Gable describe a neat arc starting from the flat saddle of a large sorrel horse and terminating with a disturbing thud on the ground.

The whole thing was very shocking. It was physically shocking to Clark, certainly, to come cropper in the midst of a matutinal canter. It was a blow to his pride, as Mr. Gable is rather proud of his skill with and knowledge of our four-footed friends.

AKER



STAX

ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRANK
GODWIN



Hollywood, My Hollywood

ACTORS go athletic the minute they get their first sniff of the Hollywood ozone. You may have heard this one before, but try to stop me. It's the climate. It must be the climate.

Broadway actors who never got out of the hay until cocktail hour, and who thought the sun was the moon lit up, go athletic in a big way the day they arrive in Hollywood. Yes, indeed!

In my time, I've seen many a celebrated lad awaken in his hotel room at three P.M. and with low moans reach for an eye-opener, a cigarette and an aspirin simultaneously. Usually it took a couple of hours for the weak and jittery figure to

emerge from the ether in fairly good walking condition.

In Hollywood, this getting up at sunrise instead of hitting the hay at that unearthly hour, works miracles. Yes, indeed! With unbelieving eyes I stood at the bedside of an old pal who has recently achieved considerable fame in the movies. Time, eight A.M. and it was his day off. He was not only awake, he had both eyes open. They were flashing, and his voice rang with enthusiasm.

"Come on, boy," he shouted, "Let's go." And, he reached not for an eye-opener, a cigarette nor an aspirin, please believe me, but for a golf club which peeped out of a bag beside his bed.



"Some of the boys are a little lame and halt, but you gotta admire their new-born spirit. . . . The girls are athletic, too. And are they honeys—!"

From golf to yachts . . actors turn athletic as California's genial sun warms their spirits by SCOOP CONLON

He waved it feelingly. "Let's go right out there," he cried, "and take those guys." You got me!

Now folks, I've lived in sunny California for twenty-odd years. Pride myself on being fairly athletic, too. But I'm getting fed up on being awakened shortly after dawn (I live on the Lakeside golf course hard by Toluca Lake) by the strange, piercing cries of joy or pain peculiar to the golf bird. So help me, upon looking out of my bedroom windows I usually see Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, W. C. Fields and even my old pal, Bill Frawley, striding fanatically along the fairways.

But, Bill Frawley of all fellas. That kills me. As we took

our daily strolls along Hollywood's main stem, as set forth in a previous article, Bill kept roaring with his twits and twirps regarding the vast changes that had happened to our dear old village. Well, the Paramount company scarcely had time to take up his first option when he took me to one side.

"Listen, buddy," he says, "you belong to that Lakeside golf club, don't you? You're a director, aren't you? Well, Frawley wants to join up. Put me through."

I was nonplussed. "What's the big idea, Bill?"

"These one-minute-eggs think that because they can knock one of those silly little white balls [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Mitzi was right in there at the opening of the hi-hat Mayfair Club. She's top left, then Joe E. Brown, Mrs. Chico Marx, George Burns, doing a Joe E., Gracie Allen, Georgie Stone



Rudy Vallee put on the English for Mitzi when she was his guest at a broadcast. You see, Rudy has gone the landed squire, ya know, old bean. That little place down Maine

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

That gadabout Mitzi Cummings goes places and tells you all about it

Mitzi took her kid nephew, a strapping two-year-old, on his first visit to a studio. He had the time of his life, largely from Ted Healy's ice-cream cones, lollypops, hand springs

Lyle Talbot and Mitzi, the big kids, went in for some banister sliding at the Mayfair Club opening. But, it was all part of the fun. In fact, Joe E. Brown sailor's hornpiped



HOW d'ya do, Lambie:

With whoops of joy I announce to you that I went to that splendid benefit for **Mary Blackford** at the Cocoanut Grove; that my clothes nearly got torn off in the crush of getting inside; and that I signed my **Mitzi Hancock** with a great flourish in the huge autograph album that **Sue Carol** was filling for Mary to look at while recovering in the hospital.

What? Details? Okey!

Our party consisted of **Pat de Cicco**, **Margot Grahame**, a recently arrived and delightful English actress, the scintillating **Barbara (Snooney) Blair**, (And I'm going to copy her stunning long tuxedo suit) and several others. The party kept enlarging so I really couldn't tell who was and who wasn't with me!

Anyway, it was an evening I cared for, particularly as **Benny Rubin**, my old pal, was M.C. He came to dinner the next night, by the way, and told us a big bunch of peachy backstage stories that I'm going to dish out to you one of these days. Benny also told me that young **Miss Blackford** will probably completely recover from her spine injury.

damp and grateful, left with the kindly stranger . . . who, alas, was a news-cameraman . . . and Will is only a little more nervous of that clan than he is of hot-headed lady fans! However, gratitude is gratitude, so the good little boy, stuttering and perspiring, he went meekly into a room where at least twenty newspaper cameras were lined up in a blaze of light. He gave them front-face, full profile, right profile, etc., until they finally released him. Then the suave Mr. R., rattling out there like a lost comet, bumped right into me coming up the stairs. He clutched my hand frantically, muttered, "Who . . . ? Where . . . ? You . . . ! Oh . . . !" and with a whoop of despair he fled!

Now I am going to tell you, my friend, about the **Stu Erwin-June Collyer** offspring.

The proud poppa was telling me that June took the same hospital room that **Dolores Barrymore** had when each of her babies was born. He engaged the one across the hall where John used to wear the nap off the carpet. June's father came down for the event, and he developed more jitters than the prospective papa, which made everything just dandy.



Mitzi went to the benefit held for **Mary Blackford**, young actress slowly recovering from a spine injury. Here she is with **Tom Brown**, **Anita Louise** and **Jimmy Cagney**

How you like the enclosed picture? Listen, minx, I gave up lots of my evening posing with those movie stars just so's you could enlarge that treasured gallery of yours . . . so you'd better say this Rembrandt is ut-cha-cha! (You can't deny, anyway, that **Anita Louise**, **Tom Brown** and **Mr. Cagney** look chawming.)

There is another thing I must tell you. About **Will Rogers**. Right after he finished thanking the crowd for their turn-out, (he was head-man of the whole affair) he started for home. Suddenly an enthusiastic lady fan leaped at him. Will, who's really a dreadfully shy person, tried to escape. Impossible. Finally he dashed into the hotel kitchen with the rabid fan hot on his trail. Through the pots and pans they dodged, until finally some man who looked like a friend, and acted the part, dashed in from somewhere, stretched out his arms like a shield, and Will jumped behind him.

This gave the head cook a chance to air the lady. Rogers,

However, grandpa Collyer discovered that in the hospital chapel there was an organ and being a first-class organist, he went down and eased his nerves through the ordeal by rendering all the classics. Then—you'll die!—in tip-toes the assistant head nurse of obstetrics with a violin under her arm. She's just dying to play a duet, she confides, and may she join him? She may, said grandpa-to-be, and thus they whiled away the anxious hours with some first-rate, high-class harmony!

While on the subject of little ones, Little One, let me do a small rave over my nephew Stephen. Last week, for the first time in his young life, I took him to the studio where his uncle, **Jack Cummings**, was supervising a picture, "The Winning Ticket," with **Chuck Riesner** directing.

We no sooner got inside the door than **Louise Fazenda** leaped up, "Brent! How did you get here?" she cried, and gave him a bear hug. Subsequent findings revealed that Louise had mistaken our young one for her own baby who, at the moment,



Bride and groom: Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, favorite stars of Britain, had a party for two at the Trocadero after their marriage. Lawton came to Hollywood to play the title rôle in "David Copperfield." And Evelyn, "The Night is Young," for M-G-M. They will be seen again soon, after their honeymoon.

was at Palm Springs acquiring a nice coat of tan!

The handsome two-year-old was next beset by Leo Carrillo and Ted Healy, also in the picture, who offered him ice-cream cones, lolly-pops, hot dogs, hand springs, and as a grand finale, sang for the kid! Ted warbled Eilli Eilli; Leo, simultaneously sang the St. Louis Blues. What a splurge of expensive talent for a wee audience of one! Ted, incidentally, was so pleased with this Hebrew melody that he developed a smile that wouldn't come off.

I want to tell you something that Leo Carrillo and Chuck Riesner did that day. A certain bit actor had a tongue-twister line to speak which he couldn't seem to manage. He got so nervous, after numerous attempts, that it was agonizing to watch him. Finally, the assistant director whispered to Chuck that he would get another player. "No," said Chuck, "if the casting office finds out why, they might can him for good." So, they shot the scene as best they could.

Leo later revealed that when he was just starting his career in vaudeville, years ago, this man was a headliner and Leo's idol. And, knowing how ashamed he must have been of his failure to read just two lines, Leo wrote him a letter to say that he had just seen the day's work in the projection room and his scene registered perfectly, and that the finest of troupers sometimes blew up in their lines.

Nice men, eh, kitten?

Whoo . . . OO! I almost forgot a crack from Louise Fazenda that you must hear. I was telling her that I hoped she kept plenty of oil on her youngster so the sun wouldn't desiccate him. To which the comedienne flipped . . . "Don't worry, he's all greased up like a twelve-cylinder car!"

Remember, Joan, when we used to read "This Is The House That Jack Built"? Well, we now go modern and retit it, "This Is The House That Rudy Built."

Once upon a time a down-and-outer came to our pal Vallee and asked him to buy his motor boat. Rudy needed that boat like you need a third leg, but being good-hearted, he bought the thing. Now . . . where to put it? Rudy bought himself a patch of land in the Maine woods, beside a lake, built a little mooring, carted over the motor boat and stuck it in the water. But now appears another problem: where to put the boat when it rains? So, the musician had to build a boat house. Problem number three: What if Rudy gets hungry when he goes out motor-boating? What if he gets thirsty? What if he wants to play the piano? There was only one answer. Rudy had to build a house!

But, hold on! There is more to come! Guests now appear on the scene. Rudy has to build a garage for their cars. More guests. A guest house! So now he has an estate, a private road, a lodge for guests, another for servants, to say nothing of installing lights, gas, and plumbing!

In other words, Mr. Vallee bought a motor boat!

He's terribly proud of being a landed squire, and when he showed me pictures of the place he pointed proudly to all the modern conveniences in the sylvan setting. The cutest picture, Joan! I wish you could have seen one of Rudy, very tan and broad-shouldered, waving from the motor boat! And swimming in the lake! Another beside the huge outdoor barbecue fireplace, dog 'n' everything. Still another beside the fireplace in his den where he's leaning against the mantel on which is carved those magic words . . . "Your time is my time."

Last week I lunched with my [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



She floats through the air with the greatest of ease, Tut Mace does, with the help of her partner Gary DeLeon. They are whirling for a scene in Columbia's "Let's Live Tonight," which is featuring Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey

Sylvia's Ideals



FOR LOVELY BACK, HANDS and ARMS

by SYLVIA

FRYER

JUDGING by the number of letters I've been getting from you girls and women all over the country, you've all caught onto the fact that I'm setting the beauty standard for you—giving you an ideal toward which to work. And if, when I get through, you don't know what you want to look like—then it's your own fault. I'm telling you what's good and when I say something is good it's *got* to be good!

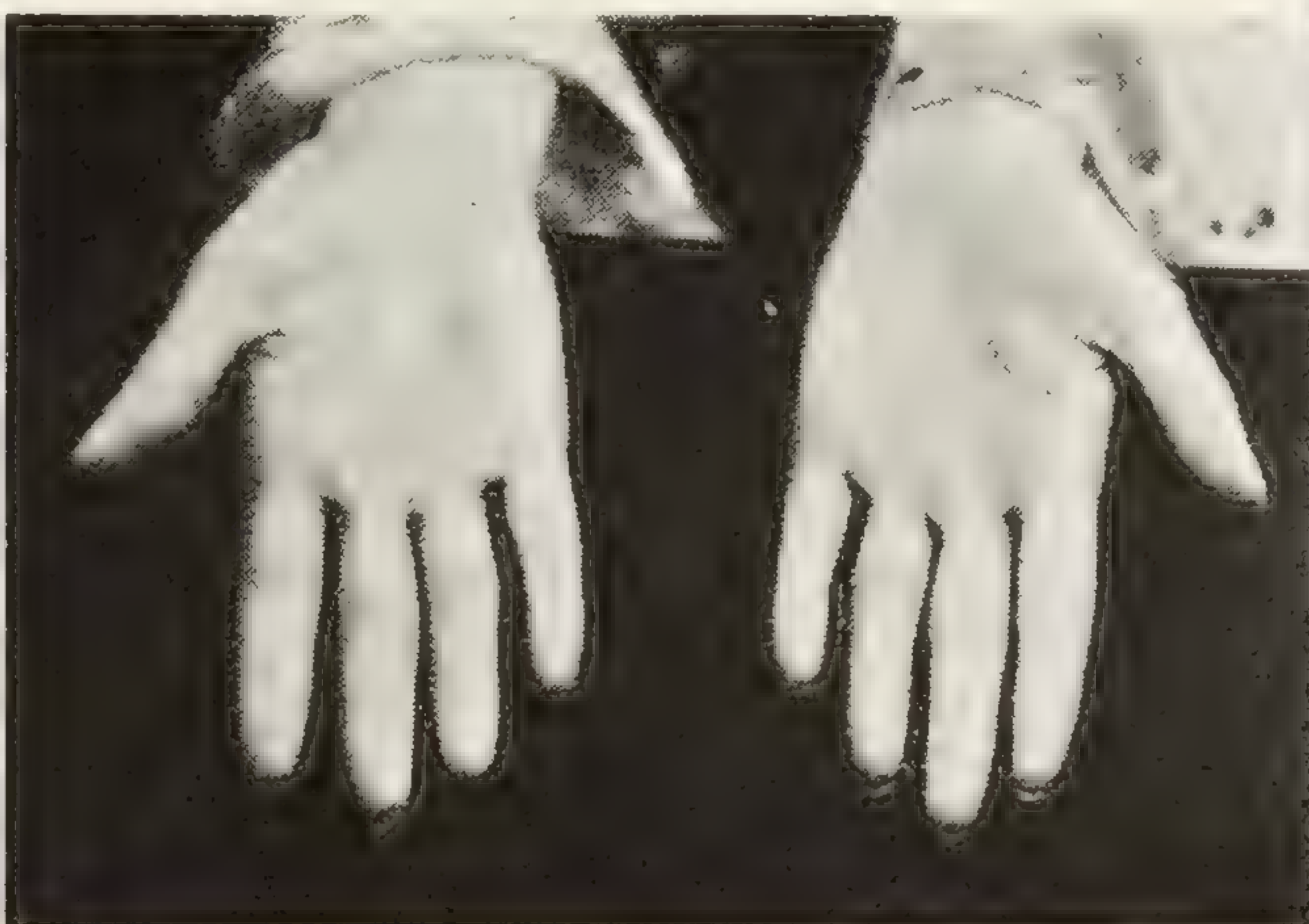
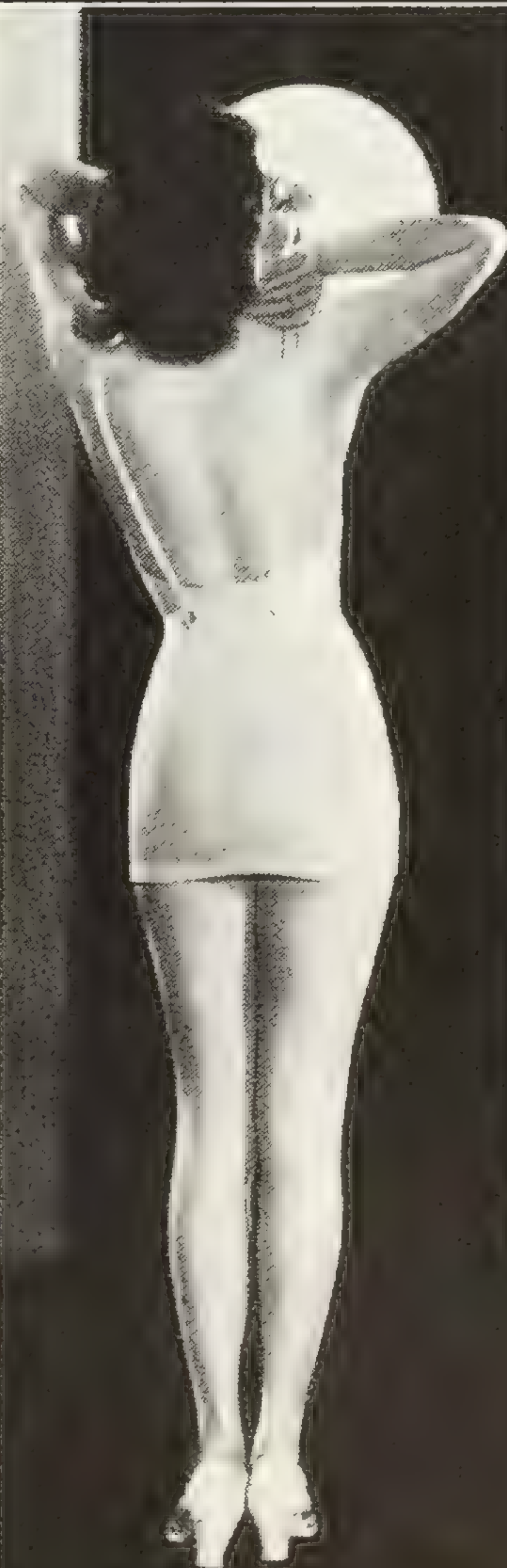
This month I'll tell you about perfect backs, hands and arms. I want you to pay attention to me, listen closely to every word I say. And then get busy with your exercises and your diets until you're so beautiful that strong men will swoon when you walk into a room. How's that for you!

First of all, the back. You should have a strong, straight back to be healthy. You can't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

(Above) Karen Morley's arms are perfect, slim but firm and in proportion

Proper exercises help develop a back as lovely as Ann Dvorak's. Perfect?

Hands express personality. Are yours as beautiful as Karen's? Soulful?



LARENCE BULL



The silken texture of Joan Bennett's taffy-colored hair finds relief in clusters of soft side curls and a miniature coronet of her own hair, caught with brilliant clips



Ginger Rogers, queen of the Carioca and the Continental, tops her red-gold long bob with a coronet for a formal note. Ginger wore this coiffure, in a braid and curled tighter, under a sea green lace hat at her Winter wedding

REVISED EDITION

JUST about this time, three years ago at the Hollywood premiere of "Mata Hari," two bright Hollywood chapters were written, one by Greta Garbo, the other by Norma Shearer. This was expected of Greta, but not of Norma. Greta played a fine rôle in a fine picture. But Norma made fashion history by appearing with a wide coronet braid wound about her sleek brown hair.

Now that may not seem worthy of a special rave, but it's the way fashion history is made. That coronet braid, aside from making Norma appear more queenly, was immediately photographed by all the news picture companies, comment telegraphed to headquarters by fashion and beauty editors, and appeared next day in picture and print.

Thus, the coronet fashion began, sweeping from Hollywood all over the world. The same thing happened last year, Katharine Hepburn's bangs sending us all scissors-bound for a forehead fringe. Even Paris caught on and acknowledged with a big bow of thanks Hollywood's contribution of the revival of a great girl stunt—the bang.

Frankly, after three years I should expect the coronet to be in the limbo of many forgotten fashion ideas. But not so. The vogue grows bigger and better—better because Hollywood is still showing us smart things to do with a braid or two.

Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcee" found the coronet the trick to off-set her red-gold curls. Kitty Carlisle took her coronet braids and wound them over her ears in squaw fashion



Bradley's auburn locks are softly curled, loosely combed and braided to give a very naïve and school-girlish effect. Consider the bang in relation to your forehead. Grace wears this arrangement in "The Gilded Lily"



OF THE CORONET

A front view provocatively innocent of adornment, the back a masterpiece of hair architecture, is Marian Marsh's idea of evening smartness. Suggested for blondes

in "Here Is My Heart." Now Margo in "Rumba" comes out with an idea that should floor you. Her coiffure is called "The Sensational," and really deserves the soubriquet. It begins with a glorified version of her long brown bob, off ears, ends curled. Just above each ear nestles a rosette of small braids in three colors, blonde, black, platinum. You might want to use your friends' hair for this. Something like the old idea of wearing a loved one's curl in a locket.

At this point, let me urge those who despair of doing anything new with their hair to buy a braid. I think it will inspire your imagination and fingers either to copy something that you can see is good or to originate something of your own.

This originating business is lots of fun, and you don't have

to be a Hollywood star to be a style-setter. It is this instinct that makes leaders in your social, business or even school life. It will set you apart from most of us, who, after all, are merely followers.

So when you grow weary of looking at that same face in the mirror every day, or feel that you are letting down and growing dull, do what the stars must do for almost every picture, change yourself. It is the best tonic I know and will, I promise you, draw high dividends in renewed interest in life. Every month, I publish pages of pictures—to awaken you to your unrealized possibilities so far as your personal appearance is concerned, knowing well that the pleasure and poise that come from smart grooming can make you a far lovelier person.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Gail Patrick, appearing in "Rumba," introduces "The Inconsistent Coiffure," affording a varied picture every time the head is turned. Gail knows that the exposed forehead, when brow and hairline are good, lends a touch of clarity and charm to the face, and is extremely smart at the moment. The banked side curls and tiers of rolls give just that note of sophistication that many of us prefer for evening. Permanent curls on the ends only are necessary

At right, Gail's sculptured curls, showing the popular upward trend, featuring a middle part, straight severity of hairline and cascade of ringlets. A queenly arrangement that is a perfect excuse for jeweled clip earrings in customary style on the lobe or clipped over the upper ear for newness and novelty. Avoid earrings unless ears are well shaped and dainty



Since Katharine Hepburn's bangs in "Little Women" created an international style trend, let's sit back and see if her cylindrical curls in "The Little Minister" also play a part in this Spring's hair modes. Here is Katharine, very appealing as Babbie, and challenging the imaginative to make their curls go in this manner. Below inspired by her recent Indian rôle in "Behold My Wife," Sylvia Sidney illustrates the matchless poetic qualities of the sleek coiffure with low chignon



PHOTOPLAY'S FORMAL COIFFURE ALBUM



INVITATION TO A DANCE



Not an eyebrow pencil, as you may think, but a lip pencil to outline Elissa Landi's lips before rouging

PERHAPS the jazzing ring of your telephone may tell you there's going to be a gay gathering, or a friend may say casually, "We're having a party at our place. Come over." In case it's a big, formal affair, the postman will undoubtedly bring your invitation. However it comes, this invitation puts a responsibility upon you—to look and be your loveliest self.

Hollywood is mistress of the art of looking well and being charming under trying circumstances. So a few tricks from the stars might help us all to walk off with the scalps of the evening.

It seems the vogue to rush madly about life today, whether or not we really do anything, so on the assumption that you're all tired out before you begin this evening *toilette*, first aid comes in the form of an enlivening bath and a radiance treatment for your face.

Carole Lombard's method is to fill her tub with pleasantly warm, not hot, water, add bath salts or one of those scented bath lotions that make your water as soft as milk and leave a clinging fragrance on the skin. While Carole is relaxing in this tub, she also cleanses, stimulates and refreshes her face. She has one of those convenient little shelves that slide across the tub, and on this rest her creams and lotions. Thus, two jobs are done at one time, and when Carole emerges she is ready for the more fascinating business of hair, make-up, and so on.

If you prefer a shower, and many people react better, here's the way to get benefit of skin fragrance which the shower naturally eliminates. After bathing, use a scented eau de Cologne or infusion in the French man-



MAC LEAN

A bath helmet of water-proof silk which permits hair arrangement before bath. June Clayworth's find



WELBOURNE

White peacock feathers, a charming sophistication, encase Dorothy Tree's dainty evening accessories

SPRING brings the desire for nicer hair, lovelier skin and smarter make-up. Leaflets cover most of these subjects, and are yours on request. Or if your problems are more personal, they will have our care and attention. For leaflets or information, write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Separate envelope, please, for each leaflet.



LIPPMAN

Marian Marsh shows a modern idea for a hostess gift or for your own powder room. Guest powder sextette

ner. Pour some into your palms and vigorously rub your whole body. This seems to give you the refreshing effects of an alcohol rub plus fragrance. Some dusting powder, and you feel like breaking into a dance.

For make-up, use every aid that art and science have put on your dressing-table, but use them subtly. First, a sparing use of foundation, cream or lotion, as you prefer. A light dab of cream rouge, high on cheeks, up toward temples. Only enough for a glow. Hollywood does not rouge cheeks heavily. Nor should you. If your coiffure exposes your ears, rough the lobes lightly.

Now powder plentifully, just gobs of it, and use a tone one shade lighter than you use for day, unless you want to experiment with a truly evening shade, jade green or mauve, for example. When you are well coated, take a powder brush or fresh cotton and dust off all surplus.

Lips need real art. Outline worries most of us. One solution is the lip pencil, such as Elissa Landi is using which gives you a perfect outline to be filled in with the same tone from your lipstick.

All eyes can stand a touch of shadow for evening and if you will give patience to application, you can work out some lovely effects. Mascara, of course, and blue or green if you are a blonde. A finely pointed eyebrow pencil for more telling brows.

A touch of perfume to your curls (special perfume comes for this purpose), to back of ears, neck, wrist and hem of skirt, a favorite place among the stars because sweetness emanates with every step, and you are ready to answer that invitation to a dance.

RUBY
KEELER
is the star
of Warner
Brothers'
new
production,
"Go Into
Your Dance"

*Yours for Lux
Ruby Keeler*

THE WESTERN 1201-S
SIGNS
DL - Day Letter
I WISH I COULD TELL EVERY GIRL PERSONALLY HOW LUX KEEPS CLOTHES
SMART LOOKING FOR AGES STOP I INSIST ON IT FOR EVERYTHING
WASHABLE STOP KNOW WASHING FAILURES OFTEN DUE TO RUBBING WITH
CAKE SOAP OR USING SOAPS WITH HARMFUL ALKALI STOP I MYSELF WONT
TAKE A CHANCE STOP LUX NEVER FADES COLOR SAVES THE ELASTICITY OF
SILK SO IT WEARS SUPERBLY STOP THATS THE REASON HOLLYWOOD
SAYS DONT TRUST TO LUCK TRUST TO LUX=
RUBY KEELER.

THANK YOU—Ruby Keeler—for your wholehearted approval of Lux. Your fans will appreciate this bit of personal advice. It makes them feel very close to you to know that you use Lux just the same way they do.

Things last longer, look lovelier with Lux because it has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no rubbing. It's these things that

fade colors, weaken fibres. Lux saves colors, keeps materials looking like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

|| SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS ...

"We use Lux in our wardrobe department to keep stockings and costumes new-looking twice as long," says N'Was McKenzie, Warner Brothers' wardrobe supervisor. "We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies! They look swell! It's a real dollars-and-cents saving."



Irvin Cobb Presents Another Will Rogers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

clippings which dated back to the old Red Sandstone Period of American burlesque. With her help I dug up what we both figured was probably the first authentic review of Will Rogers that was published after he broke out of the Wild West show and broke into the two-a-day show shops. It had appeared in a Chicago theatrical paper, long since deceased.

At the banquet when my time came to spout, I stood up in my large white cravat and starched vest, and I read that particular criticism. It ran, as I recall, somewhat like this:

"Spot Seven on the bill is taken by a skinny youth calling himself Cherokee Bill Rogers, who has an educated horse. The horse goes through a routine of tricks and the alleged cowboy performs rope-throwing stunts and chews gum and talks steadily. This act might go better if the cowboy would shut up and give the horse a chance."

THERE was a howl at this so I tried to make the joke keep on spouting. By prior arrangement, a veteran actor rose in his place and said:

"Mr. Cobb, may I interrupt? I just want to say that I myself saw that act when it opened out in Chicago and I thought then that fellow Cherokee Bill had some merit—not much, but some. And I'll never forget that magnificent white horse he owned."

"Then you must have seen the act the day after it opened," I said. "It was a bay horse at the first show. But I understand that its hair turned white in a single night."

This was the cue for the toastmaster, also to play stooge:

"Mr. Cobb," he put in, "can you tell us how long the team lasted?"

"Not long," I told him. "Professional jealousy was responsible for its break-up. You see, the horse kept getting all the good notices. So Bill here shipped the plug back to Oklahoma and branched out as a single. He didn't do so well for quite a spell, but it saved him a lot of heart-burning."

And so on and so forth, until, among us, my fellow-plotters and I had milked the slanderous gag dry.

The main point was though that Rogers whooped louder than anybody there. And afterwards he got up and admitted the truth of all these libelous gives and then topped the show with a crafty line of slashing sabre-strokes aimed at first one and then another of the conspirators.

So by that I knew that here was one professional kiddier who could stand being kidded, which is what most of the breed positively, absolutely cannot do. He could dish it out and he could take it, too. Nothing has occurred in our long and pleasant subsequent acquaintance to make me doubt his ability to stand up under such punishment. Indeed, I think therein lies one of the secrets of his popularity, which in this case means his success. He doesn't laugh at people, he laughs with them, and, once in a while, he stops to laugh, very sincerely, at himself. You can't be a synthetic product if you have that gift. It stamps the genuine humorist every time.

There is another side to this many-faceted character, of which a great many people do not know. He is a corking good business man. Producers will tell you that when it comes to

driving a bargain Will Rogers is one screen actor who needs no agent. He knows to the ultimate penny how much his stuff is worth, and while his vogue lasts, he insists on getting his share, and getting it now. And he is a pretty tolerably accurate judge of acting vehicles, too, if anybody should ask you. He'll read a script and make instant decision: "That's fine," he'll say. "I think maybe I can get away with that story. When do we start shooting, big boy?" Or else it may be: "Nothing doing, boss, I don't believe I'm the type to play that rôle." Or perhaps: "Please excuse me. I've got a notion that the people who come to see us on the fillums might not like me in that kind of a part. It's out of my line



Marian can't tell a big fish story about the trout she caught. Here's camera proof of its size! Certainly not enough for two, but Marian is smiling at somebody. And judging by that frying pan, she expected a much bigger catch!

Let's see if we can't dig up something that's down my own street and not down the street of some fellow that's more versatile than I am."

By all reports, a good many of these lightning-fast snapshots of his ring the bell. At least seeming proof is offered by the fact that, almost invariably, Rogers scores tremendously in the vehicles which he does use.

His investments of his private fortune have mainly been sound—mainly, but not always. During the height of the Los Angeles boom he rather over extended himself in real estate. One day last summer, the two of us had been out on location for the shooting of a woodland scene in "Judge Priest" and coming back we stopped at a smart little snack-stand on the

beach for a bait of chili beans, Mexican style, which means beans cooked with enough pepper to furnish all the hell fire that would be needed to equip an old fashioned American plan Presbyterian inferno. I violate no confidence when I state that Will Rogers is the champion all-age chili-bean-eater of the world. Major Raymond Dickson of Texas runs second and on occasion I finish inside the money, but Rogers has never known defeat.

Between bites, he glanced through the window toward the gentle swells rolling in on the strand and pensively murmured:

"You know, a fellow ought to stick to his own departments and not try to branch out too far. Take me. I bought a small chunk of this here ocean front stuff and right afterwards a billionaire came along and craved it and he paid me about twice what I'd just paid for it—in cash. So I said, 'Say, how long has this thing been going on?' So the real estater, who'd swung both deals, told me I'd better gobble up a great big strip of beach before it was too late and then hang on for the next rise. He said there wasn't much of it left and if I overlooked the bets I'd regret it. Well, if I'd only stopped to think I'd have realized that there's still quite a good deal of land along the Pacific Ocean that's not entirely built up yet. But I had the taste of blood on my lips and I hopped right in. As far up the beach as you can see from here I bought these sandpiles in. And then I sat down to wait for the suckers to come along and hand me a hundred per cent profit. I'm still waiting."

HIS tone grew mournful.

"Sometimes," he added, "I think it's a mistake for an Oklahoma cowhand, born a thousand miles from salt water, to try to hog a whole ocean."

Something subtly seems to tell me that aquatic sports and pastimes no longer appeal to the Rogers intelligence.

If you want to see the real Will Rogers you should see him on his Santa Monica estate, wrapped up in his family, which by the way, is a powerfully sweet family; dispensing a gracious, unostentatious hospitality to his guests; treating a stable boss with the same unaffected and natural courtesy which is bestowed upon a nabob or a visiting potentate; betraying an honest pride in his achievements, but with no cheap vanity about it; crowding into twenty-four hours three times as much work as an ordinary man could encompass and yet somehow finding abundant leisure for enjoying his friends, enjoying domesticity and, in general, enjoying life as it comes. A pretty fair way of appraising a man's real character is by observing the relations in which he stands to those nearest to him—his kin people, his chosen associates, his employees, his servants. Well up at the Rogers ranch, I defy you to find anybody from that sane and wholesome and utterly unspoiled wife of his, and Bill Junior and Jimmy, the boys, and dear little Mary, the daughter, on down to the humblest member of that staff who doesn't think the head of the outfit is a mighty swell guy.

There is a chain upon the gate down by the highroad to keep out the crowds that otherwise would make life a burden to the dwellers here, but there is no latch on Bill Rogers' soul and no lock on the cockles of his heart.

YOU DIDN'T SEE *this*
IN
Carole Lombard's LAST PICTURE



HOLLYWOOD CALLS IT

*"Pocketbook Panic"**



This star INSISTS ON
HANDBAGS WITH
TALON-FASTENER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
security and
convenience

THE NAME
IS ON THE
SLIDER

Embarrassing situations, even costly retakes, can be caused by careless handbags which do not guard contents securely. In the film world, stars are learning to avoid these accidents by insisting on handbags with Talon fastener security and convenience.

They find that handbags with this slide fastener are smarter, more attractive, than usual type handbags. In addition, this smooth-running, snug-closing slide fastener assures security for precious contents.

Your favorite handbag shop has a wide selection of Talon-fastened Handbags. Do as the screen world does—look for the TALON name on the slider when you buy your handbags.

* *"Pocketbook Panic"* is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.

Carole Lombard, co-starred with George Raft in 'Rumba,' a Paramount Production.

BOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PENNA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

opens a restaurant in Red Gap inviting the social elect. Belknap Jackson tries to ruin the party with exposure of Ruggles' true status, but the town flies to Ruggles' defense. So does ZaSu.

A simple little story, you will say, but there's more in it than meets the eye. Laughton considers it the second-best picture he ever has made.

Henry VIII was the other. *Ruggles* was given an ambitious production by Paramount.

Leo McCarey, director, is a big-hearted Irishman who juggles scenes to give the extras more work. The picture was a boon for them, since McCarey is a believer in realism. The barbecue on *Ma Pettingill's* ranch was shot with roasted meat for everyone. For three days they were in a saloon scene, with free lunch and beer. In the cafe sequence, there was roast duck for everyone.

Mary Boland worked in the picture with six fresh stitches on her side from a major operation.

The personnel looks like an old Who's Who in pictures, twenty years ago. Beside Vic Potel, Heine Conklin, and Neil Burns—famous old-time comics, the extra list is nearly all once-famous. Charlie West (D. W. Griffith leading man), Horace Carpenter, Dick Laren, Howard Davies, William H. Clifford, J. W. Johnson, Carol Holloway, Ed Peil. If you remember your movies of 1914, you will recognize the famous names of that day.

David Copperfield —M-G-M

A PICTURE honestly rating superlatives. The most faithfully executed and beautifully acted production in our experience, with enough fine individual performances to star in six pictures. A first deep bow to Charles Dickens for the magnificent story, in which each character appeared to be an old friend, so long and vividly have they lived with us. A bow to Hugh Walpole, Howard Estabrook and George Cukor who adapted and directed with such brilliant clarity that not once do we confuse any of the numerous characters. The young *David Copperfield* is played by Freddie Bartholomew with such sensitive feeling and exquisite diction as we never hoped to see or hear. Elizabeth Allan is his helpless and lovely young mother whose death leaves him an orphan at the mercy of a tyrannical stepfather and aunt, admirably executed by Basil Rathbone and Violet Kemble Cooper. W. C. Fields is *Mr. Micawber*, in the flesh, "waiting for something to turn up"—and something did. Edna May Oliver turns in her prize performance, Roland Young is distinguished as *Uriah Heep*, the humble hand-wringer to the letter. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lovely *Dora*, the child-bride. And *Peggotty*, dear *Peggotty*, done with sympathetic artistry by Jessie Ralph, and her old-salt brother is played to perfection by Lionel Barrymore. Frank Lawton is *David* grown and *David* realized. The long cast has been superbly chosen, with every smallest part perfectly delineated. The story is like fresh air, for none of the people in it are at all complex. They are all-good, all-bad, or crazy. Lennox Pawle leaves an unforgettable portrait of *Mr. Dick*, Madge Evans as *Agnes*, whom *David* finally marries. This is an in-

comparable evening in the theater, and one that will live with you for years.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer —PARAMOUNT

ANY comment on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" necessarily is inadequate. For no phrase, no matter how majestic, could quite describe the dramatic majesty of the picture. And no word, however strong, could define the essential strength of the Francis Yeats-Brown story as Paramount has brought it to life.

Because this picture is tremendously romantic, and yet hasn't a love scene in it; because it is excitingly different from the usual film; because it is a beautifully told, unsentimental story of heroism, and because the perfection of acting and direction is never dwarfed by the immensity of production, it is one of the best ever to come out of the Paramount studios.

Gary Cooper is *Captain McGregor*, whose awkward soft-heartedness so often proves his undoing to the great delight of *Lieutenant Forsythe* (Franchot Tone) who always stops laughing, however, just in time to snap into action and prove himself fully as sentimental as Cooper. Richard Cromwell is the Colonel's son, whose youth and inexperience almost bring about the annihilation of the regiment. Sir Guy Standing is the *Colonel*—"Old Ramrod," Cooper calls him, because his military stiffness leaves no apparent room for parental feeling. C. Aubrey Smith is his major, a man of dignity and understanding.

Upon the shoulders of these men rests the story's tremendous burden, and they carry it with the gallant humor and quiet heroism of Yeats-Brown's characters.

Brittle, pointed dialogue; swift direction; pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture definitely important to see.

The County Chairman —FOX

WILL ROGERS leads all Hollywood's stars at the box-office—far and away. Very possibly the reason he does so is that he gets closer to the American scene than any other star. People love him because they know him; they've seen him before.

In this, of course, he has George Ade to help him paint the portrait of a lovable but astute rural politician. Naturally, Will has plenty of fun with the subject, running off his pleasantly satirical observations on the great American pastime, which only confirms a sneaking opinion that Rogers writes ninety per cent of his lines.

The drama revolves around an election race for prosecuting attorney, with Will lining up his young law partner, Kent Taylor, against Berton Churchill in a good old-fashioned mud-slinging campaign. Mr. Churchill also plays the father of Evelyn Venable, with whom Taylor is in love. Thus the conflict.

The usual Rogers stock company, complete with Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Louise Dresser, Berton Churchill, Frank Melton and Stepin Fetchit, fit admirably into the cast.

As Will Rogers repeats throughout the entire film, it will be "good politics" to take the whole family.

The Little Minister —RKO-RADIO

MOVING in measured tempo, this beautiful production rejoices in visual beauty and some fine restrained performances. The photography is unsurpassed, resulting in a softened and gentle Katharine Hepburn—really almost a stranger. As *Babbie*, the girl who loves to play gypsy, she is vivacious in an 1840 way—not quite the *Jo* of "Little Women." You are of course familiar with the story of religious intolerance in the Scottish village of Thrums, with its new minister who falls in love with the gypsy masquerader. John Beal gives a splendid account of himself as the little minister, and the supporting cast is exceptionally fine.

Every character is played with fine assurance, and the authentic Scotch burrs of Donald Crisp and Andy Clyde are things of joy.

Forsaking All Others —M-G-M

THAT Van Dyke man is a wizard. He has directed a salubrious entertainment and made Joan Crawford into a human being, with Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best. The story is so simple you wonder how they had the nerve to make a picture of it—again—but it leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail.

Here Is My Heart —PARAMOUNT

IF you're a Bing Crosby fan—and who isn't—here's something to clap hands about. For between the laughs, Bing sings those haunting kinds of tunes you'll hear for ages. The story? Well, it's just the old "Grand Duchess and the Waiter" yarn all dressed up in new raiment but it's still a good story.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl —M-G-M

THE old Ann Harding of "Holiday" returns in this bright, sophisticated photoplay. Once again her alternately whimsical and intensely sincere personality registers as the portrait painter whose romantically intriguing life story causes all the conflict between sensational magazine editor Robert Montgomery, former sweetheart Edward Everett Horton, who aspires to election to the Senate, and health book publisher-politician Charles Richman, whose daughter, Una Merkel, is to marry Horton.

Miss Harding, however, is the best part of the picture which fails to wind up much of a dramatic punch, mainly through the mis-casting of Robert Montgomery. The breaking down of his hatred for privileged classes through love is the theme, and the strong, opinionated rôle cries for a more forceful personality. He struggles a bit obviously to down his natural light comedy bent.

Nevertheless, the smooth direction of a good story and capable supporting characterizations by Horton, Richman, Una Merkel and Edward Arnold puts the picture well up on the month's preferred list.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



VIRGINIA PINE, glamorous newcomer, now under contract to Columbia Pictures, soon learned Hollywood's stay-slim secret! She is photographed on location—enjoying Ry-Krisp because she knows these crisp, delicious wafers appease between-meal hunger *safely*. Take a tip from famous movie stars. Eat Ry-Krisp at meals and when you're hungry between times. They actually help you to stay slim because they're *filling but not fattening*. You'll love them because they taste so good—your guests will love them, too! Serve them whenever you entertain!

June In! Mme. SYLVIA
of Hollywood

Hear intimate stories about Hollywood, valuable beauty advice from the Hollywood masseuse who became a famous authority on the feminine figure. Every Wednesday night, NBC Blue Network, 10:15 E.T., 9:15 C.T., 8:15 M.T., 7:15 P.C.T.





You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger . . .

IT'S so thrilling to win romance—so important to *keep* it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—do not guard as they should the soft, natural beauty of their complexions.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look, blackheads, perhaps—these are warning signals that you are

not *removing stale cosmetics properly*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. The **ACTIVE** lather of this gentle soap sinks *deep* into the pores swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. In this way it protects the skin against dangerous pore choking.

So before you put on fresh make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed—protect your skin with the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use! *You* want to have the appeal that only soft, clear skin can give you!

EVER BE

Romance
comes to the girl
who guards against
**COSMETIC
SKIN**

LIKE MOST GIRLS, I USE
ROUGE AND POWDER
—BUT NEVER DO I RISK
COSMETIC SKIN! I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP REG-
ULARLY. IT DOES LEAVE
YOUR SKIN LIKE VELVET!



LORETTA YOUNG

STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CAVE OF INDIA"



BEAUTY

in the

BEGINNING

If you could watch the making of many fine beauty preparations today, you would see many food ingredients incorporated before dainty jars and bottles reach the shop shelf. Honey, eggs, olive oil, almonds, milk and lettuce are but a few of the elements that nourish and beautify the body from without, as well as from within.

While it is certainly more pleasant and often more convenient to choose the scientific preparation, it is well to know some of the stars' ideas, in case your cleansing cream suddenly gives out or you find yourself marooned while traveling or on vacation.

Jeanette MacDonald and Alice Brady both find oil of sweet almonds excellent for cleansing.

One of Marion Davies' favorite skin treatments is



an egg mask. First cleanse, then spread the white of a large egg over the face with fingertips, letting it remain for twenty minutes. Remove with cold water.

Joan Blondell has a very French dressing-ish idea that leaves the face fresh and glowing. Mix table salt and olive oil to thin paste consistency and lightly smooth over the face and neck. The oil is softening cleansing; the salt helps remove dead cuticle that is constantly shedding and which if allowed to remain deadens the tone of the skin. A grand, grainy wash comes for just this purpose.

For skin cleansing and gentle astringent effect, Dolores Del Rio pats on pure strained honey and lets it remain about ten minutes. The honey is then washed off with lukewarm water. Gently stimulating, astringent and softening.

For a good hand bleach, Irene Dunne suggests corn meal, which she mixes to a paste with water, applies to hands and leaves on as long as possible. Olive and almond oil are good cleansers.

BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Tea—for two bright eyes. Rosemary Ames brews tea for five minutes, cools, uses as eye wash. She finds milk patted on her skin a good astringent and powder base

MADGE EVANS
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"DAVID COPPERFIELD"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

"Isn't She Beautiful" they say of MADGE EVANS ..do they say that about you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the
Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up.

FACE POWDER

... You'll marvel how the color harmony tone of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will note the difference instantly... One dollar.



ROUGE



... Created to screen star types, the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth... it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK

... Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours... Moisture-proof, too, you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the full lips.. In color harmony tones to accent the appeal of lovely lips. One dollar.



©1935 Max Factor

THERE'S a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty... Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood screen stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Working with stars like Madge Evans and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the

allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

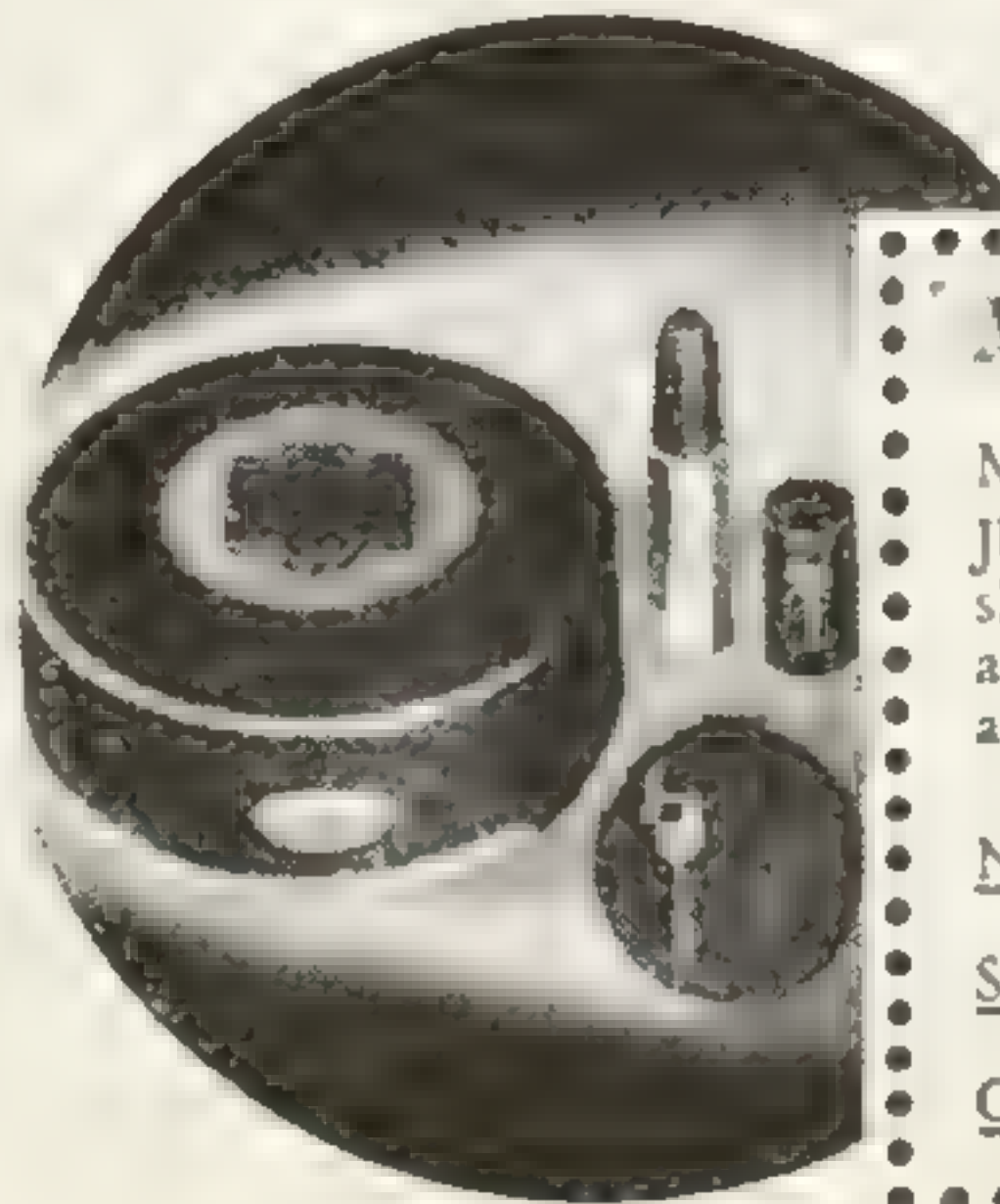
Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now made available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-up", mail coupon below, direct to Max Factor, Hollywood.



Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony



Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

NAME 1-3-88
STREET
CITY STATE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	type above and here ☐

ASK THE ANSWER MAN



Baby Jane takes her correspondence as seriously as she does her screen acting. However, she never lets her "career" keep her from caring for her dolly—hardly ever

MAE WEST, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo and the other leading stars have to step aside this month because little Baby Jane has taken the spotlight away from them and, furthermore, is holding on to it. Jane has a marvelous way of learning her lines and putting them over. Other stars who appear with her in pictures don't dare "blow up" in their lines because this tiny doll will tell them about it.

Baby Jane is a native daughter of Hollywood, Calif., born there on June 24, 1931. On her third birthday she began a long term contract with Universal in "Imitation of Life" with Claudette Colbert, in a rôle in which she spoke more than three hundred words. She holds the record for being the youngest player to speak so many words before a movie camera. Sometimes directors let her ad lib her lines and she says much cuter things than any writer

could prepare for her. From babyhood she showed marked ability to master and remember words and before her third birthday she could sing several songs in both French and English.

Baby Jane has dark hazel eyes and medium brown hair. She is very tiny for her age and in private life answers to the very grown-up name of Juanita Quigley. She has an eight year old sister and a fourteen year old brother. She brings her toys to the studio every morning. Her favorite is an Aunt Jemima doll which the studio costume department made for her. Like the stars and directors Jane has a canvas chair with her name stencilled on the back of it. When she has to appear before the camera, her dolly holds it down.

After the hit she made in "Imitation of Life" Baby Jane was cast in "The Man Who

Reclaimed His Head" with Claude Rains. This was followed by a part with Chester Morris in "I've Been Around," and finally a singing rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her latest is "Straight From the Heart" which was written expressly for her by Doris Anderson.

THERESA ANDRESON, DALLAS, TEX.—Kent Taylor hails from Nashua, Iowa. He was born there on May 11, 1907. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His romancing with Evelyn Venable is only on the screen. Kent has been married for some time, and Evelyn recently married Hal Mohr, cameramen.

ELAINE FRIEDMANN, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—Jean Parker's latest picture is "Sequoia." It is a very beautiful picture and you must not miss it. Russell Hardie plays opposite her.

ARLENE LEE, TABER, ALB., CAN.—My humble apologies, Arlene, for keeping you waiting for an answer. Here's hoping you'll forgive the old man. Your favorite, Rosemary Ames, was born in Evanston, Ill., on December 11th (she doesn't tell the year). She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 128 pounds and has reddish gold hair and blue eyes. She appeared on both the New York and London stages before going into pictures.

MRS. KATHERINE KIRK, OWASSO, MICH.—The picture you described was "The Singing Fool." Josephine Dunn was the blonde wife and Betty Bronson, the understanding little girl friend. Al Jolson sang "Sonny Boy" in the picture to little Davey Lee. Later Davey appeared in another picture titled "Sonny Boy" in which Edward Everett Horton and Betty Bronson also appeared. I guess that straightens the matter out, eh?

DORA, ALBANY, N. Y.—You can write to Tullio Carminati at the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. Tullio's next picture will be "Once A Gentleman." Lilian Harvey is the leading lady.

MRS. DORIS INGHAM, WINTHROP, MAINE.—Many other ladies have written to me asking the same question about Gene Raymond. The space here is too small to list all the pictures Gene has made since he made his movie debut. However, here's the recent ones: "Ann Carver's Profession," "Brief Moment," "The House on 56th Street," "Flying Down to Rio," "I Am Suzanne," "Coming Out Party," "Sadie McKee," and "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Watch for him next in "Behold My Wife" with Sylvia Sydney and "North Shore" with Barbara Stanwyck.

VIRGINIA ALLAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I'm inclined to believe that Roger Pryor did his own fighting in the picture "Belle of the Nineties." You can write to Roger at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

BETTY JANE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The song which was rendered so beautifully by a charming young lady in "Wagon Wheels" was "Estrellita" a Mexican song which means "Little Star."

"We're in town, honey"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

play an important part in
Fannie Hurst's most appealing
story since "BACK STREET"

with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in

"IMITATION OF LIFE"

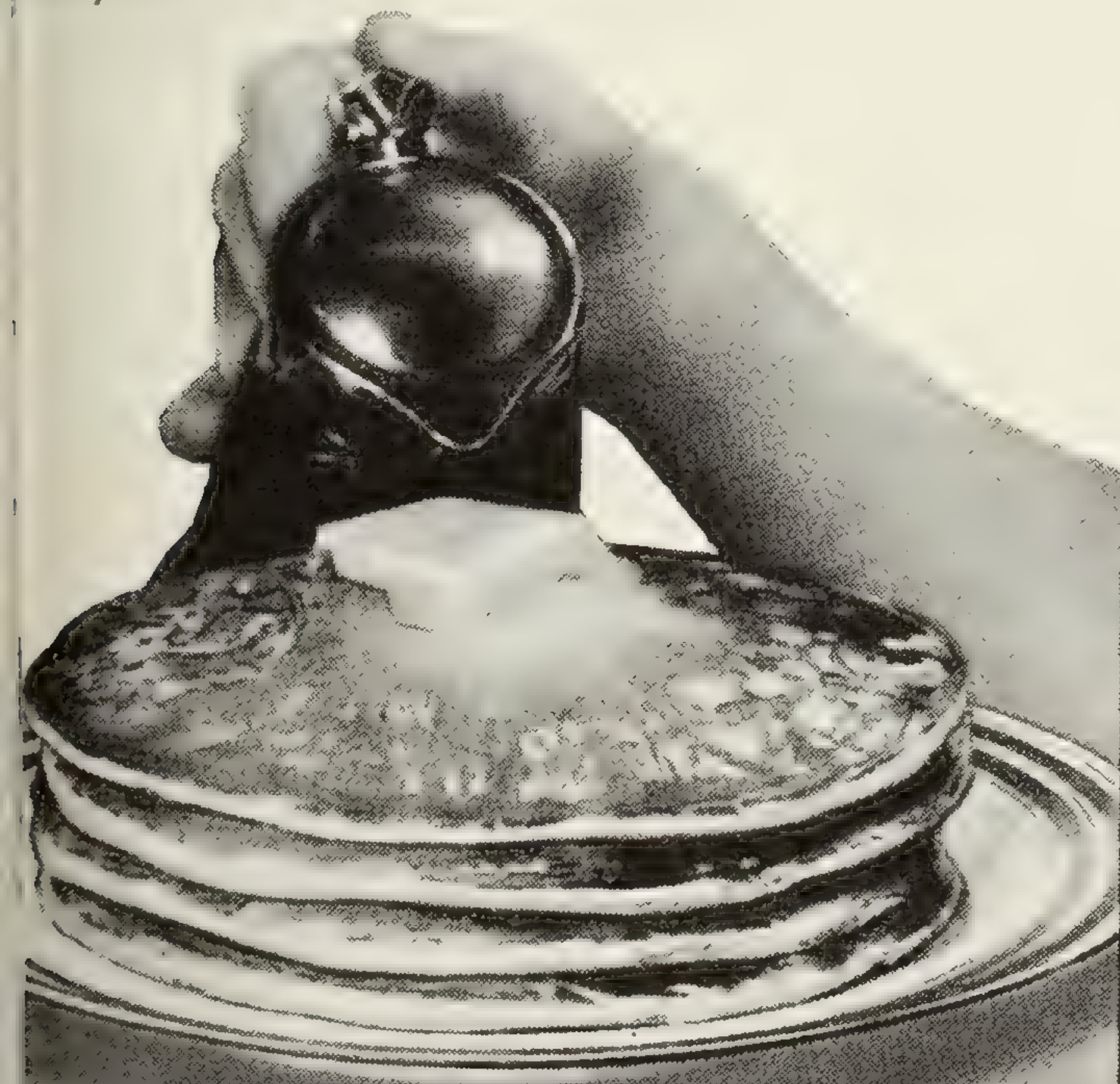
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

● WE'RE IN TOWN, HONEY! Yes ma'm! Even in Hollywood they came to old Aunt Jemima when they wanted real tender, light pancakes, for the great new feature picture, "Imitation of Life."

Now you can make the same delicious, soul-satisfying pancakes that spread Aunt Jemima's fame to every corner of the land. Just buy Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. We simply put into boxes her famous recipe in ready mixed form. Four kinds of flour, blended as only she could do. Other ingredients, jealously garnered in a life of service in the Old South.

Just add a cup of milk (or water) to a cup of Aunt Jemima's ready mixed flour. Stir it up. Drop on the griddle. Then, and only then will you know what we mean by "that old plantation flavor" in pancakes.

All grocers supply Aunt Jemima. Pancake Flour in the red package. Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. Order today for breakfast tomorrow.



\$9,000 CASH FREE!

2,562 separate awards—just
for coloring up a picture of
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

First Prize . . . \$1,000

Second Prize . . . \$250

1,279 other prizes,
totaling . . . \$3,250

Duplicate prizes for grocers

Get your entry blank at any
grocery store, or movie theatre
showing "Imitation of Life"



AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

that Old Plantation flavor

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Evergreen —GAUMONT BRITISH

JESSIE MATTHEWS, darling of the London stage, will entrench herself in the hearts of American movie-goers with this film. For she has a sweet voice, and does some of the best individual dancing you've ever seen. The picture tells the story of the daughter (Miss Matthews) of a once-famous comedienne, *Harriet Green*, who resembles her mother so closely that a publicity man hits upon the idea of billing her as *Harriet Green* making a sensational stage come-back after years in retirement. The hoax works—for a while. And it makes a merry and interesting story.

A good cast includes Sonnie Hale (Jessie Matthew's young husband), Betty Balfour, Barry Mackay and Ivor MacLaren.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head —UNIVERSAL

AS fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with a performance by Claude Rains that has seldom been touched on the screen. As a profound, intelligent pacifist and brilliant writer, *Paul Verin* (Rains) sells his mind to the unscrupulous publisher of a newspaper (Lionel Atwill) who betrays *Verin's* trust for munitions money. It is a straightforward revelation of what really makes war, with no temporizing. The man whose wife (Joan Bennett) as well as his brains have been used unscrupulously, has his revenge. Every performance in the large cast is unusually fine, and Claude Rains sets a new high mark for superbly sympathetic acting. The picture is unrelieved by comedy, and is apt to make you do a lot of thinking.

The Private Life of Don Juan —UNITED ARTISTS

WHAT happens when the world's champion lover loses his title and the ladies no longer smile upon him?

He turns to the security of his wife's waiting arms—if he is lucky enough to have a wife who will wait.

That, in substance, is the plot of "Don Juan." Douglas Fairbanks as the gay Lothario of Spanish tradition, but latterly a bit weary of climbing balconies as middle-age overtakes him, retires to the country to restore his waning energies.

The death of a pretender to his fame gives him the opportunity.

Returning to Seville, he finds he cannot stage a comeback. Even Merle Oberon, playing a dancer who once had thrilled to his love-making, repudiates him. He is denounced as an impostor by an entire Seville theater audience.

Abashed, he rejoins his long-suffering wife, Benita Hume.

It's a less audacious and agile Fairbanks than formerly, but he plays his rôle with convincing wistfulness. Binnie Barnes does a delicious bit as a bawdy inn wench. Merle Oberon's grace and charm are delightful, and in this made-in-England film, Producer Alexander Korda has recaptured, in atmosphere and treatment, the glamour of old Spain.

The Unfinished Symphony —GAUMONT BRITISH

WITH Franz Schubert's masterpieces, superbly played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, running throughout, the musical score alone puts this film on the "must" list for those who enjoy music. But in addition to being a rare symphonic treat, the picture tells well the tender love story of the young Schubert, and how he was inspired to write "The Unfinished Symphony." Hans Jaray plays the rôle of *Schubert* convincingly, and Helen Chandler, as the pawnshop girl who befriends him, is pleasing. But Marta Eggerth—lovely to look upon and with the voice of an angel—is the real delight of the film, in the rôle of *Lady Caroline*, Schubert's great love. Interesting to watch and a joy to listen to, this is a film well worth anybody's time.

Grand Old Girl —RKO-RADIO

THAT grand old trouser, May Robson, in another superfine performance, this time as a veteran high school principal, "Old Dynamite," militant and fearless when the morals of her pupils are threatened by a blind tiger sponsored by the town's shady political ring. Her crusade to wipe it out is the story, but it's richly laden with human incident and scenes that will recall your own school-days and the women who were the "second mothers" of your youth. There's sentiment enough and a tear or two in the tender tribute at the ending. Naturally, it's May Robson's picture throughout, but Etienne Girardot, Alan Hale and Mary Carlisle highlight an exceptionally excellent supporting cast. For everybody who ever went to school.

Night Life of the Gods —UNIVERSAL

IF you are the type who has tried to take a cow home in an elevator in one of your more playful moods, this is your picture. And if you are one of the many admirers of the late Director Lowell Sherman, you should not miss it. The trouble is that while Sherman knew what Thorne Smith's novel was all about, some of the players simply do not savvy the mad whimsey of their lines, or the mad whimsey of the whole business, in which a nut turns people to statues, brings statues to life.

The Gilded Lily —PARAMOUNT

SO pleased was Paramount studios with the results of the efforts of scenarist Claude Binyon and director Wesley Ruggles when this picture was run off that they have decided to make them a permanent producing team, after the fashion of Columbia's ace duo, Frank Capra and Robert Riskin.

The enthusiasm is a little premature, if this picture alone prompted the decision. True, there are very human touches throughout, not unlike the Capra-Riskin brand as revealed in "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill." But two very important elements which made both those movies masterpieces are totally

lacking here; namely, unexpected but logical story twists and a punch climax.

Claudette Colbert is engaging and convincing when she is a romance-hungry Manhattan working girl. But when they make her publicity-glamorous as the "No girl" (in a big mix-up she said "No" to an incognito English lord slumming about in New York) she doesn't register; nor does the story, which goes to pieces when it asks you to switch sympathies from the aristocratic lover (Ray Milland) who has been a perfect gentleman and lover and then for some obscure reason turns into a cad, to her old newspaper pal and exploiter (Fred MacMurray).

However, the lines are often pithy and the general standard of production and acting is high. Ray Milland seems destined to be a big favorite with the women and Fred MacMurray is unusually attractive and smooth in a hard-boiled reporter rôle.

Seventy-five per cent of this picture is top-notch entertainment, but it misses the Capra-Riskin plane by a sloppy last quarter.

Enchanted April —RKO-RADIO

IF you like out and out whimsey in your movies, you may like this frail little story of two women, one, Ann Harding, the deserted wife of Frank Morgan, a famous author, and the other Katherine Alexander, the "husband-pecked" wife of Reginald Owen. It is during the making of this picture the much publicized "dehydration" of Miss Harding occurred. It seems to also dehydrate her hats, which, along with Charles Judels, furnished the only comedy relief.

Princess Charming —GAUMONT BRITISH

ANOTHER version of the old story of the princess in distress—her country threatened by revolutionists, her advisors forcing her into a loveless marriage with an elderly king. She is, of course, rescued by a stern officer who falls in love with her in spite of himself. The lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon in the leading rôles, make it pleasantly romantic entertainment. But the story is threadbare, and the comedy touches are mostly old jokes to the average American.

The Night Is Young —M-G-M

YOU have met this plot before, but the music is different—a little different. Pleasant music by Romberg, sung agreeably by Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye, who is exquisite in some shots, badly photographed in others. It is a small-scale "Merry Widow" with the precious Charles Butterworth at his best. Other characters played by Una Merkel, Eddie Horton and Herman Bing, run true to form.

The Best Man Wins —COLUMBIA

WITH Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for its romantic triangle, under-seas adventures for its excitement, and Bela Lugosi its ever-menacing villain, this film holds



COURTESY BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES

Bette Davis, playing Lady Bountiful to her unseen guests and about to speak those welcome words, "Come and eat!" Bette's idea of a well appointed, well provided buffet supper table. And if anyone doesn't get right in there, it's because he or she has a glass arm, or wasn't invited

BUFFET SUPPER FOR EIGHT

FOR informal social gatherings, Bette Davis likes the idea of spreading a generous table and letting her guests do justice according to their own tastes. And so Bette has had arranged for you an ample repast, types of food to make friends feel hearty and happy.

Bette knows that when you give a party you must include two classes of food, one calculated to appeal to the masculine appetite, such as zesty cheeses, cold sliced meats and good coffee; the other of feminine taste like a hot creamed affair, canapes and salads.

Look at Bette's table and notice how everything is arranged for charm, ease and convenience. The piled plates hold napkins, the cups are ready for pouring and the knives and forks are yours for the taking. Candles lend the light of good cheer.

Bette thinks that every hostess who goes in for canapes and appetizers should equip herself with a set of cookie cutters in fancy shapes and a pastry bag. These gadgets enable you to put the fine edges on a job that would do credit to a *chef d'oeuvre*.

So, now for the food!

Here is a typical buffet supper menu:

The Informal, Help-Yourself Service is a Hollywood Institution

Canapes and appetizers
Hot creamed dish or variety of cold sliced meats
Cheeses and crackers
Salad
Coffee
Petit-fours or coffee cake
Bon-bons and salted nuts

Canapes: Use fresh, thinly sliced bread, cut in fancy shapes. Toast and butter lightly. Caviar, anchovy paste, any fish paste, deviled egg yolks, thinly sliced cheese or cheese spread and *pate de foi gras* are all delicious and encourage the appetite—the purpose, you know. If the *pate de foi gras* seems too expensive, try one of the varieties made of chicken livers instead of goose. They are excellent and you will find them in grocery and delicatessen stores. Cream cheese softened with a little cream and seasoned may be put through the pastry bag to give fancy borders and do-dads. Slices of olive, ripe or green, bits of pimento, parsley and tiny gherkins finish off your canapes in the grand manner.

Deviled eggs and stuffed celery or endive always fit well into the buffet supper plan, and here is a stuffed celery idea from Hollywood that goes over big.

Stuffed celery: Soften half a pound of cream cheese with a tablespoon of cream. Add liberal dashes of onion juice,

The End must justify the Creams!

★ ★ ★ ★ On that basis only do we counsel Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations . . . the application of Luxuria and its two famous attendant creams is not the end of the story but the beginning of a new chapter of romance . . . for between the operations of putting on and taking off they blend new beauty in! . . . first, *Luxuria* to cleanse and soften and prepare the skin for later loveliness . . . next, *Skin & Tissue Cream* to help tone up the muscles and smooth out tell-tale lines . . . and last, *Beautifying Face Cream* to clarify the shadows and give a radiant undertone for powder . . . three successive and successful steps that have brought new enchantment to many lovely women and are waiting to bring it to you.



first, *Luxuria* . . . 45c to \$2.75

next, *Skin & Tissue Cream*
85c to \$7.15

and last, *Beautifying Face Cream*
85c to \$7.15

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, INC.

323 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

Beauty Preparations

*Montreal
Paris
London*

paprika, salt, pepper and two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce. Finish with a smidge of horseradish. Mix well and stuff the celery which has been cleaned and then crisped in your ice-box.

Deviled eggs: This recipe gives twelve portions, so increase according to guests. Remove yolks from six hard-boiled eggs. Mash well with a silver fork and add one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of paprika, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon of prepared mustard. Soften slightly with a little French or mayonnaise dressing. Restuff the whites. On lettuce or watercress, this also makes a good salad.

Now it's time to get down to business and do some real cooking in that chafing dish. If you have a large party, this dish should be prepared in the kitchen, kept warm there and transferred to the chafing dish merely to facilitate serving. Chicken a la King is a choice on which you make no mistake. Everyone likes it and it is light enough to go well with the rest of your delights. Here is a recipe from a male star:

Chicken a la King: Serving for four, so you will need to increase accordingly. Canned chicken goes as well in this as fresh. Saute two-thirds cup of mushrooms in a tablespoon of butter for five minutes. Add two cups of thin white sauce, one and a third cups of chopped chicken, one tablespoon of minced pimientos and one tablespoon lemon juice. Heat thoroughly and serve on toast triangles.

Here is another good chafing dish idea.

Creamed Ham and Mushrooms: Saute the mushrooms as above, add the sauce and sub-

stitute ham, cut in small cubes, for the chicken. Add the pimientos, eliminating the lemon juice.

Provide two or three varieties of cheese, if possible. The yen for it grows keen around midnight. There are many grand imported and domestic varieties that you may never know about unless you walk boldly into a shop and ask. Serve dark bread or crackers with cheese.



Paulette Goddard looks well pleased with her success at getting Chaplin away from the studio long enough for a party at the Trocadero. With his picture in production, it's been all work and no play for Charlie lately

Bette has an affection for that gay little porker on her table who so obligingly dispenses olives. He is just as generous with tiny cocktail sausages, if you prefer to use him for that instead of olives. By the way, if you serve these, prepare plenty, for they go like the proverbial hot cake, and be sure to drain them well on brown paper first to remove grease.

While speaking of pigs, Sylvia of Hollywood has one that is a prize. He is small, brightly polka-dotted with a slot in his back for coins. A bank, but a different kind. The trick is to place him on the table when your family or a few friends have gathered for late bacon and eggs, or sandwiches and coffee, and should any erring person soil your cloth, into the pig must go a coin—for laundry charges. Only for very homey gatherings, of course, but lots of fun there.

A mixed salad is a perfect supper choice because it is easy to serve and does not detract the appetite from the heartier foods. Here you may use your own imagination, but include at least three salad varieties, such as lettuce, romaine, endive, chicory, watercress, etc. Chop in about one-inch pieces and serve with a French dressing. Much easier for serving and eating than the full leaf size.

As a final fillip to her table, Bette adds salted nuts, bon-bons and petit-fours. You may like to substitute coffee cake for the latter, and again if you will look around, you will find Swedish, Danish and other kinds in tempting combinations.

A great, big pot of hot coffee—at least two rounds for each—puts your guests in a warm, expansive mood, at which point everyone wants to tell you that your party has been just perfectly gra-a-a-nd.

Leaves of Absence

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Presents over, the steward brought in a real cake.

Afterwards, we went to the ship's movie. It was a wow, an old silent full of hokum; lots of gnashed teeth and clenched fists.

So far the weather's been on the muggy side, but Captain Toten promises that tomorrow we can break out our tropical whites.

September 1—

The War Department could learn a lot through a trip on the *Maunganui*—the bugler who wakens us has a repertory. Why doesn't the army scrap reveille and waken itself with "The Farmer in the Dell," "The Bells of St. Mary's," and "A Hunting We Will Go?" It takes the curse off rolling out.

Warm weather and a blue sky today as per the skipper's promise. A dance on deck in the afternoon turned out to be fun despite the few dancers.

CHIEF Steward Taylor admitted today that he hadn't been ashore in Papeete since his first voyage on this run some years ago. From what I've heard of Papeete, that takes character in a sea-farin' man.

September 2—

This morning we met and talked with Hall. His four-year-old daughter is with him and she and Florence struck up a great friendship. Hall told us many things about Tahiti and has us excited with the prospects of bicycling around it—eighty miles. Another thing he made us want to do is hike three hours inland to a place where there's a waterfall down which one can cascade into a deep pool. Here's my opportunity to lay forever a childhood desire to go over Niagara in a barrel.

September 3—

An unusually calm sea today, and a variety of fish sighted; flying fish, porpoise, a small sailfish that we heard the sailors call Spanish galleon (I wonder if they're the same fish as the Portuguese man-o'-war of the Mediterranean?).

Tonight they showed another silent picture, "The Whirl of Life." It was surprisingly good, well photographed and with astonishing crowd effects.

Ate my first bubble-and-squeak today. I was disappointed in this famed English dish of fried cabbage and potatoes. But what a name for any dish to live up to!

September 5—

Happy birthday to Florence!

We crossed the equator today and I hoped they'd have the King Neptune celebration I'd heard was part of the trip on every boat that crosses the line. Not that I wanted to see a lot of costumed people ducking other costumed people in the ship's canvas pool, but I wanted to tell Florence that I'd arranged it all in her honor. She'd have been greatly touched and not a little puzzled.

But the ceremony was never held, so I couldn't take a Hollywood bow.

September 6—

Just before going into dinner we saw the Southern Cross, the first time for any of us. Florence and I decided that we prefer the Big Dipper.

September 7—

Next to "Man overboard!" the most exciting cry at sea is "A whale!"

Today we sighted a whale. As a matter of

fact we not only sighted it, we skewered it.

We four were deck tennising when the cry went up, and when we rushed forward to where most of the pointing was going on we discovered that we were fast in an enormous rhinodon, or whale-shark. I offered to pay for whatever delay the ship might incur taking it aboard, but the officers said that our cargo booms were not strong enough to handle it. They estimated its weight about ten tons.

Jack was able to get several shots of the rhinodon with his Leica before we backed off and it sank. Hope they come out, a ship doesn't hit a rhinodon every day in the week.

September 8—

Up at five to see the sun rise over Tahiti. It was beautiful as nothing else shall ever be.

Coming alongside the quay was so thrilling I almost bawled. It was only about six then, but the bund was crowded with people afoot, on bicycles, and in ridiculous carts, as well as in cars, all waiting for this, the monthly boat. Florence whispered that it was almost like a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta with the houses painted on a superb backdrop. She expected the people ashore to burst into the opening chorus at any minute.

Papeete isn't squalid. We'd expected it to be from several accounts we'd had of it, but it seems charming and peaceful.

We're staying about twelve miles out at "The Plantation," a two-hundred-acre coconut grove smack on a lagoon. Phil and Florence could hardly wait to find a secluded spot, where, they bragged, they went swimming without suits.

After dinner—they serve coconut water with the meals—Fario, a native neighbor, her maid, and several boys came over in front of our porch and played guitars and sang. The natives are almost childlike in accepting one as a friend. Already the taxi driver whose car we've hired for our stay calls me Fredrique and acts as if we'd known each other for years. But without any offensive familiarity.

TONIGHT our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, brought us leis of beautiful and fragrant flowers, hibiscus, tiara tahiti, bougainvillea. If a Tahitian wears a flower behind the left ear it means, "I have a lover;" behind the right, "I want a lover;" flowers behind both ears mean, "I have a lover of whom I'm tired, and want another."

I've known all along that ears couldn't be just for hearing with.

September 9—

A quiet day: a drive further out into the country, a swim, a walk along the beach. How cheery the natives are; everyone you pass has a bright "Bon Jour." The French must be good colonizers.

September 10—

Up at six for a long day. In the morning, we all canoed out on the lagoon and watched the natives spear fish. They dive down and corner their quarry in the coral—a scratch from which, by the way, is highly infectious. When we swam, we gave the reef a wide berth. In the afternoon we went to the Bougainville Club for rum punches and to enjoy the festivities that attend the sailing of the eastbound steamer. Met Charles Nordhoff, Hall's collaborator. He has five or six children and told us of the tragic death of his five-year-old son.

The boy fell and scraped his nose, then developed lock-jaw.

Oh! Nordhoff tells us that there are only two rhinodon skins extant, that the rhinodon that the *Maunganui* ran down would have been worth (could I have heard correctly?) \$50,000!

September 11—

Phil, Jack and I spent most of the day wandering about in Papeete, while Florence stayed out at the Plantation talking native customs with Mr. Cook. He says that on his property is the altar at which Captain Cook witnessed a human sacrifice when he first visited the islands. The altar has been so identified by the Bishop Museum of Honolulu.

September 12—

Tomorrow is Jack and Phil's wedding anniversary, so after luncheon, Florence and I sneaked off to engage an orchestra. That done, we saw the chief of Punauia, the tribal district in which we live, and arranged with him for a *Paoa*, a tribal dance relating the story of Tahiti's gods.

After dinner we all went out on the lagoon in a canoe with a gasoline lamp, a harpoon, and a fish net that Jack whipped up out of old mosquito netting. The native canoes are called pirogues; they're dugouts about twenty feet long and would be unmanageable except for the outriggers.

THE water was still and clear and the fish rose to the light. Jack netted several small and colorful varieties, which we intend to preserve and take back for the Morgan and March kids.

September 13—

Happy anniversary to Jack and Phil!

After breakfast we had the presents, mostly native artifacts. There were *pareus* (native kilts), bracelets, hat bands made of strung Acacia seeds, a palm-frond basketful of shrimps from the cooks, paper-knives carved from fish swords, and a lugubrious human head made of a coconut. The head was weird, but quite realistic. Jack and I took several pictures of it.

Scudder Mersman, American Vice-Consul, and his wife had been invited out for the party in the evening and three other people wandered in and were asked to join us. They were introduced as our neighbors, Jim Franke, John Reison, and Mrs. Frances Purcell. The natives who were to entertain us arrived while we were still at dinner.

About ten, when the moon had risen over the lagoon, the *Paoa* started. In front of the buildings, the natives had enclosed a large circle in uprooted banana trees. In this, by the brilliant glare of a gasoline lamp, they danced. There was no instrumental music for the *Paoa*. The men chanted and slapped their knees and the ground while the chief danced and recited the main story. And there was a dance chorus whenever the old boy stopped for breath.

September 14—

This afternoon we drove eleven miles the other side of Papeete to the leper colony. Jack and Phil and I went in, but Florence refused to budge from the car. We who did go were badly shaken by what we saw. I was scared pink when the whole French hospital staff insisted on shaking hands!

Evidently the disease isn't as contagious as

we imagine it to be. We saw a baby born of leprous parents this very morning. The child won't have leprosy and is being sent out into a healthy home. But the period of incubation of the disease can extend up to six years, so for that long I'll be inspecting myself for spots at least three times daily.

Returning through Papeete we stopped for badly needed rum punches. At the Yacht Club we met Maury and Dickinson, two lads who'd sailed a thirty-five-foot yawl, the *Cimba*, all the way from New York. And that, for my dough, is adventure.

September 15—

Jim Franke and John Reison called for us at nine to take us out on the reef to get pictures of the natives spearing fish. We rode in three pirogues, the party including seven happy Tahitians, one a naked youngster of four, and Bryan Sheedy, a neighbor of Jim's.

The reef was about thirty feet wide where we were, and while it looks flat, one has to be alert for pot holes. The natives use spears and get the fish as they're washed over the reef. We stayed taking pictures until the waves started tearing over knee deep. Not long before, Jim Franke and Frances Purcell had been washed off and badly scratched up on the coral by just such waves, so Jim advised going. I think we were all a little nervous and more than ready to leave.

September 16—

WE lunched with Charlie Nordhoff at Levin Sohn's and had our first native meal: fish pickled in lime juice, breadfruit, baked fei (a kind of banana), yams, and papayas. I'm afraid neither of us went for it in a big way. Nordhoff tells us that Hall is away, leading an expedition from Honolulu's Bishop Museum in an attempt to scale Orohena, Tahiti's central peak, which is 7,000 feet high and has never been conquered.

Dinner at the Mersman's. One Bill Bainbridge told many stories of the *tupapus* (ghosts) in which he himself believes. He told of a Chinese who had unknowingly built a house over a spot where there'd once been a *morai* (a sacrificial altar). His first night of tenancy, he was awakened to find a ghost tribe in full war regalia seated around a ghost fire in his front yard.

He burned down the house and moved.

And the house Murnau—the man who produced the picture "Tabu"—lived in is supposed to be cursed. Murnau was killed in an automobile accident; the woman who next lived there committed suicide; the next tenant became an embezzler. Doug Fairbanks stayed there one night, when he was making "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." He moved out, they say, because Murnau's *tupapu* haunted him.

And now, darn it, I'm afraid to put out the light.

September 18—

Today, Jack and I went over to swim at Reison's beach, which is quite free from coral. Later we put on diving glasses and swam out to where we could submarine down and investigate nature. Pauline, one of the natives, showed us how to dive and bring up the huge oysters that are found inside the reef. You take a knife and sneak up on the oyster before he can snap shut. Then, zasss, and you have him in a vital spot and he can be cut loose.

Bryan Sheedy's house took five days to build and cost thirty-five dollars—furnished!

September 19—

Off to the neighboring island of Moorea on the *Maitiore*—the Morgans. Jim Franke, Frances Purcell, John Reison, Bryan Sheedy, Pauline, and we Marches.

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Jim forgot his luggage, but the *Maitiore's* skipper held up his scheduled sailing for an hour while Jim went back out into the country for it.

At Moorea we were met by the island's only taxi and taken in shifts to the only hotel, which is run by Moorea's best dancer, Tetua, and inhabited, when there is no paying guest, by a prodigious number of her relatives. Tetua surrendered her room to Jack and Phil, and her grandmother moved out for us. Evidently Grandma didn't like our looks, because she took her valuables with her.

About noon the dancers for the great native feast we'd arranged began to arrive and soon the orchestra—an empty gas can and two guitars—was tuned up and rarin' to go.

RAU, Tetua's aunt, led the women's *Otea*. Leadership of the dance is inherited, and Tetua will become leader on her aunt's death.

After the women's *Otea*, the men did one, then there were two mixed dances, a *Paoa* and a dance pantomiming the voyage of a great canoe.

The dancing over, we watched them preparing the feast. There'd been a fire burning in a pit all day, and now they put things on the coals, a suckling pig, fish wrapped in leaves, breadfruit, yams. While it was cooking we *popas* (white people) went off for a swim.

When we returned we discovered that we had an addition to our party, Tito Wessell, a Dane, of distinguished family, who lives on Moorea.

For the feast a "table" was laid the length of the floor, a carpet of ferns and flowers. Draped with flowers, we sat cross-legged and ate with our fingers from coconut shells and grass baskets. The shells are filled with a sauce of coconut cream and lime juice into which one dips one's food. Fortunately, they pass a towel at the end of each course.

AS soon as the eating was over, informal dancing and plain and fancy drinking started outside. The natives are not too good company when they get tight, and the evening ended with a twelve-year-old boy whaling the tar out of his screeching girl.

September 20—

The Morgans and the Marches and all the children on Moorea spent the morning hunting scorpions. We found two and Jack insisted that if ringed with fire they'd commit suicide. They were; and they didn't. So we popped them into a jar of alcohol to take home to the kids.

After lunch we drove around the island to call on Lew and Marcella Phillips, the former Marcella Gump, of San Francisco, to whom we had letters. As we were leaving, they invited us to return and spend the week-end and we accepted.

On the way back to the hotel we stopped at Tito Wessell's and everyone was invited there for Sunday dinner. Florence and I had a marvelous ride in Tito's jog cart.

September 21—

To lunch with a native woman, Tatamata, and her erstwhile jazz band leader, Mike Fogel. Tatamata showed us a famed heirloom, an ironwood spear that a Tahitian god threw from Tahiti to Moorea where it made a large crater.

After lunch, Florence and I rode over to the Phillips and settled for the week-end. Jack and Phil are staying at Tito's.

September 22—

Lew, Tito, Jack, and I spent the better part of the day aboard the fishing launch *Moorea*, which belongs to Zane Grey but is under

charter to Tito. Jack and I occupied the two swiveled fishing chairs.

Before we'd been out long, I had a strike. And what a strike! But magnificent!

In fact it was too good. Something hit my line like a French 75 and snapped off my leader, lure, and about a hundred and fifty feet of 39-strand line—the heaviest sports fishing line made!

Later, Jack got a beautiful dolphin that gave him a fast fight but was brought to gaff in a comparatively short time.

The *Moorea* has twin engines. It's a safety measure. Lew Phillips once was adrift for seven days in a single-motored launch that had broken down.

This evening, we, the Phillips contingent, went down the lagoon to Tito's where we dined on Jack's dolphin, then sang and danced to native music until eleven.

September 23—

More fishing.

Today, I was the fisherman—if you can call an eight-pound barracuda a catch. It looked sort of minnow-y to me.

We returned to discover that Florence, Phil, Marcella and half the natives of Lew's household had fished a small stream and caught a number of *feiao*, a small but delicious fish. To bed early. We get up at four to fish for bonita with the natives from pirogues.

September 25—

For Tahiti on the *Maitiore*. We had a rough twelve miles and landed at Papeete just before a heavy blow. Ashore, we were told that there'd been a cable waiting us since Saturday. With trembling knees—we were sure something had happened to the kids—we called for it. It was about twenty dollars worth of congratulation from Sam Goldwyn on the fit of my uniform in "We Live Again."

Off to the Yacht Club for refreshments and to listen to the "Coconut wireless," the Papeete term for gossip.

Charlie Nordhoff is lending Jack and his fishing launch tomorrow. His boatman is to pick us up at a point about thirty miles beyond The Plantation at six A. M.

September 26—

We drove to where Nordhoff's launch was to pick us up and arrived at the appointed time. But after we'd waited two hours and there was still no boat we started back. About half way we sighted the 22-foot craft, running close in, and hailed her, wading in up to our waists to board her. The boatman had overslept.

WE fished for a while inside the reef, then put out through a swirling twenty-foot channel. Outside we were caught by a blow that made it impossible to navigate the treacherous passage back in and had to run nine miles for a lee shore. One pitch of the launch caught me off my sea legs and I came up against the opposite gunwale on my schnozz. *Quelle pain!*

Things began to look mighty doleful after we'd shipped the best part of one particularly huge wave and we were plenty glad to reach Papeete still afloat.

September 27

Fished today from the *Sky Blue*, another of the Zane Grey boats and under charter to Aysel Wichfeld, the present tenant of the Murnau house.

We hadn't been out long before I got my hook into something that stripped off about two hundred feet of my line before the boatman killed the motor. Then for some minutes I gained and lost line in short lengths while Jack and Aysel wondered aloud as to what I was battling. Finally Aysel broke down and

asked the boatman what *he* thought I had.

"A rock," the fellow answered quite casually.

It ended with him diving down and clearing my tackle. In the afternoon Jack got a tuna of about fifty-five pounds.

September 28—

Out on the *Tahiti* today. This is the third of the Zane Grey boats down here and is under charter to Jasper Moore, our host for the day.

Florence and Phil came with us this time and Florence was taken with an active case of *mal de mer*. In all fairness to her, I don't think it was that that kept us from getting a strike.

Even if we didn't make a catch, it's pleasant just to sit and hope and doze. I wish I could hold the line with my toes as some of the natives do. In their pirogues they make amazing catches. Lew Phillips once came across an islander about nine miles out and going hell-bent behind a tuna. The man's hands had been burned to the bone trying to handle his line, but he wouldn't cut loose.

Together he and Lew landed Mr. Tuna; something like 160 pounds.

WHEN we got back we discovered that Aysel on the *Sky Blue* had taken a 250-pound swordfish. Sorry to have missed the sport.

September 30—

Yesterday was a twenty-four-hour day.

During the better part of it we fished off the *Tahiti*, again without luck. For dinner we went to the Yacht Club, and there met a Frenchman, Count de Ganay, his wife and his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. van den Broek. They're circling the world on their yacht, the *Korrigane*. A party was whipped up out of almost nothing and it lasted so late that we voted to drag it out until dawn, as the Morgans and the Marches wanted to see the opening of the market.

At three, the count was the only member of the *Korrigane's* party with us. And at four he had more zip than anyone else. He had so much zip that he suggested borrowing one of the public busses parked near the marketplace and going for a ride. We piled in and he started her up; a grating of gears, a leap, and we'd piled into the bus ahead with nasty results to numerous fenders. But the bus driver, who'd been asleep in the back seat, didn't complain a bit, and we left commenting on the remarkable placidity of the native temperament.

By now the market was showing signs of life and we made our tour. The thing I remember best is the deposed native queen's cook. He is, believe it or not, what my father calls a sissy-boy. I almost died watching him mince from stall to stall, pinching the vegetables and paying for his purchases out of a woman's handbag, which he carried with his arm extended in much the same way I might tote an over-ripe piece of cheese. So they have 'em even in Tahiti!

WE spent most of the morning sleeping and taking aspirin.

This morning we went aboard the *Korrigane* and had an amusing story from Countess de Ganay. She'd returned aboard last night to learn that one of their sailors was in the local brig. Then, this morning, the police had called "regarding the man on this ship who misbehaved last night." She, thinking they meant the sailor, said:

"That man is always in trouble. I want you to teach him a lesson. I want you to keep him locked up all the time we are here."

Of course, it was the count that the coppers were after. He'd neglected to mention the bus episode.

He wasn't juggled, but he did pay a 400 franc fine.

October 1—

Today I went out in a pirogue with one of the natives and saw a six-foot shark—inside the reef. Cook says it's the biggest he's ever heard of inside. The natives hate sharks so fiercely that when they hook and catch one they prop its mouth open with a stick wedged endwise between the roof of the mouth and the lower jaw and throw it back alive. The shark drowns, of all things!

October 3—

I've just made an exciting purchase. Henry Rosin, a sculptor who lives down here, has a torso of a native woman on exhibition at Chicago's Century of Progress. He showed me some of his other work and a photograph of Torso of Tehiva. I was so impressed that I bought the original work. It's to be delivered to me in California at the close of the fair.

October 5—

We've hired bicycles and spent several hours riding out into the country. The coastal belt is flat enough to make excellent cycling, and we're all sorry that we never got around to cycling the island as Hall suggested.

October 6—

Mail from the states today!

We went down to see the boat come in, feeling like old inhabitants. Afterwards each of us read everyone else's mail; and there were magazines and papers that assumed a much greater importance than they'd ever had at home.

October 7—

Bill Bainbridge and the Mersmans came out for lunch, which seemed to be mostly rum punches. Afterwards we tried climbing coconut trees *a la native*, with the feet joined up with a short piece of rope. From my indifferent success, I should say that I haven't any native blood. Bill Bainbridge has. He was divorced by his first wife when she discovered that his grandfather had eaten her grandmother at a cannibal feast in the old days, he claims.

October 8—

We sailed at six. In the early sun the island was even more beautiful today than on the day of our arrival.

Good-bye, Tahiti!

The Well-Dressed Young Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

Now that we've dispensed with formal clothes, the rest is mostly a matter of dots and dashes. To avoid confusion with Western Union, I'll make it pin-points and checks.

Those are the smartest predominating designs, and it will be wise to keep that in mind when browsing about at your favorite haberdasher's. Suits, socks, shirts, ties—just about everything smart is covered with pin-points or checks. Plain colors and plaids hold a perennially secure second place, however.

Royal Irish poplin ties in pin-points head my own private list of neckpieces. They come in all shades and top off a sharkskin suit like nothing else. Sharkskins are growing more every day in popularity. They make up in double breasted models better than any cloth I can think of, wear like iron, and lower the pressing bill to a welcome minimum.

AND by the way, if you're planning a new suit, don't be afraid to have it snug about the middle. Except for sports coats, the tailoring



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is growing more and more trim. For trousers insist on a twenty-one and a half inch knee, an eighteen and a half inch bottom and an inch and three-quarter cuff.

And if your tailor presses the pleats out instead of toward the middle, it's grounds for justifiable homicide. Pleats are to remove any possible peg-top effect. Outgoing pleats enhance a peg.

Two things seem to be with us for keeps—the snap brim hat and the tab shirt. Hom-burgs come and go, but the snap brim goes on forever. The latest model is the Tyrolean peak snap brim in rough wool-felt with a sizeable and brilliant feather in the rear. They're in all colors, but the smartest dressers will stick to gray and brown.

Tab shirts, of course, come in colors, stripes and small figures. The newest ones are in pastel shades, with ties to match. But be careful of your color choice, and remember that a tab can look like the wrath of Jehovah if it's too tight to the neck.

No pins are necessary for tabs, naturally—but the general edict of the fastidious is strictly

against any other type of soft collar ends flying in the breeze. A plain gold safety pin will do nicely to reef them down, although with a sport outfit, I suggest a novelty which is one of my present prizes and joys. It's a gold collar pin and cuff link set, shaped like a miniature bridle bit, with sapphires set in the ends. Somehow it puts me in the right mood for a sporty afternoon.

Or maybe it's that new tan plaid coat which just came over from London. In a soft Shetland tweed, loose and easy, with an inverted pleat in the back and patch pockets it's just about the most comfortable and yet stylish jerkin I've enjoyed in years.

You can maintain style with comfort!

Wear it over gray flannel trousers or slacks, and brown suede shoes, which, by the way, have graduated from the strictly theatrical class—so don't be afraid to flash them on that week-end in the country.

I have overcome all such modest fears. A few weeks ago I flashed my new tan, blue and white plaid dressing gown on an unsuspecting host and got by with it. It was a risk at that,

because this new number has a very serviceable attached scarf gadget with ties around the neck to fill that draughty vent in most dressing gowns. He might easily have grabbed that and *garroted* me, if the sight displeased him.

LOOKING just a month or so ahead, I think you'll find double breasted colored linen coats being worn more this spring and summer than ever. I have two just over from London. One dark blue and one tan. They go over white serge trousers with tiny blue checks and tan checks respectively. And, if you can stand it, the right kind of a shirt for this ensemble is a new "twilled zephyr." Not as bad as it sounds, though. They're something like a French flannel.

Someone once wisely advised me thus, "If you want to be well dressed, forget about your clothes after you've put them on."

That's good advice. But I'd like to twist it a bit to add, "If you want to be well dressed *don't* forget about your clothes *before* you put them on."

That's just as important.

Sylvia's Ideals for Lovely Back, Hands and Arms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

be beautiful unless you're healthy. The two go together like ice cream and cake (but don't let me catch you eating any!)

Look at Ann Dvorak's back. How's that for an inspiration? Her back is in correct proportion from the hip to the shoulder. It is lean, straight and clean cut. It is free from those two awful lumps of fat just above the hips (where those cute little dimples should be) and there isn't any "old woman bump" on the back of her neck. Besides, Ann has a very determined back.

Now you girls who bend over a typewriter all day—don't give me that stuff that you can't keep your back straight. That's bunk. As a matter of fact laboratory work is one of Ann Dvorak's hobbies so she sits humped over a microscope. But look at that nice straight back.

YOU want a nice back like that? I thought so. Okay, babies, here's how! Start to work at once to take off and keep off those two lumps of flesh just above the back of the hips. Stand with your feet straight and about a foot apart. Put your arms above your head. Turn slowly at the waist and slowly lower your torso, twisting your back until you can feel those two lumps of fat moving and pulling as you bend over. Bend until your fingers touch the floor at the left side of your body about a foot and a half from your toes. Now stand up straight and repeat on the right side. But all the time as you're bending over twist and turn slowly until the old spinal column is doing nip-ups. And pull that excess flesh right off your back. Relax now. I'll give you an A for effort!

You've got to have a straight spine. Did you hear me? I say you've *got* to have a straight spine. If you don't have one you'll be lazy, sluggish. Your brain won't work. Your blood won't circulate. So straighten up. And keep straightened up.

No, I don't mean that you have to walk like the whole parade of the wooden soldiers.

You must relax without slumping. And it can be done. When you sit, sit up straight but in an easy, poised manner.

And now to cure that "old woman's bump" on the back of your neck. Some people call it "the student's bump." Whatever you call it, it's still a bump and there's no need of its being there. No, not even if you do bend over a typewriter or a desk all day long. Here's how to get rid of it.

You know those Christmas tigers you see in toy store windows. You know how they nod all day and throw their necks out? That's the exercise for that bump. Loosen it up, relieve the tension on those nerves by throwing your neck out and nodding your head fifteen or twenty times during the day. And here's a way to rest your back from typing. You can do it even if the boss is looking. Put your elbows on your desk. Put your head in your hands. Lean forward. Take a deep breath and as you do move and wiggle your spine as a cat does just as he's dropping off to sleep. Exhale. Repeat this about ten times. You've no idea how marvelous it will make you feel and how rested your back will be.

But the greatest back strengthener of all is this one. Sit on the floor, legs out in front of you, knees together, hands at your sides. Relax. Now twist and wriggle your spine as slowly you bend over in an attempt to touch your forehead to your knees.

That will put pep in you. I'm telling you. I know!

Now take a look at Karen Morley's arms. Then take a look at your own. Uh-huh, I thought so. You'd like to get right to work and make your own arms as lovely as hers, wouldn't you? Well, I'm going to show you how you can.

KAREN'S arms are lovely. They are lean but firm—and that's the secret of beautiful arms. They must be firm. Also the upper arm must be in proportion to the lower arm. I could scream when I see women who have

enormous forearms and skinny upper arms. If they knew how terrible they looked they'd get to work and do something about it. And as for that flabbiness that so many women have under their arms—well, that makes me actually wild. And again I will tell you what I've told you so many hundreds of times that when you diet to reduce you must exercise, too. If you don't your muscles will be flabby and your arms will look like old wet wash rags.

But I've got an exercise for you—one that will keep your arms in perfect condition, will give them good proportions and make the muscles firm. Every night and every morning do this: Sit in a chair in front of a bedpost. Around the post put a good strong belt. Now, with the ends of the belt held in your hands as if you were driving a horse and buggy, make exactly those movements. Pretend that the bedpost is an unruly horse. Pull on the belt back and forward. You can feel all the muscles in your arms tightening up and that's right. But remember this—use your common sense. Don't pull too hard or you'll make muscles. Pull just hard enough to *tighten* the muscles but not hard enough to make them. Do this exercise night and morning for three or four minutes at a time and I guarantee that you'll be amazed at how lovely your arms will become.

BUT just as I said last month about feet and legs—no arm is really lovely unless it is set off by a beautiful hand. And for nice hands look at Karen Morley's. There's a pair of hands which show sensitiveness, dependability and artistic inclination. The hands express your personality. They show as much of your soul as your eyes do—and don't ever let anybody tell you differently.

In the old country all the famous beauties slept every night with their hands cold creamed and wearing loose chamois gloves. And it was considered the mark of very bad taste to go out on the street without gloves.

Well, you girls, take that tip from the old country, even in summer wear loose cotton gloves. If you don't your hands will burn or have ugly freckles on them.

Grand hands are lean but not scrawny. They have tapering fingers and the nails are never exaggerated. That's another thing I like about Karen Morley's hands. Her fingernails are not exaggerated. She doesn't look as if she were about to claw somebody to death. Instead, her hands look capable as if she could do something else with them besides pose. I like that.

You must do away with big, enlarged finger joints. This is caused by alkali, and alkali settles wherever circulation is bad, so the way to relieve these over-developed joints is to get blood circulating in the hands. First of all, with the thumb and middle finger of one hand press and squeeze and roll the finger joints of the other hand letting the other thumb rest in the middle joint. Then, a dozen or more times a day, whenever you think about it, stretch your fingers, curving them as you do so. Stretch them again and again until you feel the blood tingling in your hands. You can make your fingers taper by moulding them with the thumb and forefinger.

And listen, you mothers, when your little girls snap their knuckles and think they're being smart, don't laugh. Stop them at once. It's better for them to play in the mud than to crack their knuckles. You can wash the mud off. But you can't—when they're grown young ladies—wash off enlarged knuckles.

And here's something very important to remember. When you're talking, keep your hands in repose. Make very few gestures and let every gesture mean something. Don't—for heaven's sake!—stutter with your hands and don't be vague unless, of course, like ZaSu Pitts, you make your living by doing goofy things with your hands.

I treated ZaSu for a long time. She could always make me laugh by the way she used her hands, yet in reality they are very beautiful, very well formed hands. So take a lesson from her and use your hands only in a graceful, purposeful manner.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

Will you please tell me if tapioca pudding is fattening? I'm very fond of it but will not eat unless you tell me to do so.

M. K., Chicago, Ill.

If you want to weigh a ton, eat tapioca pudding every day. Seriously, lay off tapioca pudding until you're exactly the weight you want to be. And then eat of it only sparingly. Since you're very fond of it, I don't want to be too hard on you so save it for special occasions like birthdays.

Dear Sylvia:

My little girl doesn't like raw cabbage. I'd like her to eat it because I know it's good for her. How can I get her to eat it?

Mrs. R. McC., Detroit, Mich.

That's easy. Cut the cabbage very fine. Then mix it with grated apple. All children like apples. The combination is delicious. Cabbage are wonderful foods and body builders. I first put in more apples than cabbage and then increase on the cabbage. Before she knows the little girl will really like the cabbage.

Back-of-Hand-Test Shows how New Face Powder Softens Features

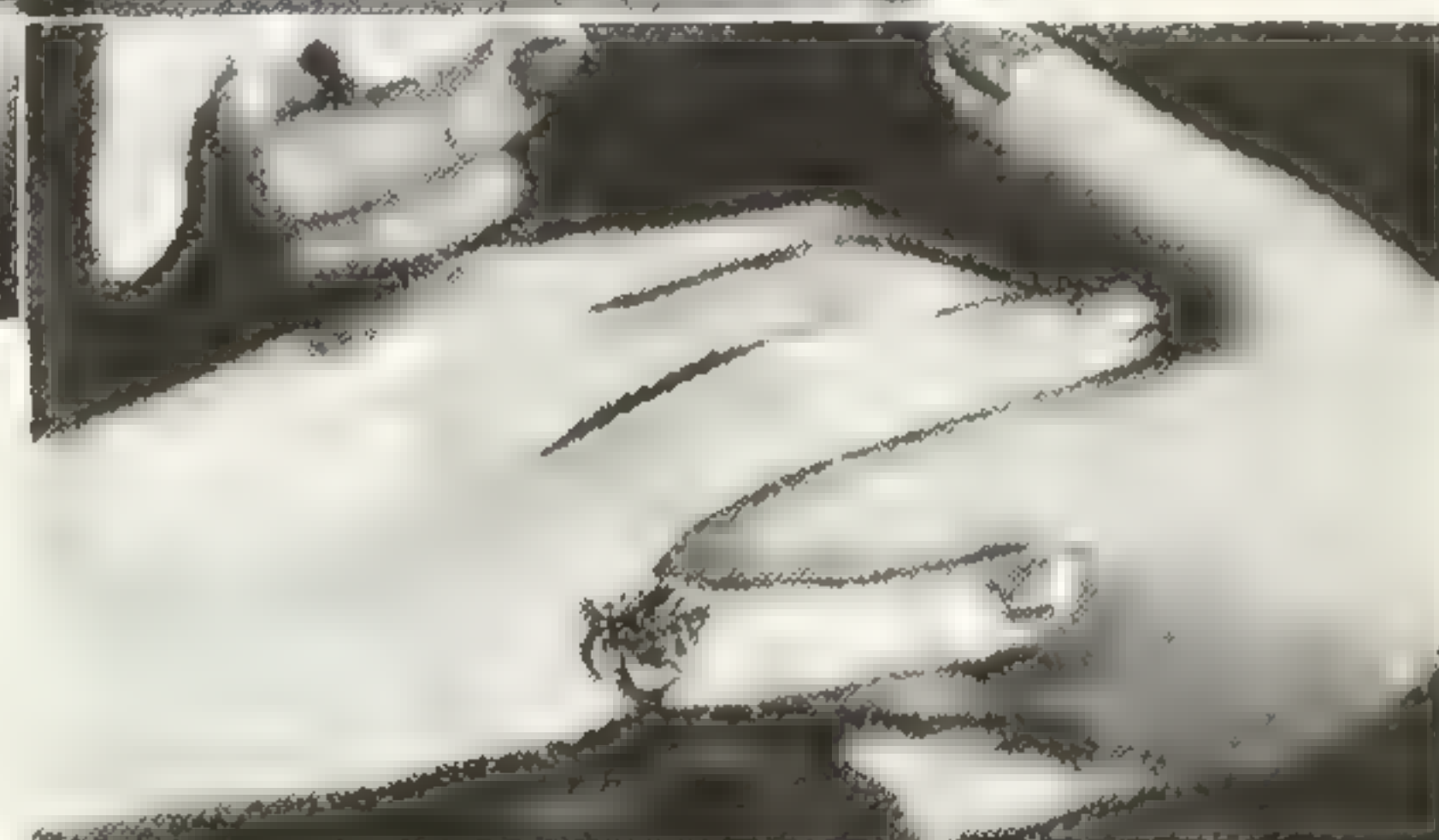


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The first face powder that goes beyond beautifying your complexion—that actually softens and youthifies your entire face!

It's really a *new kind* of face powder with the tenderly soft effect of a soft-focus photograph! It's sifted 3 times through microscopically fine silk. The texture thus achieved is of incredibly downy softness—of infinitesimal fineness! On the back of the hand—this *new* powder shows dramatically its ability to soften contour as well as skin! On the one hand, powder *before* silk-sifting intensifies roughness. On the other hand, silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder makes the skin look satin-smooth—and the ridges and cords beneath the surface seem literally to melt away!

Try this test yourself! Contrast any powder that is not silk-sifted with this *new* Evening in Paris powder. Hold your two hands before you, and you'll marvel at the difference! You'll hurry to try this wonderful new powder on your face. And then you'll see a tenderly glowing new loveliness—not only of complexion—but of feature—you'll rediscover a younger you!



Before SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder, when spread over the back of the hand, looks rough—coarseness of skin is intensified. Vigorous rubbing reveals that powder does not cling well.



After SIFTING THROUGH SILK

Powder—after sifting 3 times through silk—looks soft and smooth. The ridges on the hand disappear. It clings much better. Try this test yourself—using any powder, and the new Evening in Paris silk-sifted powder.

**JUST FOR NOW!
A \$2.10 VALUE
FOR \$1.10**

1. **EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER**
Full-size box of this new, silk-sifted face powder. Retail value **\$1.10**
 2. **EVENING IN PARIS PERFUME**
Known the world over as fragrance of romance! Value . . . **65c**
 3. **EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE**—For lasting radiance. Value . . . **35c**
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Evening in Paris + **BOURJOIS**

GARY COOPER

PICKS THE

Honest Lips

IN INTERESTING TEST



HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



PopularScreen Star tells why he prefers the Tangee Lips



● "Honest lips!" That's Gary Cooper's forthright, masculine way of putting it. And lips that are painted

don't look honest to men. Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't, because it isn't paint. Instead, it makes them soft, rosy, appealing. Based on the magic Tangee color-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural color of your lips.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But as you use it, it changes to the one shade of rose that is your own best color. Try Tangee. You can buy it for \$1.10 or 39 cents for the smaller size. You'll probably want the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, too. To get it, send 10 cents with the coupon below.

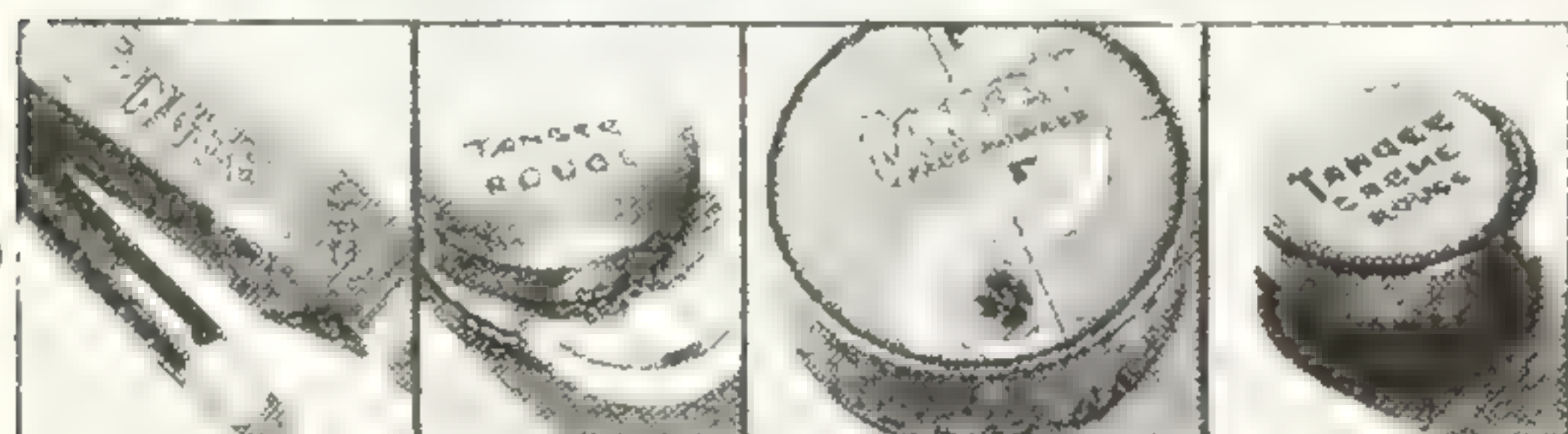
• Gary Cooper, making the lipstick test between two scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night," a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY P35
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago



ENID BENNETT

ENID BENNETT in this issue was looking for a kangaroo. It seems the little lady hailed from Australia and there Kangaroo steak was on her regular diet. But no zoo in the country would accommodate her. "The Technique of Lovers" was an article by Clara Kimball Young. Among the screen lovers whose technique she described was a youngster named Edmund Lowe. According to Clara, Eddie "typified youthful sincerity." Her favorite was Paul Capellani who played with her in "Camille." One of the cutest photographs this magazine ever published was in the roto section of this issue: a portrait of Mary Marsh Arms, eight-month-old daughter of Mae Marsh. The child is nearly sweet sixteen now, and has a brother ten years old, a sister seven. Mae is still in pictures, too.

You'll see her soon in the Fox Film, "Bachelor of Arts." The Gish sisters were having a good time—Lillian was directing Dorothy's latest film while D. W. Griffith took a vacation. And Dorothy was being bossed all around the lot! Gloria Swanson's marriage to Herbert K. Sornborn was announced in a small paragraph tucked away in the Cal York column. La Swan-

son's marital excursions weren't front page news in those days! Among the best pictures of the month were "The Greatest Question," a Griffith production with Lillian Gish, Robert Harron and George Fawcett; "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore; "Red Hot Dollars," starring Charles Ray; Gordon Griffith and Lewis Sargent in "Huckleberry Finn." The lady on the cover, Alice Joyce.

10 Years Ago

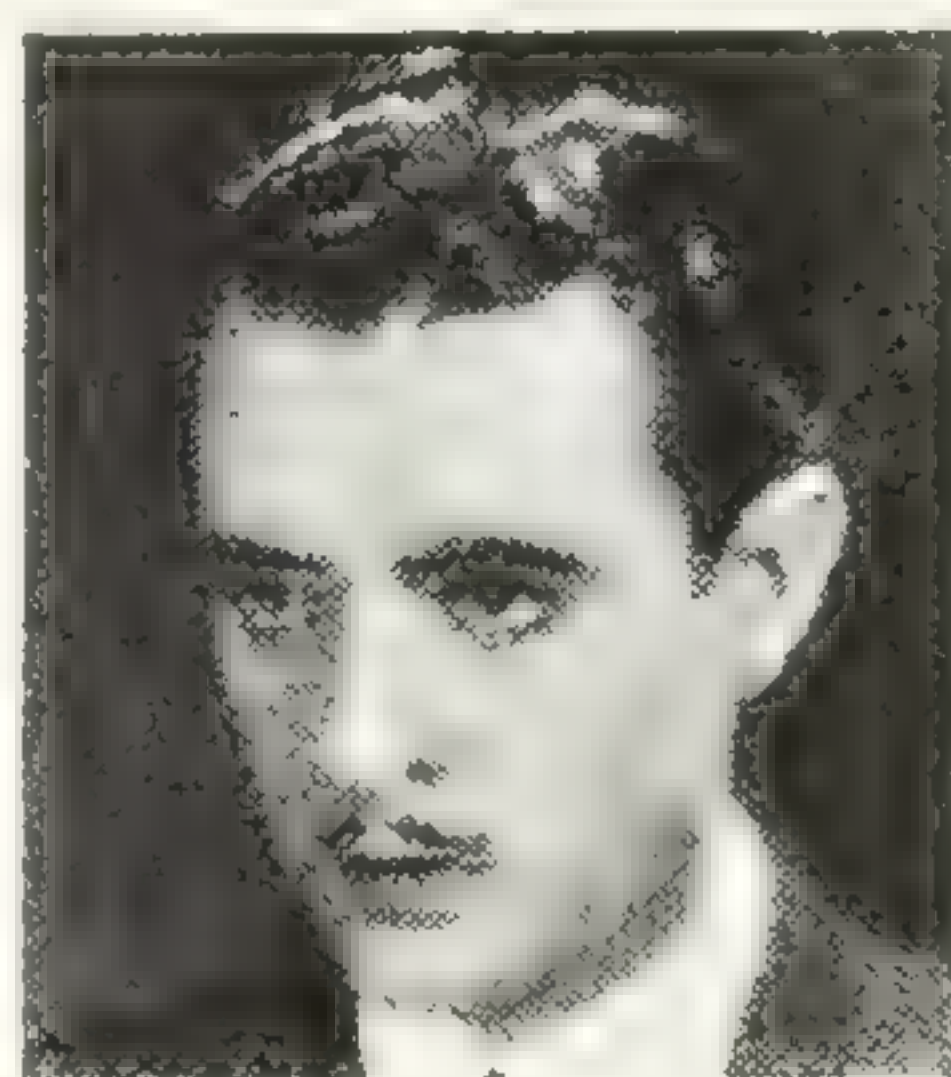


GEORGE O'BRIEN

TEN years ago the "catch" of Hollywood, according to a story by Ivan St. Johns, was George O'Brien. George had just finished "The Dancers" with Alma Rubens, and was one of Hollywood's most promising young actors. He remained uncaptured until 1933, when he married Marguerite Churchill, and they are still living happily ever after. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost had recently married. They were divorced in 1927, and Mr. Harlan has married twice again since then. Edna Murphy, popular star at the time, in an interview said she would never marry an actor. Reason: when she married she wanted her husband to be all hers. She married a director, Mervyn LeRoy in 1927, and they were divorced in 1932. Ironically, Edna's last film was "Forgotten

Women," made four years ago. Pearl White, daredevil actress, had left Hollywood and, of all things, had gone on the stage, in Paris. The crossword puzzle rage was on, Madge Kennedy the champion. Valentino had just hired a stand-in (something new in movies.) His name was Don Alvarado. He later became an actor in his own right, and stand-in since has become a popular way for entering films. The best motion pictures of the month were: Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan;" Colleen Moore, Wally Beery and Ben Lyon in "So Big;" "A Thief in Paradise," with Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon, Aileen Pringle, and Alec B. Francis; Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore in "The Narrow Street;" Pola Negri's "East of Suez;" Raymond Hatton in "The Devil's Cargo." Bessie Love cover.

5 Years Ago



JOHN GILBERT

AN editorial lamented the fact that the microphone's demands had forced John Gilbert off the screen, and expressed the hope that some day engineers would stumble onto a way to do justice to voices like Gilbert's. With his recent appearance in "The Captain Hates the Sea" it looks like the engineers have done their stuff. A secret ballot by PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff was conducted to determine who was the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Results: Hollywood's prize beauty, Corinne Griffith; the loveliest for youthful beauty, Loretta Young; for classic beauty, Greta Garbo. A long article described the beautiful home of Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Their happiness was brought to a tragic end the following September by the

death of Milton. The disaster of the planes which crashed during the filming of the Fox film, "Such Men Are Dangerous," was graphically described in this issue. Ten Hollywood men were killed, among them Director Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor. "Second Thoughts on Matrimony" was an interview with Dorothy Mackaill, in which she described the type of man she wanted to marry. Her marriage later to Neil Miller lasted but a short while. Best films of the month: "Anna Christie," Garbo's first talkie; Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady;" Chester Morris and Betty Compson in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa;" ZaSu Pitts, Lilyan Tashman in "No, No, Nanette." Girl on the cover, Joan Crawford.

Don't Love Me!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

though. One of them, Sister Mary Clemente, was the nearest to a woman friend I ever had. I don't think she quite understood my problems because they were so far removed from the cloistered safety of her own experiences, but she had the broad tolerance that comes from lifelong association with the alleviation of pain and the sweetness of a perhaps frustrated mother-love. All of the girls were her children but I, perhaps because I was the most troubled of the lot, was the object of her special affection.

And there was Dr. Walter Swartout, a man as big as all outdoors and just as clean. He was on the staff of the hospital and he gave lectures to the student nurses on pathology.

Once he was showing me how to put a splint on one of the dummy figures we used for bandaging practice.

"You're a fine nurse around a dummy, Rachel," he said, "but I don't know how you're going to make out on live patients. The women aren't going to like you because you'll be forever distracting the attention of their doctors. Half the fun of being sick for a woman is having a man to tell things to that they hadn't ought to. And the men are never going to get well after having you around for a day or so. I don't know if I would myself. You've got the kind of a figure that will make even a sick man think you're wasted in a bedroom just taking blood-pressure when you might better be raising it."

HE was only teasing me—I've known him since I was five and he vaccinated me on my thigh where he said it would never show. He was wrong, but how could he foresee the costume I wore in "Madame Sultan?" What he said about my career as a nurse, however, turned out to be only too true.

After I had been through my apprentice training and had been put on floor duty I had a great deal of trouble. Nothing that you could put your finger on and complain about—just a general uncomfortableness of conditions. I was a good nurse for anybody who was unconscious or in desperate pain because I knew my stuff and my hands were more skilful than most. But my patients, when they began to get well, found fault with me if they were women and refused to take me seriously if they were men.

Student nurses handle all routine work in the wards and private rooms in the Mercy Hospital. Some patients, of course, have special graduate nurses on one or two shifts, but in Muskegon during the last few years, there haven't been many who could afford the extra expense, so we girls in training got plenty of experience. I worked on the second floor, two down from the operating theater. The Sister in charge of the floor has a desk in the hall and just back of that is the floor kitchen and the dispensary. Narcotics are kept in a locked case, accessible only to the floor superintendent. Other drugs and chemicals are on the open shelves of the dispensary.

SOME of the rooms have two beds in them, others four. Sometimes we used the four-bed rooms for overflow ward patients. In the Fall of 193— we had a pretty full house. There was a flu epidemic in the county and a lot of burn cases from bad forest fires up north of us.

In 218, which is a two-bed room, we had a



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"Old Gold's throat-ease makes it a better Cigarette" SAYS *Carole Lombard*

PARAMOUNT STAR

AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

Why Wear Glasses? Thousands Are Throwing Them Away

Upon startling revolutionary facts has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training, which quickly enables you to train the muscles of the eye so you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value. The most remarkable results were obtained in a series of tests made in the N. Y. City Public Schools from 1903 to 1911.

2,000 children who had defective eyesight were instructed in a few of the simple exercises and in a short time their vision was radically improved. In one school, several children who had been compelled to wear glasses were enabled to discard them altogether because they could see better without them! So unusual were the results of these experiments that the principal of one school, who was nearly blind without glasses, tried the system and in a few months could see perfectly without them.

No claim is made that this course is a cure-all. In many cases glasses are essential.

But if you are wearing glasses because of faulty refraction—far or near sightedness—astigmatism—cross eyes—squint eyes—weak, watering eyes—eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cent of cost. Just mail your order and the entire course comes to you at once.

The very first reading will show you all you want to know about the eye—its construction—relation to the rest of the body—and the way it sees. You will learn instantly how to test your own eyes and just how to start to get immediate benefit.

Cross section drawings show plainly the whole mechanism of the eye—muscles and nerves. Photographs of defective eyes make clear the real reasons for poor sight. Your own trouble is clearly illustrated. With this knowledge in mind, it becomes easy for you to correct your defective muscles and gain strong sight.

We want every reader of this magazine, afflicted with eye-trouble, to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course.

Just send letter to address below and we will send book. Pay the postman \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If you are not satisfied with the book, return it within 5 days and your \$3.00 will be refunded. The small \$3.00 price of this book also includes a full one year's subscription for PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine. If cash accompanies order we pay the postage. The \$3.00 price for this book which includes a subscription for PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine applies to United States only.

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FREE The most complete book ever written on *how to powder properly*. Mail coupon. Note generous offer.



Subtract 5 to 10 years from YOUR FACE

*New discovery being welcomed
by women everywhere*

NOTHING ages one's face more than the wrong powder, crudely put on. Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Reversely, the *one* right powder for your face can erase an oldish, harsh look, giving you youthful charm and Parisian chic.

Now comes a triumph in face powders—the discovery of a unique process that *stratifies* powder into tiny, clinging wafers. An utterly new creation, **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, has this exclusive quality.

Now you can powder perfectly, *yet look unpowdered*, the vogue among smart women of society and stage in Paris, London, New York.

This wonderful improvement smoothes on just like a light powder, but lasts indefinitely, like a heavy. It gives youthful glamour, charming freshness. It ends that pasty, flaky look men detest. Because it is stratified and grit-free, it cannot clog pores.

You'll simply be amazed at the invisible "close-up" effect of **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**—so will your friends. Never have you found such an exquisite, velvety powder—now a greater aid to beauty.

Don't delay longer in adopting this super-powder. So soft, shineless, clinging. Get a box today. The new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo** is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed. 50c and \$1.

NOTE: To obtain the new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our *Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy)* in a gold box with white edge.

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the close-up powder that
gives an UN-powdered look

FREE Merely send Coupon for fascinating booklet: "The New Vogue in Powdering".

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For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh ☐ Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

couple of undertaker's prospects by the name of Cooper and Werks. Sam Werks I knew. He was a lawyer, not one of the better ones but a kind of shyster. He had some sort of bone trouble with his hip and came to the hospital once or twice a year for treatments. I remembered him from before that, though, because when I was a kid he once made a pass at me when I was downtown. Werks was about thirty and none too handsome under any circumstances. In the hospital, he looked kind of yellow and he had deep lines in his forehead and on both sides of his nose. Pain, I guess, from his hip trouble caused them, but I will say that he never complained. He was one of those kind of people who consume their own smoke. I had to admire him for that.

Gregory Cooper was older, although he looked younger. He didn't smile much in the hospital, but you knew the grin was there. He was a hard patient—never had had anything the matter with him before and it got him down. There was plenty the matter with him now just to make up for the easy time he'd had during the thirty-four or -five years of his previous life.

HE was a Detroit man, manager of one of the film exchanges there. He had been in Muskegon closing a contract with Paul Schlossman who runs a show business in our town and got cracked up in an automobile accident just as he was leaving for home. He was hurt worse than Dr. Oden told him. The X-Ray of his chest looked like a broken xylophone. The hospital superintendent tried to telegraph to his family, but she found that he didn't have any. Dr. Oden was waiting before putting him in a cast to find out if there were any internal complications. I had to give him hypos every four hours to keep him quiet.

"You're an angel, Rachel," he'd say when he'd see me coming with the needle, "although I don't know that I ever heard of an angel named Rachel before."

"There's lots of 'em," I said, pinching his arm and slipping the point into a vein. "You haven't been around much in heaven."

"Ouch! But I've been in Hollywood."

"It's not the same."

"I was thinking of our Christian heaven. You wouldn't know about that."

"My father was Irish and so am I."

"My mistake. Rachel fooled me."

"She'll always fool you," said Sam Werks who was watching me silently in a way that gave me the creeps. I wished he'd talk more and think less.

I LEFT the room, but I knew they talked about me. I sort of wished that Mr. Cooper wouldn't have to get his idea of me from Sam. He was nice and clean looking, gay, probably, too, when he was well. I liked him. A nurse has no business being interested in any of her patients. "If you like 'em, they die," is an old superstition around hospitals all over the world. It's the disagreeable crabs who always get well.

During the four days Dr. Oden was waiting to find out if Mr. Cooper's gizzard was misplaced I saw a lot of him. I had to. He was one of the most serious cases on the second floor. The minute I'd come on duty there'd be a call from 218. He knew when I was due to arrive. The nurses on the other shift had a lot of trouble with him, but he'd quiet right down when he knew I was within signaling distance. They kidded me about it but I didn't mind. We get so we expect men patients to think they are in love with us, for awhile, at least. I'm not going to tell whether or not this applies to married men.

Sister Clemente was very sweet about it. "Do anything you can for the poor man. I'm afraid no one else ever can."

He'd try to keep me in the room even when there was nothing further for me to do for either of them.

"Stick around, kid, and I'll tell you about Hollywood."

"I'm not interested."

"Hollywood would be interested in you all right if any of the big producers ever got an eye-full of the way you fill out a uniform in the right places. I was out there to a district managers' sales convention last spring and I didn't see anybody who could touch you."

"There ain't anybody can touch me right here in Muskegon."

Sam Werks stifled a laugh. I could have killed him.

Cooper didn't pay any attention to him, for which I should have thanked him. He went on, "You've got what it takes, Rachel—sex-appeal."

They were using that word then, three years ago.

"Nuts and likewise balogney," I told him. Don't forget that then I was only a kind of a tough kid. Since that time I've had lessons in everything from how to talk up to how a duchess behaves in her boudoir.

"Don't run up a tree, kid," Cooper continued. "I know what I'm talking about." Strangely enough I found out afterward that he did. "Sex-appeal is a funny thing. If a girl herself thinks she's got it, she'd better stay away from the Coast—but if men think so, she can write her own ticket out there."

MAE WEST later once told me practically the same thing. This was during the period when she was upholding the double standard on one Hollywood lot and I on another.

I didn't pay much attention to Cooper's line because I was the only girl in Muskegon County who wasn't screen-struck. Making motion pictures seemed to me to be just about as important as cutting out paper dolls. I haven't changed my point of view an awful lot even now.

I looked towards Sam Werks' bed to see how he was taking his room-mate's lecture. Sam was gazing at me with an alert, terrier sort of expression in his usually dreamy eyes and for a minute I thought he was going to get into the argument. Then I realized that I was standing between him and the window and I moved hastily to a spot where the glare wasn't so penetrating. Sam saw me blushing and laughed.

"I was just measurin' you for a Christmas present, Rachel," he said. "If you knew how it hurts to lay on my side this way you'd realize I'm payin' for anything I get. Help me turn over, will you?"

Of course I had to do it. He was about the only patient I ever had that I didn't like to touch. He used to make excuses so that I'd have to. Afterwards I'd go out and wash my hands. Just a funny instinct. I had to laugh at myself when I did it because I knew how finicky clean he was about everything. He was a nuisance to all of us because he was always wanting a bath or a damp wash-cloth for his face and hands.

AFTER he was comfortable and had let go of my hand, I left 218, hoping that I wouldn't see that number on the switchboard until I had plenty of time to get over hating Sam Werks for the things he didn't say. Now that I'm older and just a little wiser I know that he was

an introvert with an inferiority complex. Because of his physical infirmity and even actual repulsiveness, which he probably realized, he always wanted to make someone suffer enough to bring him or her down somewhere near his level. I've known other people since who are very much like him. Some of them are flaming geniuses.

III.

As I left 218, I noticed a little confusion in the hall. In a hospital a little confusion is a lot because normally there isn't any. Around Sister Clemente's desk near the elevator were gathered the girls who had just gone off the night shift only three hours before. They looked sulky and sleepy.

I snagged one of them away from the group. "What goes on?"

"The celluloid store-room at the Brunswicke blew up about thirty minutes ago. The ambulances are over there now."

I understood. It had happened before. The celluloid they use for making pool balls explodes once in a while—spontaneous combustion, usually—and the general effect is the same as the Battle of the Marne. Both the hospitals, ours and the Hackley, get ready on the double-quick with a complete assembly of staff when it happens. You never can tell how many men will be hurt or how badly. Usually we lose one or two cases and nobody likes that. Sometimes it's a friend of one of the nurses. The boys who work in the local factories are about the same age as the girls who are hospital apprentices and come from families in similar circumstances.

SO when there was an industrial plant accident, it used to upset us in more ways than one.

The ambulances began coming in. We got thirteen cases—one of 'em "dead on arrival" which one of his pals—poor superstitious chap—thought was because there were thirteen. I don't know how he figured it out when he died the next day himself—when there were only twelve.

Anyway, we had our work cut out for us and, with both shifts working, only just managed to get everything under control by night. The "super" arranged a schedule of hours that let off a few girls at a time for a four hour rest. I got mine about ten o'clock.

But I didn't get more than two hours' sleep.

Dr. Swartout came over to the dormitory to get me.

"Why?" I asked crossly.

"What have you done to that curly headed guy in 218?"

"Nothing. Has somebody done something?"

"He's fallen in love with you."

"Is that anything to wake me out of a sound sleep to tell me about? I've suspected it for some time. What of it?"

"Nothing only the internal trouble Dr. Oden has been expecting has developed. He called me in to help him with an emergency 'Op.' "

"I'm no 'op' assistant. You know darn well I've only——"

NOBODY wants you to help. This damn fool, Cooper, won't go under the ether until he sees you."

"Oh." I grabbed my cloak and we went over to the main hospital building.

Well, I will say that Mr. Cooper had neatly stood the second floor on its head. What the crazy, pain-racked man wanted was me to marry him! Just that and nothing more! Merely a simple request—like asking for breakfast!

And he had convinced Dr. Oden and Sister

Difficult Days?

*I don't have them
any more!*



"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for *you*. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is *not* a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don't decline this comfort any longer.



An Invitation

to try it without expense; mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.

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B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only \$1 at any leading store.



Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. \$1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original \$1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department A-3, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copyright, The Kurlash Co., Inc., 1935.

Mary Clemente that it was a very good idea! "I don't love Mr. Cooper," I pointed out. We were discussing this thing at the second floor desk—time, 1 A.M.—the death watch in any hospital. The arguments hit me fast, but in hushed whispers.

"He has no family," the Sister said, "and he wants to make a will in your favor before he is operated on."

"I don't want anybody's money," I objected.

"It's just to set his mind at rest," Dr. Oden put in. He's a very quiet man—is Dr. Oden—except when sitting at a piano. He loves Wagner's thundering chords.

"What do you advise?" I turned to Dr. Swartout.

"I think it's a screwy idea, if you ask me." Then he had to explain what he meant to Sister Mary Clemente who doesn't keep up on modern slang very well.

"Let's not argue any more," interrupted Oden. "It'll be too late in a few minutes. If the man has taken a fancy to Rachel and wants to make her his heir, why not do it? She'll be a widow in—" He looked at his watch—"in about three quarters of an hour."

A sort of a flash memory of Cooper's boyish face swept before me. It gave me a funny feeling. The man was trying to do something nice for me and there I stood fighting it off. And every minute was narrowing down his life expectancy!

"Isn't there a chance?" I asked.

"About one in fifty if we operate. None if we don't."

"All right," I gave in. "I'm probably dreaming anyway, and I'm too tired to have it make any difference to me if I'm not. Let's go."

"Atta girl." Dr. Swartout patted me on the back.

"Hurry, please," pleaded Dr. Oden.

IV

They must have counted on being able to convince me.

Everything was all ready when I walked into the grimmest chapel in which a marriage ceremony was ever performed—the operating theater of the hospital. Our chaplain was there and a man from the city clerk's office with a special license.

Cooper's expression changed from lethargic despair to one of hope as I walked over to the rolling table on which he lay.

"Thanks, kid," he said as I took his hand. "I think I might pull through if you're on my side. I've been around quite a lot and you're the first one I ever thought of seriously like this."

"Hurry," warned the surgeon.

"O. K.," Cooper agreed. "Padre, do your stuff."

When it was over Cooper was pretty tired but he was game.

"I'll take the gas now. So long, Rachel, if I don't see you again. Sam Werks has got my will. He made it out for me. That's just in case of course—"

Cooper's voice was blotted out as the anaesthetist at a nod from Dr. Oden dropped the ether cone over his face. They couldn't wait any longer.

I didn't stay in the operating room. I couldn't. The whole affair had left me in a sort of a breathless trance. It was too fantastic. I was a wife. They were operating on my husband behind the door I had just closed behind me. He would probably die. By sunrise I would be the widow of a man I scarcely knew.

I pulled myself up short. Where was my professional code?

What was I thinking of? We, who constantly

spar with death, never talk about losing a patient until the last vestige of hope is gone. And I was thinking of myself as a widow!

But what if he lived? Then what was my position? I wasn't in love with Gregory Cooper. What would I do if he got well?

I went down to the second floor. I suppose I had it in mind to talk to Sister Mary Clemente although I don't know what advice a celibate nun could give to a girl who had just married a dying man.

She wasn't at the desk. A nurse, subbing for her, said she had gone down the hall to 218 or 219 she thought.

I went to 218 first. It was the nearest. She wasn't there.

But Sam Werks was. I'd forgotten about him.

"Come in, Mrs. Cooper," he invited with elaborate politeness. "It is Mrs. Cooper, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted dully. I didn't care who I was.

"Come here and let me offer my congratulations." He sounded politely cordial. There was a slight sneer under his voice—but I guess there always was.

I went over to the side of his bed. He held out his hand. I took it. It was damp. I started to shake hands and withdraw from the clasp, but he held me.

"Do you know, Rachel," he asked softly, "how much money you inherit if that guy dies up there?"

"No," I said. The subject was particularly unpleasant—almost as repulsive as the oozy feeling of his palm.

"I do," he said, swinging my arm a little excitedly. "It's ten thousand bucks. Mr. Cooper has saved up a tidy little sum for himself. I drew up his will and—"

"I know. He told me."

"It'll all be yours any minute now."

I put the back of my other hand against my mouth to stifle a scream and broke his clammy grip. Out in the hall I fainted!

No one seemed to be surprised.

V

I was in bed sixteen hours. When I woke up I was afraid to ask anybody what had happened. I didn't know whether I was a wife or a widow. It was an odd hour between shifts and there were no girls in the dorm except sleeping ones. I had to dress—uniform, of course—and go over to the hospital before I could find anyone I cared to question.

Naturally I went to Sister Mary Clemente. Two girls standing before her desk drew away and hurried down the hall as I came up. They looked at me queerly. I couldn't interpret their emotion.

Sister Mary Clemente glanced up at me.

"Well, my child," she said in her sweet, grave voice.

"Mr. Cooper," I began stumbly—"Is he—?"

"Dr. Oden says your husband will live."

I stood looking at her in a daze.

"He's alive—now?"

"Yes. I just told you. What you did gave him the will to live."

I spoke half to myself. "Of all the unlucky breaks!"

I certainly never meant Sister Mary Clemente to hear.

"Unlucky?" she repeated, shocked. "You don't mean, Rachel, that you wish your husband were dead?"

Of course I didn't mean that. I didn't know what I did mean. But I couldn't explain it to that gentle, unworldly soul.

"Go to the chapel," she commanded. "Pray! You will find an answer."

For once Sister Mary Clemente was wrong. Perhaps my prayers were too colored by my perplexities. It was blowing great guns outside. That, added to my mental turmoil, made me a distracted suppliant.

Night came down howling. The candles on the altar gleamed more brightly as they fluttered vaguely in the drafts that sifted through from the storm outside.

I did not care for supper and reported for duty with the rest of the girls on my shift.

Almost immediately the signal light on the call board flickered. It was number 218.

None of the other girls got up to answer. They all looked at me.

(Continued Next Month)

A Look Into the Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

Gene Raymond will be the next new leading man of consequence, if he minds his advisers.

Carole Lombard has the biggest future of any girl in pictures.

Douglas Fairbanks has been greatly misunderstood and maligned, but the tide will turn this year. He loves Mary Pickford, but he has been badly advised. He took the only way out of a difficult situation.

Ruth Chatterton will meet disaster.

Marlene Dietrich will have contract and health troubles.

Maurice Chevalier will encounter marriage (i. e.: if that's the way it happens) with no one he now knows. He will be married in France or will marry a Frenchwoman.

The Columbia Studio will have the most outstanding success with pictures of any studio in Hollywood.

After their next picture, Bill Powell and Ilyna Loy will do better if they separate.

Gene says this will be a great year for flattery, and it is the most destructive element in the career of a star. The stars should remember they are striving for the thing they started out for and should never let it overtake them. As long as it does they are behind themselves. The greatest handicap, in her opinion is to get what you want. The best rule for success is to want something more.

How many of Gene's predictions will come true? Keep a copy and check them off.



George Murphy says the score is okay. But Fred Keating has his doubts. We'll bet it was close! For George and Fred are among Hollywood's best bowlers

Among the Most Sought-After Girls



NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology.

Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way.

They do it with color. Carmined lips—a splash of color on one's hat—a bag that's like the sunset.

Yet—if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat. Drab, mousy hair is not exactly—er—

stimulating, is it? Still—it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days. Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will re-appear after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

NOTE: Do not confuse Golden Glint with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the beauty of your own individual shade of hair. It's NOT a dye—it's a glint o' gold for blondes—a bronze sheen for darker heads. And one feels so—right! 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters.

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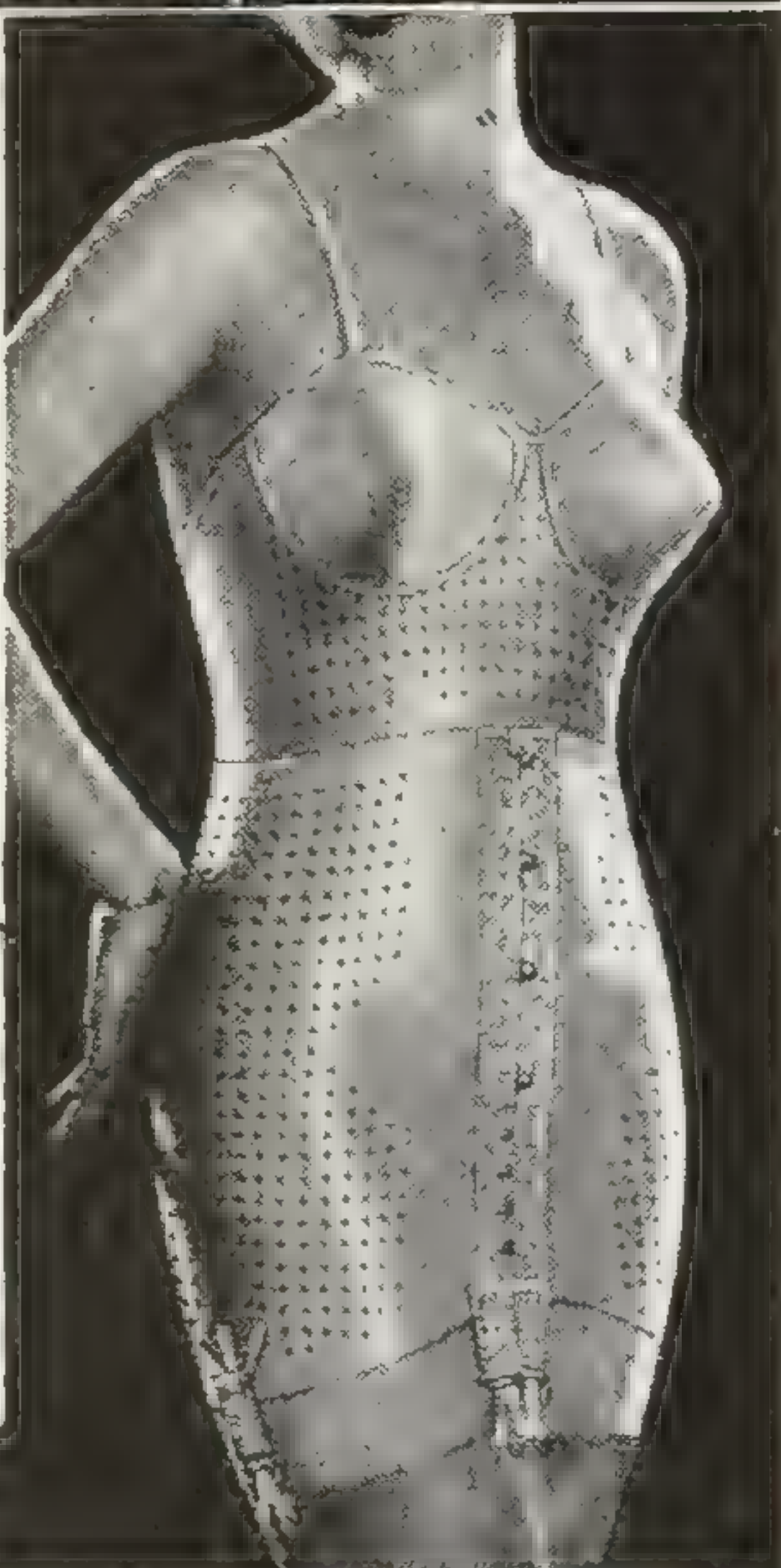
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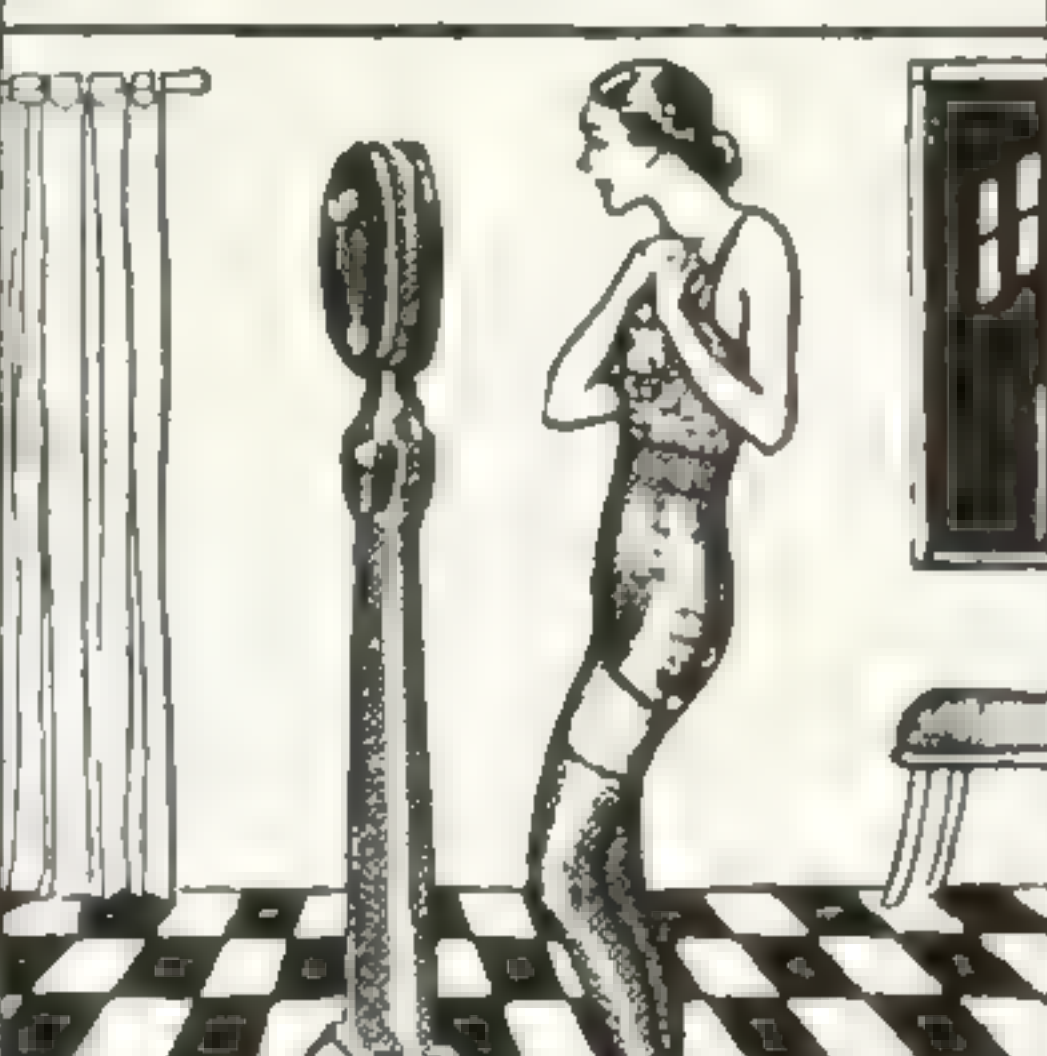
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THE FAN CLUB CORNER

MEMBER clubs of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs have many contest announcements to make this month. Most of these, of course, deal with interesting new drives for membership. Some will test the movie knowledge of fellow club members. But, here is an odd one from the Alice White Fan Club: "How Big Are Your Feet? Come on, now, and don't be afraid to speak up. We want you all to send in your shoe size, and to the member having the largest feet, and who will be frank about it, there will be a prize. We'll have a separate contest for the foreign members, so they will get in on it, too." Miss Lucile Carlson, 306 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., is president of this club for girls only. She would like to hear from Alice White fans.

Thora Stuva, of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, won first prize in the "Titles" contest conducted by that organization. She received a year's subscription to Shadoplay Magazine. Veronica Yazbeck and J. Wayne Martin were other prize winners. Helen Mortz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., is president.

Thelma Williston and Janet Mitchell were the "honor roll" members of the Norma Shearer Fan Club, announced in the latest issue of the club news. Their work in securing new members won them photographs of their honorary club president, Miss Shearer. Congratulations are due president Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, for such a splendid club paper.

Two of the newest recordings of Lanny Ross will be given as first prize in the new membership contest now being held by the Lanny Ross League. Second prize will be a glass picture frame. A personally autographed photograph of Lanny Ross will be given each contestant securing two or more new members. Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Delaware, is president.

Minna Gombell writes the Association, saying she is happy to have her club a member of the PHOTOPLAY group of fan clubs. Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., is in charge of her club. All fans are invited to write him for further information.

The Bing Crosby Fan Club is entering its fourth year of activity. During those years they have enjoyed a position of the highest rank in fan club circles. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, is secretary.

The new issue of "Star Dust," club paper of the Moving Picture Club of America, is filled with interesting news of members and club activities. Gotty J. Benthall, 28 Lexington Ave., West Somerville, Mass., will be glad to furnish club data.

The Lew Ayres Fan Club announces Miss Dorothea Kerr as a new honorary member. Miss Kerr, who is secretary to Mr. Ayres, tells members something about herself in an interesting letter to the club. It reads, in part: "My hobbies are stamp-collecting and, if it can be called a hobby, knitting. I live with my younger sister who is secretary to Mr. Warner Baxter. We keep house together in a flat in the heart of Hollywood, about two minutes from the Boulevard." Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., is president of the Lew Ayres Club.

Anna Glance, 7741 Bennett Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes of her recent trip to New York City. While there, she visited Minnette Sherman, president of the Jean Harlow Fan Club.

Marion L. Domer, 9717—81st St., Ozone, N. Y., will be glad to hear from all Joan Crawford fans. Drop her a letter, if you wish to join this club.

Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., is anxious to correspond with Bodil Rosing Fan Club prospects. "Bodil and Her Fans" is the name of the club paper.

Woman About Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

favor te screen-menace, Dangerous Jack La Rue. Honestly, he gave me the vapours in his smart clothes and wine-red carnation. We talked of cabbages and kings in the midst of which I confided that lately I pined for athletics. Jack took care of that neatly. Tennis, did you say? Nope! Golf! Wrong! He took me to the local fisticuffs!

Wheeee! I had such a good time! And he was soooo nice! Very proud I was, when all the bystanders recognized him and called hullo. And very patient, while we stopped every other yard and autographed a dozen books. And very hoop-de-da when some newspaper photographer had us stop for a flashlight!

But the next day, what do you think? George E. Stone, the little actor with the big ability, bundled me into his car, along with George Burns (Gracie Allen had to do some shopping and didn't come) and we went to the U.S.C.-Notre Dame football tussle. I understand it was a pretty fair game, but my deah, it is useless to be polite.

I spent my time giggling at Burns' crazy cracks.

The two Georges, incidentally, are great pals, but they rib each other like a coupla grizzlies. When the game was over, tho, and we driving back home, the scrappy Mr. B. suddenly became wistful and he realized he'd arrive just

in time to see his infant Sandra take her bath. The new poppa told me that he gave her the Scotch name of Sandy Burns so she could reuse his jokes when she grew up!

Well, that gave me the giggles again. Georgie (Georgie E.) hoped I could calm down sufficiently to get myself ready for the next big evening ahead at the Mayfair. The very thought had a soothing effect!

And now, little pal, we come to the formal opening of the hi-hat Mayfair Club, composed of the swankiest of the movie colony, and from which outsiders are rigidly excluded. The affair was, as the lingering French in me pronounces, *tres élegant!*

Our party, which consisted of Georgie Stone, and Burns and Allen, was augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Lyle Talbot and a little Southern flower, Peggy Watters. We all met in the Beverly-Wilshire bar, and I was aghast at the number of scintillating stars in one little room. Jean Harlow with Bill Powell, the Gary Coopers, the Freddie Marches, the two beautiful Bennett sisters, Jeanette MacDonald, the dewy Maurine O'Sullivan (we lunch next week), Marian Marsh looking like a little princess, Dixie Lee Crosby, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Sally Eilers.

I danced and tangoed with Joe E. Brown

who said he didn't know how . . . but he did! Of course going into a sailor's hornpipe, and then a buck and wing is hardly cricket in the art of fandango, but fun's fun and who cares? It would have warmed the cockles of your heart to see Gracie Allen, Mrs. Joe E., husband Joe, George Burns, Bing Crosby and my George take hands and do crazy dance routines all over the floor! Bing threw back his head and busted out with wild boo-boo-boos for accompaniment. They really were pretty wild, too, since he'd damaged his million dollar voice a couple of nights before fire-fighting at the Warner blaze.

But how he sang when he was called on to entertain! His voice bothered him a bit, though, so he clowned through lots of it. He gave us "Love in Bloom" and when he came to the line "Oh, no, it isn't a dream, it's love in bloom," he substituted . . . "it's gravel throat!"

Dietrich was superb in a black tunic gown with sleeves that left her shoulders bare, and with gobs of silver fox slung around them. I nearly swooned when she slipped into an extremely full, swing-ey hip-length ermine cape lined and bordered with silver fox! Pretty daisy!

I am manfully (and economically) resisting the temptation to copy Carole Lombard's creation. All gray chiffon, with a tremendous, voluminous skirt, banded, half-way down, by two separate rows of platinum fox! That may sound mad, but looked perfectly lush. Carole carried a big orange hankie, and powdered her lovely nose with a huge swansdown puff.

NEXT give you Miss Del Rio. She came in trailing, careless like, a long black cape lined in scarlet and boasting a fine silver fox standing collar. Her dress, also, was black, with white and scarlet sashes which ended up on the floor and was extremely knockout.

Joan Bennett could have stepped right out of the Chauve Souris and pretended she was one of the adorable wooden soldiers. She wore a vivid blue gown and a roaring red jacket. Her lovely golden hair was banded by a thin golden circlet.

I still have sufficient strength to twitter that June Collyer supplied the sweetness-and-right note. She wore a white moire period gown and constantly carried one of those quaint, lace-doiled old-fashioned bouquets. So lovely!

And now, I've got such an inferiority complex I just can't go on. But wait! I can do a little boasting! I waggled hullo to my sister-in-law who was dancing with Cornelius Vanderbilt, the literary millionaire, and she stopped and introduced us by saying, "I think you two writers should know each other!" Ta-da-da-a!

But really, kitten, I had a glorious evening, and next time you see Georgie Stone in a picture you can think what a nice time he gave our pal Mitzi. And now I say goodby . . . Whoa! Not yet! The Burns' told me this one, and you must hear it.

It seems that they planned to gather together all the bores that they knew, give a party and thus get rid of them all at one time. One of the invitees was out of town, however, and couldn't come. A week or so later George came into him and told him how they'd given the bore party and that it had turned out great. At this moment, up breezed our Gracie, claiming, "Oh, we gave the loveliest party last week. We wanted you so badly, such a shame you were out of town!"

Good-by now! Ain't life grand in Hollywood! Yourse, Mitzi.

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This Dog Earns \$50 a Week!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

a little tug. At the end of the street, Flush was rewarded with a bit of cheese. He scratched at a door in a scene because the trainer was on the other side with the same reward.

When he looked down the stairs, Bache was at the foot attracting his attention.

FLUSH rehearsed in every set several days before the scene was shot. If the set was in use, a duplicate was built for him. Care was taken not to confuse him by teaching too many things at one time.

He grew to be devoted to Norma Shearer, and was home with her part of the time when she was making "Rip-Tide."

Flush followed her all over the studio and every time she sat down, automatically he would jump in her lap.

Charles Laughton couldn't make friends with the dog because the story required Flush to dislike him. The picture had been in production six weeks when Laughton arrived from England, and Flush resented him as an intruder.

Laughton had to speak violently and slam doors which naturally antagonized the dog. Flush responded to human emotions in such

an uncanny manner, one would think he knew the story. He growled at cross words, was unspeakably sad when Norma cried, happy when she smiled.

Flush was bathed every day during the picture and his appetite for hamburger ruined forever. Norma brought little meat pasties and sandwiches to the studio for company tea—but Flush never begged. He is a gentleman. He went solemnly from one person to another, seated himself, and turned on the eyes, the irresistible eyes.

He timed it perfectly, and always passed up Laughton without a glance.

FLUSH'S original name, now forgotten, was "Topside." He received fifty dollars a week salary for four months. The trainer received his own check, probably twice this figure. He says Flush is a "dramatic dog," not a comedian, and that Flush takes his new career seriously. He leaps in a chair and poses every time he sees a camera. He is a family-man, with five young Cocker at home, but he doesn't have to worry about supporting them. The youngsters all are spoken for by stars and executives—and undoubtedly every one of them will be named Flush.

And This One \$150 a Week!!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

—and his mind is off his work. Wires are the dilettantes of the dog-world.

SKIPPY'S work in "The Thin Man" gave the appearance of an untrained dog. Believe it or not, he covered 150 cues in the picture, responding to a sign. He is rehearsed orally with sign, then with sign alone. The hardest thing for him to do was to play coward, as he is pugnacious by nature.

Skip is fickle in his attentions. He will work with an actor as if he belonged to him, and be just as attached to another the next week. Skippy has a flattering way of making every actor think he is *it*—then he goes home and forgets about him. His real devotion is for Henry.

He went through the East training school beginning with the lesson to come when called. Then to sit down, hold it—lie down—hold it—until released by the spoken cue "all right," when he is rewarded with food and petted. The next step was to get on a box and hold it. Each lesson must be gone over several times before teaching a new one. Next he learns the name of various articles as they are presented to him. Then to go right, go left, back up, crawl, and exit. From there, things become really complicated. Teaching Skippy to yawn, scratch and stretch took months of patient practice. He didn't want to unless it was necessary.

When he scratched on the cement in "Thin Man" it was a definite cue. He had been taught to "dig it up."

Out of a hundred dogs, the Easts find one

like Skippy. They try out the others and if they have not grasped a definite routine in a certain time, they are given away to good homes.

A great asset in a dog actor is to have the whites of the eyes show when they turn. It adds expression. Otherwise the eye is beady. This is the reason Scotties are not used in pictures, plus their color which merges with the background.

SKIPPY is particular about his diet, scorning all canned foods. He prefers Irish stew and hamburger with onions.

He is highly sensitized. The forty-five dogs and Siamese cats in the kennels kept him irritated, so he has been placed in a private home.

Henry says his nerves are much better, and now he can do everything but read the script aloud.

Skippy is an electrical personality, a fine up-standing man who really loves his work. He doesn't like to stay home, he is gregarious, craves the excitement of the set.

He has never been spanked, because Henry believes the tone of voice, words, and eyes are punishment enough if a dog respects you. He says to be very dramatic when your dog must be reprimanded, be decisive or terribly hurt, and give the pup a chance to reason it out.

Skippy is a perfect example of this sound principle—a spirited young blade and a credit to his family.

Besides which, he earns a hundred and fifty dollars a week!

Just a Bunch of Babies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

but crusading as well—and fearless in his crusading to boot. Beneath his bosom he had cherished for years a great plan to tax all insurance premiums and apply the money to a sinking fund for the education of orphans.

Baby LeRoy's father was nowhere about; technically he was an orphan. The zealous glorifier picked on the Baby to glorify and did a first rate job of it. One of his first schemes was to have Maurice Chevalier donate \$1,000 to buy an insurance policy to provide the child with a college education.

Chevalier, exhibiting true Gallic thrift, demurred.

Undaunted, the publicity man invaded the inner sanctum where Emanuel Cohen, head of Paramount, presides.

So fast did he talk that Cohen found himself authorizing a check for \$1,000—and before he could reconsider, the insurance company had the money.

Now when Baby LeRoy attains college age he will get \$2,000, or an income of \$46.50 a month.

THE press agent got fired.

However, his work lived on. Through his expert, if personally rash, glorifying, Baby LeRoy became something of an infantile star. People said "Isn't he adorable?" all over the country, partly because they had read about him. He promised to work up a box-office value. Paramount signed him on a term contract for \$50 a week when he worked, \$20 when he didn't. Not long ago he got a raise. Now he makes \$60 a working week and \$30 when he's idle. He is guaranteed only eleven weeks' work a year, which isn't a very steady job for a two-year-old youngster who supports three people besides himself—his mother, his grandmother and his grandfather.

Cora Sue Collins received \$60 for the first day of her first screen job at Universal. The next day she got \$130 and the offer of a seven-year contract at \$100 a week, which her wise mother refused. Cora Sue soon went on to bigger and better things, earning \$100 a day on scattered pictures, which kept her busy enough. "Black Moon" and "As The Earth Turns" brought in more than \$1,000 apiece to the family bank, while "Queen Christina"—infinitely more important in the long run because it won her her present contract at M-G-M—was worth only four days' work—\$100.

Now becurled Miss Collins cashes a \$150 M-G-M check each week. Her seven-year contract grades up to \$750 a week.

A long-term contract is the goal of most venile stars. Such contracts today usually start at \$150 a week with \$100 a week increases every six months, if the option is taken up.

David Holt, the "boy Shirley Temple" uncovered by Paramount in "You Belong To Me," makes \$150 a week under contract. So does Jane Withers, recently signed by Fox after she had played with Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes," where she was presumptuous enough to steal several scenes from Princess Shirley.

Jane Withers' mother came to Hollywood bringing her six-year-old daughter from radio work in Atlanta to the greener fields of the movie city.

But it was two years before Jane got a break.

She got it by walking into Casting Director Ryan's office and talking herself into a job.

Several studios had a chance at her in tiny bits. Paramount notably had allowed her to escape after her best movie parts before "Bright Eyes"—in "It's A Gift," with W. C. Fields.

The part in "Bright Eyes" required characterization, so Jane showed she could mimic others by pulling her impersonations out of the bag for Mr. Ryan. She did ZaSu Pitts, Greta Garbo, Bing Crosby, and Rudy Vallee. Mr. Ryan gave her the rôle.

Because of her hit in "Bright Eyes," Fox signed Jane on a seven-year contract at \$150 a week. "Red Heads On Parade," a musical with John Boles and June Knight, was all set for production when the discovery of Jane took place. A part has since been written in; Jane will have one of the important leads now, and Fox intends to build her strenuously.

Some in Hollywood, however, believe that the reason Fox grabbed her so quickly was to protect Shirley Temple, who is gold in anybody's box-office till. Jane appeared, so they believe, a too formidable and a possible serious rival. So Fox acted wisely, much as a dangerous political power is often buried respectably in a vice-presidential office, or some such place where he is out of the menacing running.

If this is so, Jane will be sacrificed for business reasons—a dark future for her. If not, she may become another Shirley Temple and find herself signing a brand new contract for many times her weekly check. Her promise is unmistakable.

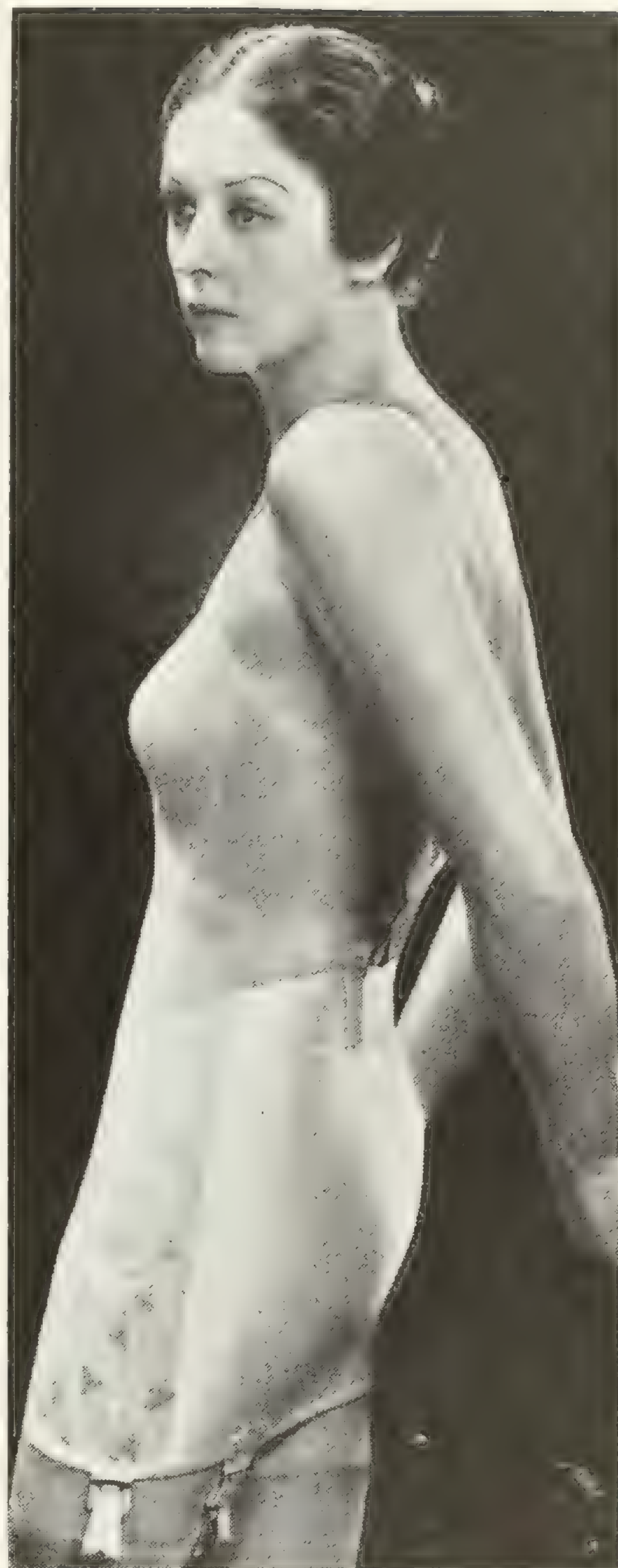
Juanita Quigley, the dark-eyed darling of "Imitation of Life," now starred in her own right, started right out with \$250 a week and \$100 raises every six months. Before she signed with Universal, however, her mother was satisfied with the \$7.50 to \$25 a day check she received for occasional bits.

Upstarts such as these are worth, in the child star bracket, as much as seasoned veterans. Mickey Rooney, a genuinely talented and thoroughly experienced child actor—whom Max Reinhardt named as the one actor who had ever played *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as Shakespeare intended—earns only \$150 a week under his M-G-M contract.

HE was making that much on the stage when he was three years old. He made \$1,000 for each four-day "Mickey McGuire" two-reeler. His free-lance price was \$150 a day. But he signed for security at \$150 a week—and now, very probably, he regrets it. M-G-M is besieged with requests for his services. Warners have borrowed him for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Fox used him in Will Rogers' "County Chairman."

M-G-M may reap a bonus for their valuable player, but Mickey gets only his secure \$150 a week, for both pictures.

Contracts, however, can work the other way to make a young star worth more than he was. Dickie Moore was paid \$200 a week for "Seed," then went to Warners under contract starting at \$200 a week. When they refused to meet a \$50 option increase, Dickie left. But he was worth more after that, and in "The Blonde Venus," with Marlene Dietrich, Paramount paid \$350 a week for his brown-eyed charm.



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Hal Roach then tied him up for \$250 a week, and immediately received loan-out requests. They were granted—at \$600 a week, and Roach split the surplus with his small star.

But those loan-outs, through the Roach contract, established Dickie's "price" at \$600. And today, as a freelance player, that is just what he makes—the same amount as Jackie Searl.

Ever since the first staggering figures of Jackie Coogan's earnings were broadcast, and the elder Coogans, more as a measure of publicity than anything else, had Jackie's celebrated trust fund put through court, the general belief has been that every child star has so much set aside for him by law.

This is not true. Parents of movie youngsters, no matter how much they earn, may spend every cent of the money if they so desire, so long as the child is well cared for. However, parents or guardians may voluntarily put an agreement through court providing for savings accounts, trust funds and such. In this way, they can protect themselves from possible suits

by the child, either before or after he attains his majority, for an accounting of the money spent.

The famous Mary Miles Minter suit against her mother was one of these unpleasant inter-family legal squabbles.

Few screen parents, however, worry about such future filial troubles. Most of them dispense with court proceedings and rely on insurance or regular savings accounts to play fair with the future of their darlings. Dickie Moore owns a policy which guarantees him \$100 a month all through high school and college. Most of Spanky McFarland's \$500 a week goes into the bank. Cora Sue Collins' mother sinks her surplus into school savings—and so on.

The only court order of this kind extant among this group of screen youngsters is that recently put through by Rachel Smith, guardian for Baby LeRoy Weinbrenner. It provides that half of his salary while working (\$60) be put in a savings account for his future use.

The Chap Who Will Never Be Mr. Hepburn

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

American Play Co. It was there he must have realized that the gentle art of taking vast sums of money away from motion picture producers was truly his forte. He served a brief apprenticeship, then went into business for himself—Leland Hayward, Inc.

His first move—aside from gathering up an imposing array of clients in record time—was to open offices—and such offices! You can hardly imagine! The New York one is atop a skyscraper, with his personal sanctum a spacious studio room that opens on a terrace overlooking Central Park. Its furnishings include an enormous table, useful for throwing such things as hats and feet on, and a titanic divan from which, sprawled in a variety of acrobatic attitudes, Mr. Hayward manipulates deals of great magnitude.

He is a sprawler at heart, who sincerely believes that walls, desks, tables and ceilings were made for sitting men to put their feet on. His friends are not in the least surprised to enter his office and discover him delicately poised on his left shoulder blade with one foot draped over a chandelier.

His Beverly Hills office, from which he conducts his Hollywood business, is a symphony in leather—right over to the window drapes which are leather also. He loathes desks and all the order and system they imply. Nor has he ever been caught in the act of making written notes on any subject whatever. His desk and filing cabinet are beneath his hat—except that in Hollywood he never wears a hat—and he seldom forgets anything of importance.

By and large, Leland Hayward is probably as fine a salesman as ever talked a reluctant producer out of a salary raise. He works on the theory that things are only as important as they seem and succeeds in making his own clients seem practically indispensable to the prosperity—aye, the very existence!—of the film industry.

His methods are varied and effective. He has the gift of being able to fire others with his own enthusiasm, but he cannot sell anything he does not believe in. In other and less polite words he's got to get hot before he can go to town. He can, if forced to, achieve splendid results through the "hurt" system of salesman-

ship. If a hard-hearted producer offers a smaller emolument than Leland has set his heart on getting for a client, he promptly assumes the attitude of a man who has just been unexpectedly stabbed by his best friend. He will mournfully declare in almost tearful tones that not only has his own faith in human nature been shattered beyond recall but he, Leland Hayward, has been placed in an utterly indefensible position as regards his client, whom he will never be able to look in the face again. And does he get by with it? Not more than about nine times out of ten.

HIS actions are motivated largely by hunches, intuitions and an uncanny knowledge of what can or cannot be sold for big money. When he gets hold of something that smells like a four or five figure check—say a new story or play—he collapses on the nearest divan, grabs a handful of telephones and simultaneously calls practically everybody of importance in Hollywood. It's no trick at all for him to talk to three or four studio heads at the same time and chances are, after five minutes of such conversation he makes a sale. His long distance telephone bills are enormous—but profitable. He has learned that no film executive has ever been able to resist a New York-Hollywood 'phone call.

He doesn't believe a telegram is worth sending unless it's at least four hundred words long. And no night letters—straight wires or nothing at all.

If anyone ever admits to Mr. Hayward that they're in a buying mood he'll find something to sell them, even if he has to invent it. There was, for example, the case of the famous producer whom Leland had called in regard to an actor. During the conversation, the producer let drop that he was in urgent need of a story for one of his stars. Mr. Hayward's ears snapped forward eagerly, he held his hand over the mouthpiece and whispered hoarsely to an associate: "He wants a story for So-and-So—for goodness' sake think of something!" The associate thought hard, suggested a story. Hayward expounded its merits in glowing words. Within five minutes he had been offered \$25,000 for the property. A week later

he closed the deal for \$50,000. And, incidentally, it was by far the best story So-and-So ever had.

He can buy just as skilfully as he can sell. For instance, his automobiles. In New York he drives a Rolls-Royce, acquired at a figure that would make both Mr. Rolls and Mr. Royce blush with shame. In Hollywood his protracted negotiations with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. for the latter's handsome gasoline equipage held the entire village spellbound. The battle waged for weeks—a complex routine of propositions and counter offers from which Mr. Hayward finally emerged triumphant, the proud possessor of a very swell automobile for the price of a Model T Ford. He's not penurious, mind you. It's just that his good old horse-trader instincts constantly rise and overpower him.

Among other things, he is national champion aerial commuter, Coast to Coast. It's no trick at all to see him in Hollywood on Monday, meet him again on Wednesday and discover he spent Tuesday in New York. Recently he made three transcontinental round trips in ten days—one of them merely to comfort a friend who was scared to the jittering point about his first flight. Six thousand miles by air! Pouff! To a Hayward that is no different from ten blocks in a taxicab.

Mr. Hayward is not the athletic type—doesn't fool around with tennis or polo or golf—but he's completely bughouse about flying and airplanes! While the average human might turn green with envy of a man whose intimates include the list of celebrities he represents, Mr. Hayward more deeply cherishes the fact that he probably knows more important aviators than he does film stars—and classes them as his friends. When he drives through the gates of Roosevelt Field all activity stops—like eleven o'clock Armistice Day. Drop him off at Albuquerque—he knows the gang there. Los Angeles. He's pals with everybody at every field. His friends will tell you there is only one date you can absolutely depend on Leland to keep—that's an engagement to meet him at an airport. Not only that, but if somebody starts explaining how that new retractable landing gear works, Mr. Emanuel Cohen or Mr. Samuel Goldwyn will just have to wait—

and frequently do. The boys who fly the passenger ships all call him Leland. He holds a transport pilot's license, owns his own plane and flies it, occasionally, from Coast to Coast. It's not nearly as fast as the schedule ships, but it's a lot more fun.

He favors sports clothes, carefully and expensively tailored, but often worn carelessly. His most distinctive feature—if it may be called a feature—is his hair, which achieves a startling windblown, the barber-used-the-clippers-maliciously effect. While manufacturers are striving to make the nation brushless-shave conscious, Leland is doing more than his part to popularize the brushless gents' coiffure.

Is he handsome? I wouldn't know. You can ask four girls about it—two of them will say yes and the others will say:

"That guy handsome—say, how'd you get like that!"

He laughs easily and pleasantly, but doesn't abandon himself to it. He speaks rapidly, decisively, bombastically, and can, when necessary, whip himself into as pretty a state of indignation as ever you looked at. He can think at least seven times as fast as his tongue can handle it—or faster.

He is the real-life *Jimmie Faraday* of the Bruce Gould-Beatrice Blackmer series of magazine stories.

Among other things, he owns a gold mine—or part of one. Not much gold yet, but a very nice mine. He invested in it because a pal got there first and Leland feared it might amount to something. "If you had gold and I hadn't," he declared, "I'd be very unhappy because I hate to work." Which is just a lot of hooey from a gent who works like a dog and loves it.

In New York and Hollywood, he lives in hotels, a habit Miss Hepburn will, if all goes well, probably cure him of.

If Leland Hayward and Katharine Hepburn are married, which may be confirmed by the time this appears in print, you may be sure of one thing: Miss Hepburn may continue to be Miss Hepburn or she may become Mrs. Leland Hayward, but you can bet your socks that Mr. Hayward will never turn into Mr. Katharine Hepburn, a Hollywood husband. He's just not the type.

Two Personalities in One

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

he cinema sea and found the wild waves strangely warm and caressing. In England, he made "Waltz Time" and then starred in two big hits, "Princess Charming" and "Evening." Screen ambitions again stirred within—and of course, real screen ambitions hark to Hollywood.

So when Evelyn picked up the London Daily Mail and saw where Irving Thalberg had come to town, she cabled his hotel.

"This is Evelyn Laye," she said. "Please—we've changed my mind—I'm interested."

"That's fine," said Mr. Thalberg, just as if they had talked ten minutes ago instead of two-and-one-half-years.

So—here she is—in Hollywood, very much star—and from all indications Ramon Novarro's co-starring teammate for a time to come. Everyone is so pleased with the way Evelyn and Ramon hit it off in "The Night Is Young" that already another romance, "Love While You May" is being rushed into production.

But back to this "Boo" business. When you have a dual personality you can't just leave it—or them—hanging in the air. It isn't polite.

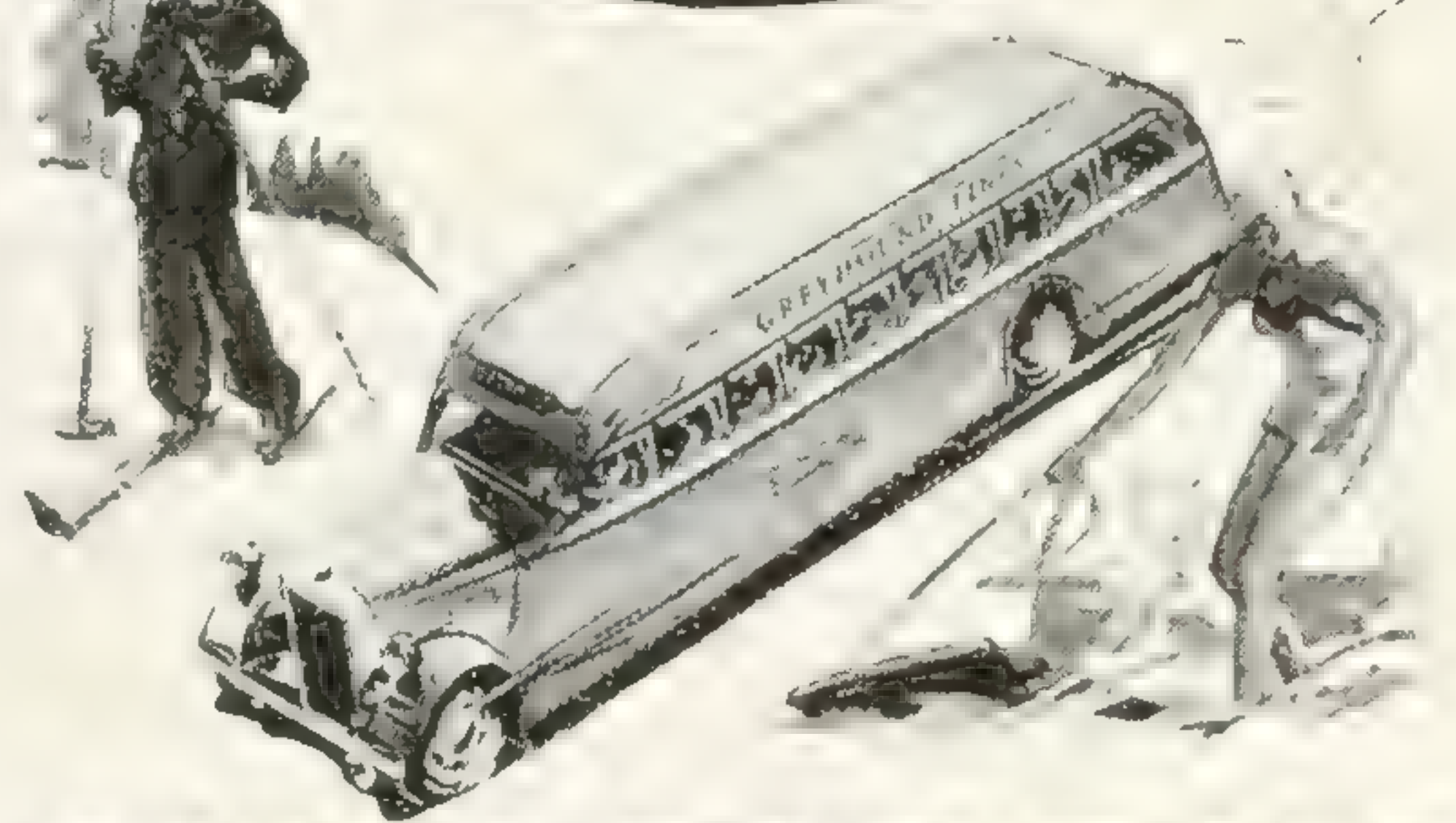
It seems that Evelyn, who very appropriately chose to be born while her father was acting in a play called "A Little Ray of Sunshine," was something of her dad's pride and joy.

And every night, when he came home from the theater, he'd peek in her crib and say, "Boo!"

Whereupon Evelyn would say "Boo!" right back—which served him right—going around scaring little children.

Anyway, before you knew it, the air was filled with "Boos"—and before Evelyn knew it, everyone who knew her at all well had forgotten that her name was Evelyn and was calling her "Boo."

And, as she grew up, somehow the "Boo" began to mean her private life—and the



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"But that's how it is," said Evelyn, startling me into spilling my tea in my lap (I was so lost in a wondrous reverie about how anyone could possibly risk saying "Boo" to those lovely china-blue eyes and that golden hair. Might scare 'em away!).

"To me Evelyn Laye is an entirely different person from 'Boo' Laye (wouldn't she be surprised if she stumbled into the Yale Bowl and heard 'em chanting her name!). It's hard to explain, but it has been going on for a long time. The minute I close a stage door, or leave a studio I change. My views change, my thoughts change—even my clothes are different.

"No," she smiled, "no magic elixir. I suppose Father really started it all—the way he brought me up—like a boy. I was the only child. He used to take me along on his business arrangements. Why, up until I came to Hollywood this time, I'd never had a manager—an agent. Settle all my contracts myself.

"I think he gave me a sort of masculine drive which I put into my work. You know, 'strictly business.'" Evelyn Laye is really quite a sincere, hard working and efficient person. Everything connected with being a theatrical individual is fine to her. She must have publicity—and glamour and she's willing to do anything to help the show or the picture. She'll troupe—

"BUT 'Boo'—well, I'm afraid she's a rather careless sort of person, pretty feminine, who doesn't even want to hear about the show or the picture when she leaves for home. She wants to talk about other things, and see other people.

"She doesn't want to go to parties and hear nothing discussed but pictures. She wants to go to a concert, or have some close friends in and cook them a dinner—"

"She loves her pots and pans," I suggested tritely.

"I do love pots and pans, as a matter of fact," affirmed "Boo" Laye coolly, "I've always run my house, and I can cook. It's practically a hobby. You should try my Yorkshire pudding. You'd never suspect it to look at me, I know.

"I tell you I'm entirely different away from my 'career.'

"When I'm Evelyn Laye I try to dress smartly and stylishly—but when I'm 'Boo' my hair is loose, and I wear baggy tweeds and look quite like the devil—or something. For instance the other day—"

It seems that with an eye to a constitutional, Miss Laye sallied forth from her Sunset Towers apartment for a turn up the boulevard. With flying hair and flopping skirts. A block on when she was just getting into her stride an automobile rolled up and two youths tipped hats over wide grins, "Going our way?"

"No thank you—really," said Miss Laye graciously.

Another block—brakes squeaked—a fat man with a cigar leaned out—

"Take you anywhere, Baby?" he wheezed.

Miss Laye gasped and managed to shake her head. On she strode—another block.

Another car brushed the curb. This time two radio policemen polished their badges—

"Want a lift?"

"No—I don't," stormed Evelyn Laye without a thought of her British reserve. "I want to walk—can't I walk in Hollywood if I want to? Is there a law? etc., etc."

"That could never have happened in Itchenor—" said Evelyn Laye firmly.

"Whichnor?"

"No—you misunderstood me—Itchenor—that's where I really developed my dual personality."

Itchenor, contrary to what you might think, is not, Miss Laye assured me, anywhere near Much-Muchingham-Scratchings. Rather it's near Chichester in Sussex, England, of course—possibly in the region of Wassel-on-the-Lower-Tootle.

SHE found a cosy little cottage in Itchenor where she could just be one of the neighbors, and keep house by herself, and listen to the village wives gossip, and hunt and fish and walk in the fields—and she adopted it as the home of her other self.

"It's the funniest thing," she told me, "how it comes over me—this other self business. Now don't laugh. You're thinking of Fredric March having a fit in 'Dr. Jekyll'—it isn't that bad—but well—not long ago Mother and I were over in Paris, staying at a very super-super Continental hotel, with people practically tumbling over one another to give us service, and silk upholstery all over the room.

"Suddenly I got an itch for Itchenor—I simply couldn't stand Paris or that fancy hotel a minute longer. I turned 'Boo' in about two seconds—and I wanted to be where I had to make my own fire and cook my own meals, and go to bed by candlelight—and so I packed up my bags right then and there and hopped on the train. Mother thought I was crazy—do you?"

I said I didn't know her as well as her mother.

"Well, maybe I am," she said cheerfully. "But perhaps it isn't such a bad idea in Hollywood. Not being crazy, particularly—but having a spare personality—"

It keeps her from mixing business with pleasure and vice versa, she pointed out.

No career intrudes into her private life—because she's another person outside the studio walls.

I wondered if "Boo" and Evelyn had ever met—by any chance—

Evelyn Laye shook her head—

"N-oo-o-o—I don't think—oh yes they did," she laughed brightly, "just the other day, when I crashed the studio gate."

It seems that Evelyn has the unique record of being the only star ever to splinter the sturdy pillars of Metro-Goldwyn literally—not figuratively.

Her car was too big—or maybe the gateway was too small—anyway when she rolled in the other morning, the air was rent with a splintering crash which made secretaries jump all through the studio. Even Ted Healy woke up. And when everybody rushed out shouting "Earthquake!"—they beheld Evelyn coming down the drive with the gateman's little sentry box, gateman and all, riding on the running board!

"Of course no one was killed—but it was an accident and as Evelyn Laye right there inside the studio I should have been very dignified and concerned," she confessed. "But somehow or other 'Boo' walked right into the situation—where of course she had no business whatever—and she thought it was very, very funny—"

Evelyn-Boo just sat back in her seat and laughed, and howled.

"They must have thought I was insane," she believes, "but then they didn't know about 'Boo'."

Hollywood, My Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

off a tee and into a cup, they can really play golf. You know who I mean, the crooner Crosby, Arlen and that guy Fields. Leave me at 'em."

Yes, indeedy, it gets them all. I wonder what Nat Goodwin and those grand old elbow-bending athletes who trained at the Lambs and the Players, the Waldorf and the Knickerbocker bars, would say if they could only see some of their favorite pupils in the art of Bacchus. For example: John Barrymore playing the Hollywood scene this way:

Jack at home, in front of an open fire, clad in an old dressing gown and slippers, and smoking a pipe. Time, nine P.M. Two kiddies playing about his feet. Presently he says to the little woman:

"ISN'T it time the children were in bed, honey? Daddy has to hit the deck at the crack of dawn, you know. I'm going deep-sea fishing and I'm going to bring back a marlin this time. Put the cat out, darling, and let's hit the hay."

On the level, they all go this kind of Hollywood.

When a new actor hits Hollywood, all the old pals gather around him to sell the health idea. One wants him to go in for polo, another golf, another tennis, et cetera. There's lying, yachting, swimming, horseback riding, badminton, ping-pong, football, rugby, soccer and even cricket. This last is the fault of the English colony. If you have a day off, you are supposed to play at least one of those jolly games. At night, they line up the fights, wrestling matches, auto races, ice hockey, monkey baseball or an even screwier game called soft ball.

When you meet a fella who heard the call of the talkies a year or so before you woke up, you meet an old settler who has completely forgotten that once he got most of his exercise in a Turkish bath.

He gasses smugly of playing a chukker of polo at the Riviera with Will Rogers, Clark Gable and Spence Tracy; breaking eighty at lakeside with Bing Crosby, Randy Scott and Dolph Menjou; or, maybe he played a spot of badminton with Jean Harlow, flew somewhere with Wally Beery or George Brent, swam with Claudette Colbert, played tennis with Ralph Forbes, Jack Gilbert and Ronnie Colman; or, maybe he had a go at soccer with Vic McLaughlin and his Lighthouse team, or, a whirl of cricket with Boris Karloff.

ONE fella speaks patronizingly of his "stable," another of his "team" and still another of his "little boat." Guys who couldn't even pronounce "yacht" a few years ago can now make Mike Vanderbilt look like the pilot of an East river ferry.

Speaking of yachts, the high point in a movie actor's life is reached when he goes for a yacht.

YACHTS

I will say this much for Bill Frawley: he does not care for yachts. He fairly sneers at Arlen and Crosby for their Sinbad tendencies. As

W. C. Fields, I have paddled a canoe with him on Lake Toluca. As a canoeist, he is a remarkable juggler. As for yachts, he is far more at home in a trailer.

But, out here in Hollywood where you are

twenty-seven miles away from the nearest yacht garage or parking space, the boys get a very yachty feeling at certain seasons of the year. They just gotta have a water craft of some kind and, as Bill Frawley says: "An actor needs a yacht like he needs a wart on his nose."

When the boys are in this ecstatic condition, the swanky yacht salesmen catch up to them. Have you ever by chance met up with a yacht salesman? No? Well, he's an artist in his line. He usually wears an aristocratic brow; the latest thing in correct dress; and that good old Newport manner. Old boy!

Unlike those rude and uncouth escrow Indians, he is not the go-getter type. He is the perfect gent. But, somehow the movie actor invariably nabs a nice little scow for around twenty-five G's, and wakes up behind the eight ball.

Under the spell of a romantic summer night, I was almost talked into going for a skiff myself. "What for?" demanded my favorite blues singer, Frawley. As nearly as I recall, his complaint went something like this:

The proud yachtsman has to park his scow at San Pedro, Wilmington or Balboa where the town clowns and sea gulls can shoot at it. Every off-day or week-end the embryonic yachtsman puts on his admiral's cap and white ducks, rides twenty-seven miles in his car to where the yacht is anchored, sails out in the cool waters of the ol' Pacific, pours in a lotta cocktails, gets bounced around by an unexpected batch of rough seas, pours out a lotta cocktails, comes back to anchor and wonders whoinhell ever talked him into wanting to be a Vanderbilt or a Sopwith. The next year he has to trade the sloop off for a trailer, or, anything that runs, walks or crawls on land.

THE OUTDOORS

To get along with the athletic and climatic phenomenon, I must not forget the great western outdoors. No, indeedy! It gets them, too. Gay dogs who once thought the outdoors was something you looked at out of windows, have become '49ers, prospectors, sourdoughs, cowboys, nimrods and big-game hunters.

WITH the first grand the chump takes out of the movie game (this goes for actors and actorines, directors, writers, et cetera), he or she goes for that Beverly Hills mansion with the swimming pool, tennis court and the usual mortgage.

With the second take, they go for polo ponies, airplanes, and yachts.

And, with the third take, they go for the great outdoors, and a whole covey of mortgages. Yes, indeedy!

If it's a yacht, between pictures the fella sails away to the languorous South Seas, Mexico or even Catalina, to snare the torrid tuna and the mighty marlin. If it's a plane, he pops up to the high Sierras or the Rockies to pop off a few grizzlies. Even good old Africa speaks and says "Uncle" to deadeye Dicks like Gary Cooper, Darryl Zanuck and Woody Van Dyke.

If it's a ranch, hold on, Yankees! They can tuck those *Connecticut* farms you like to peddle to Broadway boobs with every nutmeg away off in a corner under some live oak trees. You don't know nothin' about the great outdoors.

Bill and I met an actor we used to know

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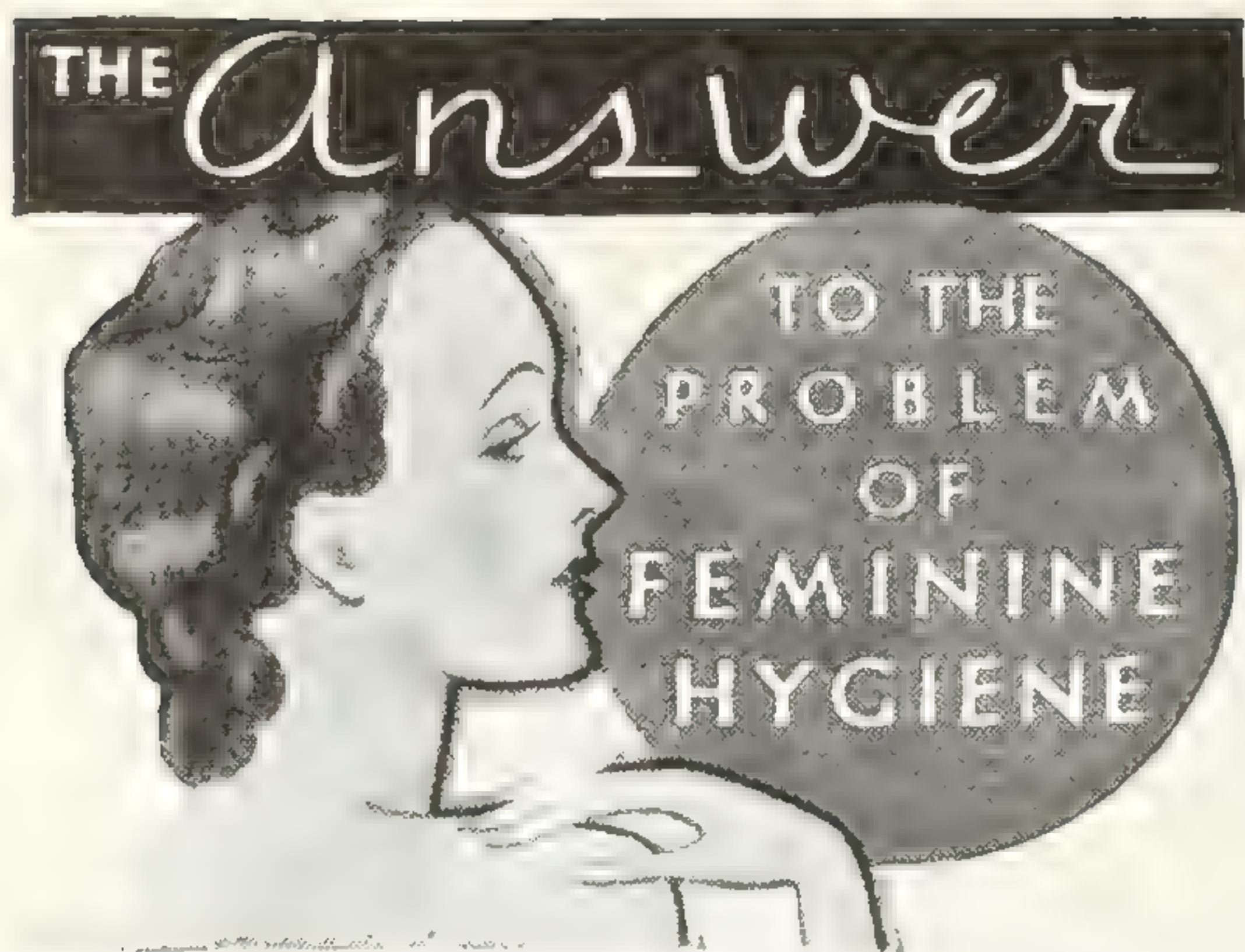
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when he thought an afternoon at the Polo grounds was "roughing it." Now he has a ranch. Thousands of acres. Why, it's so big, he told us, that there are scores of serfs living on the vast domain that he has never seen. Fancy that!

He is breeding ponies to race at Arcadia and Caliente. He is raising horses, dogs, cattle, pigs and chickens for the shows; ducks and geese, quail and pheasant for private shooting, trout for angling, foxes and dogs for hunting. The cowboys don't know it yet, but that dude is fixing to exchange their chaps, Stetsons and six-shooters for pink coats, velvet caps and riding crops. Soon the cry of the chase will be echoing o'er these California hills and dales. Soon the cry of

"Tantivy, Tantivy, Tantivy! A-hunting we must go."

Or, maybe it's Yoicks. I wouldn't know.

The big outdoors man took us up on one of his mountain tops. Looking out over the wild and woolly, he said dramatically:

"Really, boys, I feel just like an Indian chief. I'm monarch of all I survey."

AS we rode away we took one last peek back at him. He was still in the trance. Trust Frawley. Says he: "Indian chief! Why the big stiff! He looks like that cigar-store Injun that used to scare all the drunks next door to Billy LaHiff's Tavern."

PALM SPRINGS

Why join a nudist colony when we have Palm Springs?

One really goes native out on that desert. The lads wear loin cloths, sandals and coconut oil, while the lassies ease the eyes with shorts, sandals, the oil and those lov-e things. You know.

In the winter, when the famed southern California sun gets sort of coolish, Hollywood moves to Palm Springs over the week-ends. In the summer the desert is 120 in the shade, and no shade. In the winter, it's 100 in the shade, and no shade.

But, you would love it—the spell of the desert, the charm of its freedom, the intimacy of roughing it out in the great open spaces. Bo, you follow, or, are you ahead of me?

Nevertheless, it is the place to go. If an actor wants a job he has to go to Palm Springs in the winter. He goes to the Desert Inn, the El Mirador or the Del Tahquitz. There he will find the producer, the director, the writer and even his own booking agent.

AFTER a few days in that ol' desert sun and a few nights under that ol' desert moon, you can be had.

It gets you. It got me. So did Al Wortheimer. You don't know Al? Well, Al runs the Dunes, a lovely spot ten miles out on the desert.

Out on that oasis you can get the best steak west of Kansas City, and you need it when you finally give up trying to guess right.

AGUA CALIENTE

It means "hot water." It has one of the finest hot springs, baths and swimming pools in the world. One morning, Baron Long discovered a customer actually taking a swim and a treatment. The Baron never quite recovered from the shock. Maybe that is why he resigned.

"Let's fly down to Caliente," says one Hollywood chump to another chump. "We won't gamble. Not a dime. We'll just take it

easy. We can play some golf and tennis and take those baths. Are they marvelous? Maybe we can catch a race or two, but no gambling. I'm through."

They fly to Caliente. They enter the Casino. Three days later, they stagger out of the Casino. They fly home.

THE BEACHES

Marion Davies has the biggest "hotel" on any of the southern California beaches. I call it a hotel because Marion usually entertains more guests than any of the legit hostelrys. When she throws a party in that ol' Southern colonial mansion, all Hollywood turns out. A great gal, Marion.

For twenty miles from Santa Monica to Playa Del Rey every other house is a club. In the hey-hey boom days they started out with gold membership cards, for which you exchanged your birth certificate and a grand or so. Now you can get past the eagle-eyed doorman by the class of your front.

A few years ago, the ultra-ultras of the Hollywood movie colony decided to go exclusive.

Lo, Malibu was born.

You've surely heard of Malibu. It was so exclusive that one couldn't even own the land one built on. No, indeedy! Some smarty escrow Indians sold the boys and girls thirty-foot sand lots, using telephone numbers for prices, and after ten years the property reverts to the company.

How do you like that?

But the ten-year options were five too long in most cases. Those "Exclusive" homes were built so closely together that the ex-wives and ex-husbands were getting scrambled all over again. Week-end guests stayed on "between pictures"—all summer. Rest homes became night clubs. Along came one of those "unusual" Pacific storms a few months ago, and most of the "exclusives" left the place flat.

WHY, Bill and I were visiting with a pal at Malibu over a week-end, when one of those big waves hit. During the night the sea backed up, and when our host awoke the next morning he found barracuda in the cage with the canary.

The new address, folks, is Santa Barbara.

ET TU, BRUTE!

Yes, indeedy, actors and even writers go athletic when they go to Hollywood. Some of the boys are a little lame and halt, but you gotta admire their new-born spirit.

After all, there is one compensation a fella can't miss.

The girls go athletic too. And, are they honeys!

You know, a fella can kid himself into thinking he's a Hercules if he has a beautiful dame to play those games with.

Pardon me just a minute. There's the telephone.

"Hello, who is it? . . . O-o-oh! Hi, Jean No, dammit, I can't. I gotta work. What? They did, did they? Is that so? Give me ten minutes and I'll be right over."

Pardon me. I have to hurry. Yeah, that was Jean. Jean Harlow. She's over at the Lakeside golf club. She says Joby and Dick want a game. They claim that after watching me play they can give us strokes and beat us for the nineteenth hole pay-off.

O, yeah! Come on over and watch me go.

[Next month: another installment of "HOLLYWOOD, MY HOLLYWOOD."]

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Iris Adrian
Max Baer
George Barbier
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Lorraine Bridges
Carl Brisson
Mary Ellen Brown
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Alan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Lois Kent
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee

Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Virginia Weidler
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Ean Arthur
Lucille Ball
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Jancy Carroll
Valter Connolly
Donald Cook
Nez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Llyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
Wallace Ford
John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl

Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Billie Seward
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell

Barbara Kent
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Rosilind Russell
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Martha Sleeper
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones

Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Joseph Cawthorn
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Grace Ford
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Winifred Shaw
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Harry Tyler
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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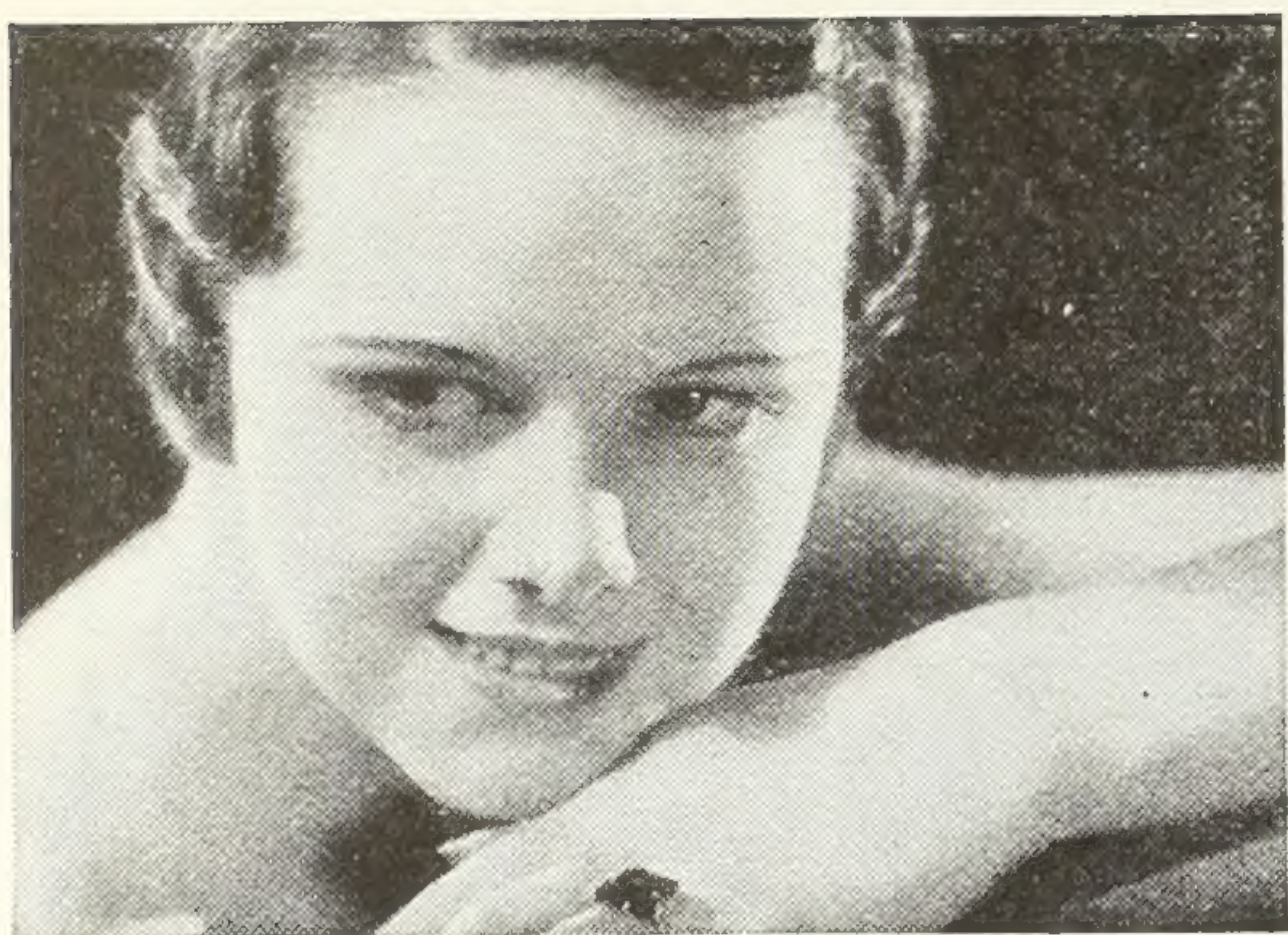
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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"BAND PLAYS ON, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the story, "Backfield" by Byron Morgan and J. Robert Bren, and the story "The Gravy Game" by Harry Stuhldreher and W. Thornton Martin. Adapted by Bernard Schubert, Ralph Spence and Harvey Gates. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Tony, Robert Young; Stuff, Stuart Erwin; Angelo, Leo Carrillo; Kitty, Betty Furness; Joe, Ted Healy; Howdy, Preston Foster; Mike, Russell Hardie; Rosy, William Tannen; Bob Stone, Robert Livingston; Stuff, as a child, Norman Phillips, Jr.; Tony, as a child, David Durand; Rosy, as a child, Sidney Miller; Mike, as a child, Beaudine Anderson; Kitty, as a child, Betty Jean Graham; Mr. Thomas, Joseph Sauters; Professor Hackett, Henry Kolker.

"BEST MAN WINS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ben G. Kohn. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Bruce Manning. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: Toby, Edmund Lowe; Nick, Jack Holt; Doc Boehm, Bela Lugosi; Ann, Florence Rice; Harry, Forrester Harvey; Captain, (Harbor Patrol), J. Farrell MacDonald; Silk, Bradley Page; Joe, Mitchell Lewis; Captain (Salvage Tug), Frank Sheridan.

"BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL"—M-G-M.—Based on the play by S. N. Behrman. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Marion, Ann Harding; Kurt, Robert Montgomery; Nolan, Edward Everett Horton; Feydak, Edward Arnold; Slade, Una Merkel; Kinnicott, Charles Richman; Minnie, Greta Meyer; Process Server, Willard Robertson; Mr. Irish, Donald Meek.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS"—Fox.—Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Story by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; Yvette Lamartine, Mary Brian; Victor Descartes, Thomas Beck; Max Corday, Erik Rhodes; Albert Dufresne, John Miljan; Henri Latouche, Murray Kinnell; Renard, Minor Watson; Concierge, John Qualen; Lee Chan, Keye Luke; M. Lamartine, Henry Kolker; Nardi, Dorothy Appleby; Renee Jacquard, Ruth Peterson; Bedell, Perry Ivins.

"CLIVE OF INDIA"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Robert Clive, Ronald Colman; Margaret Maskelyne, Loretta Young; Captain Johnstone, Colin Clive; Edmund Maskelyne, Francis Lister; Prime Minister, C. Aubrey Smith; Mir Jaffir, Cesar Romero; Governor Pigot, Montagu Love; Sergeant Clark, Lumsden Hare; Admiral Watson, Ferdinand Munier; Mr. Sullivan, Gilbert Emery; Mr. Manning, Leo G. Carroll; Mr. Warburton, Etienne Girardot; Mr. Pemberton, Robert Greig; Mr. Kent, Ian Wolfe; First Director, Herbert Bunston; Suraj Ud Dowlah, Mischa Auer; Old Member, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Col. Townsend, Wyndham Standing; Mrs. Nixon, Doris Lloyd; Clive's Butler, Edward Cooper; Lady Lindley, Ann Shaw; Mr. Stringer, Vernon Downing; Mr. Vincent, Neville Clark; Mr. Miller, Peter Shaw; Lieutenant Walsh, Pat Somerset; Mrs. Clifford, Eily Malyon; Second Director, Keith Kenneth; Third Director, Desmond Roberts; Sir Frith, Joseph Tozer; Margaret's friend, Phyllis Clare; Ayah, Connie Leon; General Bergoyne, Leonard Mudie; Captain George, Phillip Dare; Surveyor, Charles Evans; Asst. Surveyor, Vesey O'Davern; Mango Seller, Lila Lance.

"COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE"—Fox.—From the play by George Ade. Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Jim Hackler, Will Rogers; Lucy Rigby, Evelyn Venable; Ben Harvey, Kent Taylor; Mrs. Mary Rigby, Louise Dresser; Freckles, Mickey Rooney; Elias Rigby, Berton Churchill; Henry Cleaver, Frank Melton; Tom Cruden, Robert McWade; Vance Jimmison, Russell Simpson; Uncle Eck, William V. Mong; Abigail Twesbury, Jan Duggan; Lorna Cruden, Gay Seabrook; Riley Cleaver, Charles Middleton; Wilson Prewitt, Erville Alderson; Sassafras, Stepin Fetchit.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles Dickens. Adapted by Hugh Walpole. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Micawber, W. C. Fields; Dan Peggotty, Lionel Barrymore; Dora, Maureen O'Sullivan; Agnes, Madge Evans; Aunt Betsey, Edna May Oliver; Mr. Wickfield, Lewis Stone; David, the man, Frank Lawton; David, the child, Freddie Bartholomew; Mrs. Copperfield, Elizabeth Allan; Uriah Heep, Roland Young; Mr. Murdstone, Basil Rathbone; Clippett, Elsa Lanchester; Mrs. Micawber, Jean Cadell; Nurse Peggotty, Jessie Ralph; Mr. Dick, Lennox Pawle; Jane Murdstone, Violet Kemble-Cooper; Mrs. Gummidge, Una O'Connor; Ham, John Buckler; Steerforth, Hugh Williams; Limmeter, Ivan Simpson; Barkis, Herbert Mundin; Little Emily, the child, Fay Chaldecott; Agnes, the child, Marilyn Knowlden; Little Emily, the woman, Florine McKinney; Dr. Chillip, Harry Beresford; Mary Ann, Mable Colcord; The Vicar, Hugh Walpole.

"ENCHANTED APRIL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by "Elizabeth" and the dramatization by Kane Campbell. Screen play by Samuel Hoffen-

stein and Ray Harris. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Lotty Wilkins, Ann Harding; Mellersh Wilkins, Frank Morgan; Rose Arbuthnot, Katherine Alexander; Frederick Arbuthnot, Reginald Owen; Lady Caroline, Jane Baxter; Beppo Briggs, Ralph Forbes; Mrs. Fisher, Jessie Ralph; Domenico, Charles Judels; Francesca, Rafaela Ottiano.

"EVERGREEN"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Based on the play by Benn W. Levy. Adapted from Charles B. Cochran's production. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: Harriet Green, Jessie Mathews; Leslie Benn, Sonnie Hale; Maudie, Betty Balfour; Tommy Thompson, Barry Mackay; Marquis of Staines, Ivor MacLaren; Treadwell, Hartley Power; Lord Shropshire, Patrick Ludlow; Mrs. Hawkes, Betty Shale; Marjorie Moore, Marjorie Brooks.

"FEDERAL AGENT"—SELECT PICTURES.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Screen play by Robert Ellis. Directed by Sam Newfield. The cast: Bill Boyd, Irene Ware, Don Alvarado, Lenita Lane, and George Cooper.

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Barry Roberts and Frank Morgan Cavett. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankie wicz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Mary, Joan Crawford; Jeff, Clark Gable; Dill, Robert Montgomery; Shep, Charles Butterworth; Paula, Billie Burke; Connie, Frances Drake; Eleanor, Rosalind Russell; Wiffens, Tom Ricketts; Johnson, Arthur Treacher; Bella, Greta Meyer.

"GILDED LILY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Marilyn David, Claudette Colbert; Pete Dawes, Fred MacMurray; Charles Gray, Ray Milland; Lloyd Granville, C. Aubrey Smith; Nate, Luis Alberni; Eddie, Edward Craven; Hankerson, Donald Meek; Oscar, Charles Irwin; Otto Bushe Ferdinand Munier; Daisy, Grace Bradley; Marilyn's Maid, Michelelette Burani; Captain of Boat, Claude King; Guard, James T. Quinn; Guard, Edward Garzan; Guard's Son, George Billings.

"GOOD FAIRY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Luisa (Lu) Ginglebusher, Margaret Sullivan; Dr. Max Sporum, Herbert Marshall; Konrad, Frank Morgan; Dellaff, Reginald Owen; Schlaphohl, Alan Hale; Dr. Schultz, Beulah Bondi; Joe, Cesar Romero; Doorman, Al Bridges; Chauffeur, George Davis; Gas Collector, Hugh O'Connell; Adress, June Clayworth.

"GRAND OLD GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wanda Tuchock. Screen play by Milton Krims and John Twist. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: Laura Bayles, May Robson; Gerry Killaine, Mary Carlisle; Click Dade, Alan Hale; Sandy, Fred MacMurray; Mellis, Etienne Girardot; Butts, William Burress; Mr. Killaine, Hale Hamilton; Holland, Edward Van Sloan; Bill Belden, Fred Kohler, Jr.; Neptune, Onest Conley; Tom Miller, Ben Alexander; Walter, George Offerman, Jr.; The President, Gavin Gordon.

"GRIDIRON FLASH"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Nicholas Barrows and Earle Snell. Screen play by Glenn Tryon. Directed by Glenn Tryon. The cast: Tommy "Cherub" Burke, Eddie Quillan; Jane Thurston, Betty Furness; Howard Smith, Grant Mitchell; L. B. Fields, Lucien Littlefield; "Pinkie" Thurston, Edgar Kennedy; Pudge Harrison, Grady Sutton; Coach Eversmith, Joseph Sauters; Freshman Allen Wood; Mrs. Fields, Margaret Dumont.

"HELLDORADO"—Fox.—From the story by Frank Mitchell Dazey. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Art Ryan, Richard Arlen; Glenda Wynant, Madge Evans; J. F. Van Avery, Ralph Bellamy; Sam Barnes, James Gleason; Miss Fife, Helen Jerome Eddy; Abner Meadows, Henry B. Walthall; Flo, Patricia Farr; Mae, Gertrude Short; Ulysses, Stepin Fetchit; Sam Ed, Lucky Hurlie; Truck Driver, Stanley Fields.

"HERE IS MY HEART"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alfred Saviar. Adapted by Edwin Justus Mayer and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: J. Paul Jones, Bing Crosby; Princess Alexandra, Kitty Carlisle; Prince Nicholas, Roland Young; Countess Rostova, Alison Skipworth; Prince Vladimir, Reginald Owen; James Smith, William Frawley; Claire, Marian Mansfield; Suzette, Cecelia Parker; Manager of Hotel, Akim Tamiroff; Waiter, Arthur Housman; Higgins, Charles E. Arnt; Cloche, Robert Klein; Paul's Secretary, Cromwell McKechnie; Paul's Waiter, Albert Petit; Captain of Yacht, Charles Wilson; Tradesman, Rolfe Sedan; Lady, Louise Carter.

"I'VE BEEN AROUND"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Meehan, Jr. Directed by Phil Cahn. The cast: Eric Foster, Chester Morris; Drue Waring, Rochelle Hudson; "Sunny" Ames, Gene Lockhart; Gay Blackstone, Phyllis Brooks; Franklin De Haven, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Sally Van Loan, Isabel Jewell; John Waring, Walter Walker.

"JEALOUSY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Argyll Campbell. Screen play by Kubec Glasmon and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Jo Douglas*, Nancy Carroll; *Larry O'Rourke*, George Murphy; *Mark Lambert*, Donald Cook; *Phil*, Raymond Walburn; *Mike*, Arthur Hohl; *Penny*, Inez Courtney; *Jim*, Robert Allen; *Mrs. Douglas*, Clara Blandick; *Smith*, Arthur Hoyt; *Laura*, Josephine Whittell; *Tony*, Arthur Vinton; *Hook*, Ray Mayer; *Line*, Ray Cooke; *Sinker Huey White*.

"LITTLE MEN"—MASCOT.—From the story by Louisa M. Alcott. Screen play by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Professor Bhaer*, Ralph Morgan; *Jo*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Franz*, Junior Durkin; *Daisy*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mary Anne*, Phyllis Fraser; *Laurie*, Robert Carlton; *Amy*, Finis Barton; *Dan*, Frankie Darro; *Nat*, David Durand; *Demi*, Dickie Moore; *Jack*, Tad Alexander; *Dick*, Buster Phelps; *Rob*, Ronny Cosby; *Tommy*, Tommy Bupp; *Stuffy*, Bobby Cox; *Dolly*, Dickie Jones; *Ned*, Richard Quine; *Billie*, Donald Buck; *Emil*, George Ernest; *Teddy*, Eddie Dale Heiden.

"LITTLE MINISTER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Sir James Barrie. Screen play by Jane Murn. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Babbie*, Katharine Hepburn; *Gavin*, John Beal; *Rob Dow*, Alan Hale; *Dr. McQueen*, Donald Crisp; *Thammas*, Lumsden Hare; *Wearyworld*, Andy Clyde; *Margaret*, Beryl Mercer; *Micah Dow*, Billy Watson; *Jean*, Dorothy Stickney; *Nanny*, Mary Gordon; *Lord Rintoul*, Frank Conroy; *Evalina*, Elly Malyon; *Capt. Halliwell*, Reginald Denny; *Munn*, Leonard Carey; *Carfrae*, Herbert Bunston; *John Spens*, Harry Beresford; *Snecky*, Barlowe Borland.

"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Francis Yeats-Brown. Screen play by Waldemar Young, Achmed Abdullah and John L. Balderston. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Captain McGregor*, Gary Cooper; *Lieut. Forsythe*, Franchot Tone; *Lieut. Stone*, Richard Cromwell; *Colonel Stone*, Sir Guy Standing; *Tania Volkanskaya*, Kathleen Burke; *Major Hamilton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Lieut. Barrett*, Colin Tapley; *Hamulla Khan*, Monte Blue; *Mohammed Khan*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Emir*, Akim Tamiroff; *Hendrickson*, Jameson Thomas; *Lieut. Gilhooley*, James Warwick; *The Ghazi*, Rollo Lloyd; *McGregor's Servant*, Charles Stevens; *Ram Singh*, Noble Johnson; *Maj. Gen. Woodley*, Lumsden Hare; *Grand Vizier*, J. Carrol Naish; *Afridi*, Mischa Auer; *Solo Dancer*, Myra Kinch.

"LOTTERY LOVER"—FOX.—From the story by Siegfried M. Herzig and Maurice Hanline. Screen play by Franz Schulz and Billie Wilder. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: *Cadet Frank Harrington*, Lew Ayres; *Patty*, Pat Paterson; *Gaby Aimee*, Peggy Fears; *Cadet Harold Stump*, Sterling Holloway; *Prince Midanoff*, Walter King; *Tank*, Alan Dinehart; *Captain Payne*, Reginald Denny; *Gibbs*, Eddie Nugent; *Cadet Allen Taylor*, Nick Foran; *Gaby's maid*, Rafaela Ottiano.

"MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Jean Bart. Screen play by Jean Bart and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Paul Verin*, Claude Rains; *Adele Verin*, Joan Bennett; *Henri Dumont*, Lionel Atwill; *Linette Verin*, Baby Jane; *Curly*, Wallace Ford; *Marchand*, Lawrence Grant; *Charlus*, William Davidson; *De Marnay*, Henry O'Neill; *Laurent*, Henry Armetta; *Excellency*, Gilbert Emery; *Dangles*, Hugh O'Connell; also *Purnell Pratt*, Edward Martindel, Walter Walker, Crauford Kent, Edward Van Sloan and Montague Shaw.

"MARINES ARE COMING, THE"—MASCOT.—From the story by John Rathmell and Colbert Clark. Screen play by James Gruen. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *Bill Traylor*, William Haines; *Dorothy*, Esther Ralston; *Capt. Benton*, Conrad Nagel; *Rosita*, Armida; *Buck Martin*, Edgar Kennedy; *Col. Gilroy*, Hale Hamilton; *The Torch*, George Regas; *Capt. Manning*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Caredo*, Michael Visaroff; *Admiral*, Dell Henderson.

"MILLION DOLLAR BABY"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Joseph Santley and John W. Krafft. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Pat Sweeney*, Jimmy Fay; *Grace Sweeney*, Arline Judge; *Terry Sweeney*, Ray Walker; *Joe Lewis*, George E. Stone; *Bill Donovan*, Eddie Kane; *Doctor*, Willard Robertson; *Mac*, Ralf Harolde; *Tony*, Lee Shumway; *Louie*, Ed Peil; *Arnold No. 1*, Paul Porcasi; *Freeman*, Wilbur Mack; *Rita Ray*, Jeanette Loff.

"MYSTERY WOMAN, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and E. E. Paramore, Jr. Screen play by Philip MacDonald. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Margaret Benoit*, Mona Barrie; *Juan Santanda*, Gilbert Roland; *Dr. Theodore Van Wyke*, John Halliday; *Jacques Benoit*, Rod La Rocque; *Madho*, Mischa Auer; *Bergstrom*, Howard Lang; *Stanton*, George Barraud; *Schultz*, Arno Frey.

"NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Vicki Baum. Screen play by Edgar Allan Woolf and Franz Schulz. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Paul Gustave*, Ramon Novarro; *Isi*, Evelyn Laye; *Willy*, Charles Butterworth; *Ami*, Una Merkel; *Szereny*, Edward Everett Horton; *Toni*, Donald Cook; *Emperor*, Henry Stephen-

son; *Countess Rafay*, Rosalind Russell; *Nepomum*, Herman Bing; *Riccardi*, Charles Judels; *Moeller*, Albert Conti.

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Thorne Smith. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Hunter Hawks*, Alan Mowbray; *"Meg"*, Florine McKinney; *Daphne Lambert*, Peggy Shannon; *Grandpa Lambert*, Richard Carle; *Alice Lambert*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Alfred Lambert*, Phillips Smalley; *Alfred, Jr.*, Wesley Barry; *Betts*, Gilbert Emery; *Old Man Turner*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Cyril Sparks*, Douglass Fowley; *Mulligan*, William Boyd; *Roigi*, Henry Armetta; *Stella*, Arlene Carroll. The Gods: *Apollo*, Raymond Benard; *Bacchus*, George Hassell; *Diana*, Irene Ware; *Hebe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Mercury*, Paul Kaye; *Neptune*, Robert Warwick; *Perseus*, Pat Di Cicco; *Venus*, Marda Deering.

"PRINCESS CHARMING"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Screen play by L. du Garde Peach. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Princess Charming*, Evelyn Laye; *Countess Annette*, Yvonne Arnaud; *King*, George Grossmith; *Chuff*, Max Miller; *Captain Launa*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Ernest*, Ivor Maclaren; *Seegman*, Finlay Currie; *Ivonoff*, Ivor Barnard; *Alakiev*, Frances Sullivan; *Louis*, Dino Galvani.

"PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Frederick Lonsdale and Lajos Biro. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Don Juan*, Douglas Fairbanks; *Rosita*, Binnie Barnes; *Carmen*, Joan Gardner; *Dolores*, *Don Juan's wife*, Benita Hume; *Pepilla*, Merle Oberon; *Pedro*, Clifford Heatherley; *Rodrigo*, Barry Mackay; *Leporello*, *Don Juan's servant*, Melville Cooper; *Café Manager*, Bruce Winston; *Theresa*, Athene Seyler; *A husband*, Hindle Edgar; *Dolores' servant*, Gibson Gowland; *A guardian*, Lawrence Grossmith; *Tonita*, a dancer, Margaretta Scott; *An author*, Edmund Breon; *Dolores' duenna*, Annie Esmond; *One of Don Juan's loves*, Patricia Hilliard; also, *Diana Napier*, Natalie Delong, Betty Hamilton, Toto Koopman, Spencer Trevor, Nancy Jones and Florence Wood.

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Leon Wilson. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Ruggles*, Charles Laughton; *Mrs. Effie Froud*, Mary Boland; *Egbert Froud*, Charlie Ruggles; *Mrs. Judson*, ZaSu Pitts; *Hon. George Vane Bassingwell*, Roland Young; *Nell Kenner*, Leila Hyams; *Ma Pettingill*, Maude Eburne; *Baby*, Baby LeRoy; *Charles Belknap Jackson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Jeff Tuttle*, James Burke; *Mrs. Charles Belknap Jackson*, Leota Lorraine; *Sam*, Del Henderson; *Lisette*, Alice Ardell.

"SECRET BRIDE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the unproduced play by Leonard Ide. Screen play by Tom Buckingham, F. Hugh Hebert and Mary McCall, Jr. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Ruth Vincent*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Robert Sheldon*, Warren William; *Dave Bredeen*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Willis Martin*, Grant Mitchell; *Hazel Normandie*, Glenda Farrell; *Governor Vincent*, Arthur Byron; *Jim Lansdale*, Henry O'Neill; *Lieut. Nygard*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Senator McPherson*, William Davidson; *Grosvenor*, Willard Robertson; *The Drunk*, Vince Barnett; *Holdstock*, Russell Hicks.

"SING SING NIGHTS"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Harry Stephen Keeler. Adapted by Marion Orth and Charles Logue. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Floyd Cooper*, Conway Tearle; *Howard Trude*, Hardie Albright; *Ellen Croft*, Boots Mallory; *Robert McCaigh*, Jameson Thomas; *Ann McCaigh*, Mary Doran; *Prof. Varney*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Governor Duane*, Berton Churchill; *Li Sung*, Lotus Long; *Kurt Nordon*, Henry Kolker; *Attorney General*, Richard Tucker; *Sergei Krenwicz*, George Baxter.

"SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE"—LIBERTY.—From the story by S. Scott Darling and Evelyn Law. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Bill*, Tom Brown; *Annie*, Marian Nixon; *Baroness*, Wera Engels; *Margo*, Inez Courtney; *Baron*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Father*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mother*, Dorothy Peterson; *Arthur*, William Janney; *Sally*, Carol Tevis.

"SWEET ADELINE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd. Screen play by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Adeline*, Irene Dunne; *Rupert Rockingham*, Hugh Herbert; *Sid Barnett*, Donald Woods; *Dan Herzig*, Ned Sparks; *Nellie*, Nydia Westman; *Oscar Schmidt*, Joe Cawthorn; *Major Day*, Louis Calhern; *Elysia*, Winifred Shaw; *Renaldo*, Don Alvarado; *Dot*, Dorothy Dare; *Juvenile Singer*, Phil Regan; *Girl*, Gertrude Astor; *Bob*, Jack Mulhall; *Tom*, Harry Tyler; *Sultan*, Noah Beery; *Juanita Connors* and girl orchestra.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Willy Forst. The cast: *Emmie*, *Pawnbroker's daughter*, Helen Chandler; *Caroline*, Marta Eggerth; *Franz Schubert*, Hans Jaray; *Count Esterhazy*, Ronald Squire; *Mary*, *Caroline's sister*, Beryl Laverick; *Esterhazy's Secretary*, Bremner Wills; *Princess Kinsky*, Hermine Sterler; *Salieri*, *Court Conductor*, Cecil Humphreys; *Folliot*, *Lieutenant*, Paul Wagner; *Joseph Passenter*, *Pawnbroker*, Elliot Makeham; *Huettenbrenner*, *Schubert's friend*, Esme Percy; *Schubert's landlady*, Frieda Richard.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

incidentally, is pretty cute as a fiery Mexican dancer. He falls for Esther Ralston; but the latter is betrothed to Conrad Nagel, Haines' superior officer. A fight with Latin-American bandits provides a quite exciting climax.

Edgar Kennedy's comedy lends a bright note to an offering which you will find, if not outstanding, at least pleasant entertainment.

Helldorado —FOX

UNFORTUNATELY this one doesn't live up to the promise of its lusty title. Also, unfortunately, it doesn't give Richard Arlen that good part which he left Paramount after ten years to find. For the most part it is as hollow as the wraiths of the ghost mining town where the scenes are laid.

The Secret Bride —WARNERS

NO audience can be blamed if it fails to discover what "The Secret Bride" is all about. Apparently, the actors themselves were in a fog. Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of the plot.

Federal Agent —SELECT PICTURES

DON'T let the timely title fool you. This has nothing whatever to do with the colorful exploits of a Melvin Purvis, hot after a Dillinger gang. It's simply age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd, as a government man, trying to outwit dangerous Don Alvarado and his two lady friends.

Sing Sing Nights —MONOGRAM

WHEW, it sure took an imagination to concoct this highly interesting, highly colorful, and highly improbable saga of three aggrieved lovers who swear they each killed Conway Tearle, a munitions smuggler and love-thief masquerading as a war correspondent from South America to Shanghai. It takes Ferdinand Gottschalk with a lie detector to pick the guilty one and get the other two reprieved; you won't believe a word of it, but if you like well-sustained screen puzzles you'll enjoy it just the same. There's a new Anna May Wong, too, named Lotus Long.

Lottery Lover —FOX

THEY had everything to work with except Lew Ayres, and missed. Lew slept and read a book through the picture, obviously bored. The logical lead was Nick Foran, a lad who has IT. Peggy Fears undresses well and wears lots of diamonds. No actress—but this is her first picture. One catchy song, "There's a Bit of Paree in Your Smile, Madame." It whistles.

The Mystery Woman —FOX

FAIRLY interesting combination of romance and mystery, concerning two professional spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, and an amateur spy, Mona Barrie. It all goes to prove that against a woman's charm intelligence counts for naught. Quite a lot of bloodshed at the end is a discordant note in an otherwise cheerful, charming spy story.

Gridiron Flash —RKO-RADIO

TOMMY BURKE (Eddie Quillan) is a swell football player—on a penitentiary team. When he is paroled to an inspired alumnus of Bedford College he agrees to play on the school team only for the chance to pick up some jewels on the side. But the good old collitch spirit gets him, and Tommy turns true-blue, wins the big game and Betty Furness. Well directed and adapted by Glenn Tryon, whom you remember as a comedian. Grant Mitchell, Lucien Littlefield, Edgar Kennedy and Grady Sutton are excellent support—and the watch situation is a darb. This is better than the ordinary program picture, and not good enough to rate in the big numbers.

Jealousy —COLUMBIA

THERE'S something about these "bad-dream" pictures—they always give you an awful let down. However, except for that dubious plot feature, this picture of an up and coming prize fighter, who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife, and has a too, too realistic jealousy-inspired dream tragedy while kissing the canvas in an important bout, is well told and distinguished with a surprising characterization by George Murphy. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook and Arthur Hohl. Watch Mr. Murphy while watching this picture.

Million Dollar Baby —MONOGRAM

OF course, it's a long, long way from little Jimmy Fay to Shirley Temple, but this is a thoroughly enjoyable show just the same. Once it gets started it goes well, what with the fillum company that starts out to find another Shirley and the down-and-out vaudeville team who dress up their son Pat as Patricia to get the job, and it does even better after the bank bandits come in. It's new all the way through, too, which is refreshing these days. A lot of people in the cast, but little Jimmy is best.

Sweet Adeline —WARNERS

AQUALITY musical entertainment, with sweet melodies and lovely lyrics, and Irene Dunne. There is a back-stage situation with a difference, and what does the plot matter, anyway, with Jerome Kern music and beautiful dancing? Phil Regan, the singing copper, is romantic and melodic, and Hugh Herbert's antics get funnier in every picture.